



No. LXI.]

Contents

[NOVEMBER 1887

PAGE

Eve. Chapters X.-XIII.	I
By the Author of 'John Herring,' 'Mehalah,' &c.	
A Peculiar People	24
By J. THEODORE BENT	
Elephant-Hunting in India	37
By C. T. BUCKLAND, F.Z.S.	
The Green Lady	46
By WALTER HERRIES POLLOCK	
On Going Back	61
By H. RIDER HAGGARD	
Bemerton	67
By the Rev. J. H. OVERTON	
One Traveller Returns.—IV.	80
By DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY and HENRY HERMAN	

105

MUDIE'S SELECT LIBRARY,

(LIMITED.)

30 TO 34, NEW OXFORD STREET.

WEST OFFICE, 281, REGENT STREET,

CITY OFFICE, 2, KING STREET, CHEAPSIDE.

SUBSCRIPTION.

One Guinea Per Annum and upwards.

'The fate of a Nation will ultimately depend upon the strength and health of the population.'—Beaconsfield.



WHICH MAY BE PREVENTED

Read a large Illustrated sheet given with each bottle of

ENO'S FRUIT SALT.

of the liver, and thus prevent the many disastrous consequences: not only as an efficient means of warding off FEVERS and malarious diseases, but as a remedy for, and preventive of, BILIOUS or SICK HEADACHES, CONSTIPATION, VOMITING, THIRST, ERRORS OF EATING and DRINKING, SKIN ERUPTIONS, GIDDINESS, HEARTBURN, &c. If its great value in keeping the body in health were universally known, no family would be without a supply. In many forms of FEVER, or at the commencement of any fever, ENO'S FRUIT SALT acts as a specific. No one can have a simpler or more efficient remedy; by its use the poison is thrown off and the blood restored to its healthy condition. I used my FRUIT SALT freely in my last attack of fever, and I have every reason to say it saved my life.—J. C. ENO, Hatcham Fruit Salt Works, S.E.

ZULU WAR.—SURVEYING THE MAPUTA RIVER.—IMPORTANT TO TRAVELLERS AND ALL LEAVING HOME FOR A TIME.

'Sir,—I write to tell you what your "FRUIT SALT" has done for me.

'During the Zulu War Consul O'Neill and myself had occasion to survey the Maputa River. We had great difficulties in stowing sufficient fresh water for our need, and were obliged, on our return, to drink the river water—water you may call it, but I call it liquid mud; mud-banks both sides, a tropical sun all day, and a miasmatic dew all night. We had the good fortune, however, to have with us a couple of bottles of your invaluable "FRUIT SALT," and never took the "water" without a judicious admixture of it, and so did not suffer from the abominable concoction. Now, when we arrived at Lorenzo Marquay there was no more "FRUIT SALT" to be obtained. I was sent on to Durban, but poor Mr. O'Neill was on the flat on his back with ague. At Durban I could only get one bottle, as every one was sold out, it being so much in demand.

'When I mention that we only went in a small boat with four negroes, and that two expeditions from men-of-war, with fully equipped boats, had tried the survey before and only got 40 miles (having lost the greater part of their crew through the malaria), while we got over 80 miles, I think I am only doing you justice in putting our success down to your excellent preparation.—I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

'To J. C. Eno, Esq., Hatcham, London, S.E.

'A LIEUTENANT ROYAL NAVY, F.R.G.S.'

SUDDEN CHANGES OF WEATHER, ANY EMERGENCY, INFLUENZA, FEVERISH COLDS.—DRAWING AN OVERDRAFT ON THE BANK OF LIFE.—Late hours, fagged, unnatural excitement, breathing impure air, too rich food, alcoholic drink, gouty rheumatic, and other blood poisons, biliousness, sick headache, skin eruptions, pimples on the face, want of appetite, sourness of stomach, &c., use ENO'S FRUIT SALT. It is pleasant, cooling, health-giving, refreshing and invigorating. You cannot overstate its great value in keeping the blood pure and free from disease.

CAUTION.—Examine each Bottle, and see that the Capsule is marked 'ENO'S FRUIT SALT'
Without it, you have been invited by a worthless imitation.

Sold by all Chemists. Directions in Six.

to Prevent Disease.

Prepared only at Eno's Fruit Salt Works, Hatc.

S.E., by J.C. Eno's Pat.

SUSCEPTIBILITY TO TAKE INFECTIOUS DISEASES.

Dr. W. B. CARPENTER, F.R.S., in a lecture, under the auspices of the National Health Society, speaking of Zymotic Diseases (Infectious Diseases) such as Cholera, Small-pox, Fever, &c., susceptibility to take them, he held, came in some cases from a poisoned condition of the blood, arising from the body retaining some portion of the wastes. These wastes, when not removed, were re-absorbed into the blood, and acted as a ready soil from which disease would germinate.

For the best method of preventing the spread of infectious diseases read a large illustrated sheet given with each bottle of ENO'S FRUIT SALT.

JEOPARDY OF LIFE.

THE GREAT DANGER OF DELAY.

You can change the trickling stream, but not the raging torrent.

BLOOD POISONS.

The predisposing causes of Disease, or, how to prevent a susceptibility to take Disease.

After suffering from FEVER FOUR TIMES, in each attack with very great severity—in fact three of them could not have been more dangerous or critical—from a very extensive and careful observation, extending over a period of forty years, I am perfectly satisfied the 'true cause' of fever is a disordered condition of the liver. The office of the liver is to cleanse the blood, as a scavenger might sweep the streets. When the liver is not working properly a quantity of wastes or effete matter is left floating in the blood. Under these circumstances, should the poison germ of fever, small-pox, &c., be absorbed, then the disease results; on the contrary, any one whose liver and other organs are in a normal condition may be subjected to precisely the same conditions as to the contagious influences, and yet escape the fever. This, I consider, explains the seeming mystery that some persons who are placed in circumstances peculiarly favourable to the development of fever, who, in fact, live in the very midst of it—escape unscathed. This being the case, the importance of keeping the liver in order cannot be over-estimated; and I have pleasure, in directing attention to my FRUIT SALT, which in the form of a pleasant beverage, will correct the action

n the

d.

EASES.

under the
eaking of
s Cholera
them, he
nition of
ne portion
ved, were
ready soil

end of in-
riven with

LAY.

ng torrent

o prevent

S, in each
e of them
— from a
ing over a
the "true
the liver.
ood, as a
e liver is
or effete
these cir-
small-pox.
the con-
are in a
the same
ret escape
g mystery
nces pecu-
r, who, in
unscathed.
the liver
e pleasure
which in-
he action
arding off
DACHES.
PTIONS.
nown, no
r, EXO'S
poison is
attack of

TRA-

, 1884.

oad great
the river
ay, and a
of your
o did not
"FRUIT"
ith ague.

om men-
e greater
justice in

A.G.S.

ENZA,
K OF
k, gouty
want e
refreshing
.

SALT

.

Pat

Longman's Magazine Literary and General Advertiser.

ALL APPLICATIONS RESPECTING ADVERTISEMENTS AND BILLS SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO MESSRS. LONGMANS & CO. 59 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON, E.C.

Beetham's AND Glycerine Cucumber

Is the most perfect Emollient Milk ever produced for PRESERVING and BEAUTIFYING the Skin. It keeps the Skin **SOFT, SMOOTH, and WHITE** during the COLDEST WEATHER. Entirely Removes and Prevents all **Roughness, Redness, Chaps, Irritation, &c.**, and PRESERVES the SKIN from the effects of **Frost, Cold Winds, and Hard Water.** More Effectually than any other Preparation. If applied after Dancing or visiting Heated Apartments, it will be found Delightfully Cooling and Refreshing.
Bottles, 1s., 1s. 9d., & 2s. 6d. of all Chemists and Perfumers.
Any size free for 3d. extra, by the Sole Makers,
M. BEETHAM & SON, Chemists, Cheltenham.

BEETHAM'S CAPILLARY HAIR FLUID

(FREE FROM LEAD, DYE, AND ALL POISONS.)

Is unequalled for Preserving, Strengthening, and Beautifying the Hair. It effectually arrests falling off, and greyness, strengthens the weak or fine, and wonderfully improves the growth. It imparts a rich gloss to hair of all shades, and keeps it in any desired form during exercise.
N.B.—It is made in three shades, 'Light,' 'Dark,' and 'Extra Dark,' the last named being specially prepared to hide Greyness when the Hair has turned in patches, for which it is strongly recommended. It is not a Dye.
Bottles, 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d., free for 3d. extra.

M. BEETHAM & SON, Chemists, Cheltenham.



BROWN'S SATIN POLISH

FOR LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S BOOTS AND SHOES,

Travelling Bags, Trunks, Harness, &c.

Highest Award Philadelphia, 1876; Paris, 1878; Melbourne and Frankfurt, 1881; Berlin, 1877; Amsterdam, 1883; and New Orleans, 1885.

Put on by sponge attached to Wire and Cork in each bottle. No polishing brush required. Dries in a few minutes. Can be used by any lady WITHOUT SOILING HER FINGERS. Not being a spirit varnish, it will not harden nor crack the leather.

CAUTION.—None is GENUINE without our Signature, **B. F. BROWN & CO.**

AMERICAN MAGIC BRONZE

Gives to Old Boots and Shoes, Ornaments, &c., the appearance of new.

Kept by all First-class Boot and Shoe Stores and Chemists in the United Kingdom.

A LUXURY

UNKNOWN IN ENGLAND.

BARBER & COMPANY'S FRENCH COFFEE

In its Highest Perfection,

10d. per Pound.

'SEE THAT YOU HAVE NONE OTHER.'

is the Choicest and most carefully selected Coffee, 'Roasted on the French principle,' and mixed with the Finest Bruges Chicory. 5 lb., in tins, sent carriage free, per Parcels Post, to any post town in the United Kingdom and Channel Islands for 5/6, or 2 lb., in tins, for 2/4.

BARBER & COMPANY,

274 REGENT CIRCUS, OXFORD STREET, W.

16. to Street, E.C.; The Boro', London Bridge, E.C.; King's Cross, N.
Stbourne Grove, W.; and 42 Great Titchfield Street, W.;
Manchester, 38 Corn Street, Bristol; Quadrant, New Street, Birmingham;
Leiston; and 1 Church Street, and Minster Buildings, and London Road,
North Street, 75 East Street, Brighton, and 27 Church Road, Hove;
Hastings, corner of Havelock Road and Robertson Street.

SOME OF CASSELL & COMPANY'S NEW VOLUMES.

Messrs. CASSELL & COMPANY beg to call attention to a most important artistic undertaking of international interest, which they have had for many years past in preparation—viz.,

The International Shakspeare.

Consisting of an *Édition de luxe* of the principal Plays of Shakspeare, illustrated by the leading Artists of the World, and produced in the highest style of Art. The Plays will be printed on WHATMAN'S hand-made paper, and the text tastefully printed in red and black. The Plays which Messrs. CASSELL & COMPANY have arranged to produce this year are:—

King Henry IV. Illustrated by EDUARD GRÜTZNER. £3. 10s. [Ready shortly.]

As You Like it. Illustrated by ÉMILE BAYARD. £3. 10s. [Probably ready in November.]

Uniform with 'Cathedral Churches of England and Wales'

Abbeys and Churches of England and Wales: Descriptive, Historical, Pictorial. 296 pages, demy 4to. cloth, gilt edges, 21s.

Important New Work by Dr. Cunningham Geikie.

The Holy Land and the Bible. A Book of Scripture Illustrations gathered in Palestine. By the Rev. CUNNINGHAM GEIKIE, D.D. Two vols. demy 8vo. 1,120 pages, with Map. 24s.

The Magazine of Art Volume for 1887. (Vol. X.) With 12 exquisite Etchings, Photogravures, &c., and several hundred choice Engravings. Cloth gilt, gilt edges, 16s.

New Edition of the First Series of

Character Sketches from Dickens. Containing 6 original Drawings by FREDERICK BARNARD. Reproduced in Photogravure, on India Paper. Size 20 by 14½ inches. In Portfolio, 21s. The subjects are:—Mrs. Gamp, Alfred Jingle, Bill Sikes, Little Dorrit, Sydney Carton, Pickwick.

Popular Edition of

Egypt: Descriptive, Historical, and Picturesque. By Prof. G. EBERS. Translated by CLARA BELL with Notes by SAMUEL BIRCH, LL.D., D.C.L., F.S.A. Complete in two handsome volumes. With about 800 Original Engravings. Cloth, gilt edges, 42s.

Popular Edition of

The Life and Work of the Seventh Earl of Shaftesbury, K.G. By EDWIN HODDER. One vol. with Eight Original Illustrations, extra crown 8vo. cloth, 7s. 6d.

Completion of the Illustrated Edition of

The Life and Words of Christ. By the Rev. CUNNINGHAM GEIKIE, D.D. Two vols. crown 4to., cloth, 36s.

The Encyclopædic Dictionary. Vol. XII. (Ship to Tart.) Extra crown 4to. cloth, 10s. 6d. The 12 Volumes can also be obtained in 6 complete Volumes, bound in half-morocco, 21s.

Volume I. of the Revised Edition of

Cassell's History of England. Profusely Illustrated with New and Original Drawings, specially executed for this Edition by leading Artists. The text carefully revised throughout. Extra crown 4to., price 9s.

The Life and Times of Queen Victoria. Vol. I. By ROBERT WILSON. With numerous Illustrations. 9s.

New Story of Adventure, uniform with 'King Solomon's Mines,' &c.

Dead Man's Rock. A Romance. By Q. 5s.

A Queer Race. By W. WESTALL. 5s.

Illustrated Edition of

Kidnapped. By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. With 16 Original Illustrations by W. HOLE, R.S.A. 5s.

Illustrated Edition of

King Solomon's Mines. By RIDER HAGGARD. Illustrated. 5s.

Prince Bismarck. By CHARLES LOWE, M.A. Cheap Edition. Two vols., with 7 Portraits. 10s. 6d.

Cannibals and Convicts. By JULIAN THOMAS ('The Vagabond'). With Portrait and Map. Cheap Edition. 5s.

Our Earth and its Story. By Dr. ROBERT BROWN, F.L.S. Vol. I., with Coloured Plates and Engravings. 9s.

Cassell's Miniature Edition of Shakespeare. Illustrated. Complete in 12 volumes. 12s.

The Leopold Shakspeare. With Introduction by F. J. FURNIVALL. About 400 Illustrations. Cheap Edition. 3s. 6d.

33 A CATALOGUE of Messrs. Cassell & Company's NEW VOLUMES FOR THE SEASON will be forwarded post free upon application to the Publishers,

CASSELL & COMPANY, LIMITED, Ludgate Hill, London.

SMITH, ELDER, & CO.'S BOOKS.

In November, crown 8vo. 12s. 6d.

THE EARLY LIFE OF SAMUEL ROGERS.

By P. W. CLAYDEN,

Author of 'Samuel Sharpe, Egyptologist and Translator of the Bible' &c.

NEW WORKS BY AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE.

In November, with Illustrations, crown 8vo. 10s.; or 2 vols. cloth limp, 10s. 6d.

PARIS.

By AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE,

Author of 'Walks in London,' 'Walks in Rome,' 'Cities of Northern Italy,' &c.

In November, with Illustrations, crown 8vo. 10s.; or 2 vols. cloth limp, 10s. 6d.

DAYS NEAR PARIS.

By AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE,

Author of 'Paris,' 'Walks in Rome,' 'Walks in London,' &c.

Ready this day, SECOND EDITION, with Portraits and Reproductions of Letters and Drawings, Imperial 8vo. 12s. 6d.

A COLLECTION OF LETTERS OF W. M. THACKERAY, 1847-1855.

'The most charming letters that ever were printed.'—DAILY NEWS.

'One of the most delightful volumes of the last five-and-twenty years.'—SATURDAY REVIEW.

NEW VOLUMES OF THE POCKET EDITION OF W. M. THACKERAY'S WORKS.

Ready this day, price 1s. 6d. per volume, in half-cloth; or 1s. in paper cover.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS. 2 vols.

*^o A further Volume will be issued Monthly until the completion of the Edition.

JESS. By H. RIDER HAGGARD, Author of 'King Solomon's Mines,' 'She : a History of Adventure,' &c. Third Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.

LIFE OF FRANK BUCKLAND. By his Brother-in-Law, GEORGE C. BOMPAS, Editor of 'Notes and Jottings from Animal Life.' With a Portrait. Crown 8vo. 5s.; gilt edges, 6s.

NOTES AND JOTTINGS FROM ANIMAL LIFE. By the late FRANK BUCKLAND. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 5s.; gilt edges, 6s.

NEW NOVEL BY THE AUTHOR OF 'MEHALAH' &c.

Ready this day at all the Libraries, in 3 vols. post 8vo.

THE GAVEROCKS.

By the Author of 'Mehalah,' 'John Herring,' 'Court Royal,' &c.

Messrs. SMITH, ELDER, & CO. will be happy to forward, post free on application, a CATALOGUE of their PUBLICATIONS, containing LIST of WORKS by

W. M. THACKERAY.
ROBERT BROWNING.
MRS. BROWNING.
JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.
MATTHEW ARNOLD.
AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE.
LESLIE STEPHEN.
MISS THACKERAY.

SIR A. HELPS.
G. H. LEWES.
THE AUTHOR OF 'MOLLY BAWN.'
THE AUTHOR OF 'JOHN HERRING.'
W. E. NORRIS.
HAMILTON AIDÉ.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE.
WILKIE COLLINS.
HOLME LEE.
MRS. GASKELL.
THE BRONTË SISTERS.
THE AUTHOR OF 'THE GAME-KEEPER AT HOME'
AND OTHER POPULAR WRITERS.

London : SMITH, ELDER, & CO., 15 Waterloo Place.

MESSRS. WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS'

NEW BOOKS.

COMPLETION OF MR. KINGLAKE'S HISTORY.

THE INVASION OF THE CRIMEA: Its Origin, and an Account of Its Progress down to the Death of Lord Raglan. By A. W. KINGLAKE. VOL. VII.—From the Morrow of Inkerman to the Fall of Canrobert. VOL. VIII.—From the Opening of Pélissier's Command to the Death of Lord Raglan. Demy 8vo. Illustrated with numerous Maps and Plans. *[In November.]*

This day is published. A THIRD EDITION.

EPISODES IN A LIFE OF ADVENTURE; or, Moss from a Rolling Stone. By LAURENCE OLIPHANT, Author of 'Piccadilly,' 'Altiora Peto,' 'Haifa,' &c. Third Edition. Post 8vo. 10s. 6d.

INSULINDE: Experiences of a Naturalist's Wife in the Eastern Archipelago. By ANNA FORBES. In 1 vol. post 8vo. With a Map. *[Immediately.]*

This day is published.

GOSSIPS WITH GIRLS AND MAIDENS, Betrothed and Free. By Lady BELLAIRS. Crown 8vo. 5s.

This day is published.

POOR NELLIE. By the Author of 'My Trivial Life and Misfortune.' 3 vols. post 8vo. 25s. 6d.

HALF A CENTURY; or, Changes in Men and Manners. By ALEX. INNES SHAND, Author of 'Letters from West Ireland,' 'Fortune's Wheel,' &c. 8vo. 12s. 6d.

THE LAND BEYOND THE FOREST. Facts, Figures, and Fancies from Transylvania. By E. GERARD, Author of 'Reata,' 'Beggars my Neighbour,' &c. In 2 vols. With Map and Illustrations. *[Shortly.]*

This day is published. NEW AND CHEAPER EDITION.

SARACINESCA. By F. MARION CRAWFORD, Author of 'Mr. Isaacs,' 'Dr. Claudius,' 'Zoroaster,' &c. New Edition. Complete in 1 vol. Crown 8vo. 6s.

This day is published.

THE CITY OF SARRAS. By U. ASHWORTH TAYLOR. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

SCOTLAND AND SCOTSMEN IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. Edited from the MSS. of JOHN RAMSAY, Esq., of Ochtertyre. By ALEXANDER ALLARDYCE, Author of 'Memoir of Admiral Lord Keith, K.B.,' &c. In 2 vols. 8vo. *[Immediately.]*

LETTERS FROM AND TO

CHARLES KIRKPATRICK SHARPE, ESQ. Edited by ALEXANDER ALLARDYCE, Author of 'Memoir of Admiral Lord Keith, K.B.,' &c. With a Memoir by the Rev. W. K. R. BEDFORD. In 2 vols. 8vo. Illustrated with numerous Etchings and other Engravings. *[In November.]*

SPINOZA. By the Very Rev. Principal CAIRD, Glasgow. Being the new volume of 'Blackwood's Philosophical Classics for English Readers.' In 1 vol. crown 8vo. *[In the press.]*

This day is published.

THE PSALMIST AND THE SCIENTIST; or, Modern Value of the Religious Sentiment. By GEORGE MATHESON, M.A., D.D., Author of 'Can the Old Faith Live with the New?' In 1 vol. crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS, Edinburgh and London.

SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON & CO.'S

FIRST LIST OF ANNOUNCEMENTS.

- NEW WORK BY DR. O. W. HOLMES ON HIS RECENT VISIT TO EUROPE.
OUR HUNDRED DAYS IN EUROPE By Dr. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.
 Small post 8vo. printed on extra fine paper, cloth, gilt top, 6s. [Now ready.]
- NEW GLOSSARY OF THE OBSCURE WORDS IN SHAKESPEARE,**
 AND THE DRAMATISTS OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY. By CHARLES MACKAY, LL.D.,
 F.S.A., Author of 'The Gaelic Etymology of the Languages of Western Europe.' In one vol. demy 8vo.
 cloth extra, £1. 1s. [Now ready.]
- AUSTRAL AFRICA: LOSING IT OR RULING IT?** Being Incidents and
 Experiences in Bechuanaland, Cape Colony, and England. By JOHN MACKENZIE. Two vols. demy 8vo.
 with Maps and numerous Illustrations, 32s. [Now ready.]
- BURTON (RICHARD F.), K.C.M.G.:** His Early, Private, and Public Life. Also
 an Abridgment of his Travels and Explorations, gathered from more than fifty volumes of his own Works
 and other sources. Edited by FRANCIS HITCHMAN, Author of 'The Public Life of the Earl of Beaconsfield,'
 &c. Two vols. demy 8vo. cloth extra, 36s. [Shortly.]
- PEN AND PENCIL IN ASIA MINOR;** or, Notes from the Levant. By
 WILLIAM COCHRAN, Member of the Society of Arts; the Highland and Agricultural Society, London and
 Edinburgh; and formerly of the Asiatic Society, London and Shanghai. Illustrated with 89 Engravings,
 made chiefly from Water-colour Sketches by the Author. Demy 8vo. cloth extra, 21s. [Now ready.]
- DIGGING, SQUATTING, AND PIONEERING LIFE IN THE**
 NORTHERN TERRITORY OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA. By Mrs. DOMINIC DALY. One vol. demy 8vo.
 cloth, 12s.
- A NEW WORK ON TRADE AND TRAVEL IN CHINA.
THROUGH THE YANG-TSE GORGES; or, Trade and Travel in Western
 China. By ARCHIBALD J. LITTLE, F.R.G.S., of Ichang. With Map. 8vo. cloth.
- THE BOY TRAVELLERS ON THE CONGO.** Adventures of Two Youths in
 a Journey with Henry M. Stanley 'through the Dark Continent.' By Colonel THOMAS W. KNOX, Author
 of 'The Boy Travellers in the Far East,' 'In South America' and 'In Russia,' 'The Young Nimrods,' 'The
 Voyage of the *Virian*,' &c. &c. Demy 8vo. cloth extra, numerous Illustrations.
- OUR NEW ZEALAND COUSINS.** By the Hon. JAMES INGLIS (Maori). Small
 post 8vo. cloth, 6s. [Now ready.]
- ON A SURF-BOUND COAST;** or, Cable-Laying in the African Tropics. By
 A. P. CROUCH. Crown 8vo. cloth, 7s. 6d.
- LIVING LIGHTS:** a Popular Account of Phosphorescent Animals and Vegetables.
 By CHARLES FREDERICK HOLDER, Fellow of the New York Academy of Sciences, &c.; Author of 'Elements
 of Zoology,' 'Marvels of Animal Life,' 'The Ivory King,' 'Wonder Wings,' &c. 24 Illustrations, 8vo.
 cloth extra, 8s. 6d. [Now ready.]
- RAN AWAY FROM THE DUTCH;** or, Borneo from South to North. By
 M. T. H. PERELAER, late of the Dutch Indian Service. Square 8vo. cloth extra. 16 Illustrations. 7s. 6d.
 [Now ready.]
- PEPPER AND SALT;** or, Seasoning for Young Folk. Prepared by HOWARD PYLE.
 Beautifully and profusely Illustrated by the Author. 4to. illuminated cloth.
- FAIRY TALES AND STORIES.** By HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN. An entirely
 New Translation, by CARL SIWEERS. With more than 200 Illustrations by eminent Scandinavian Artists,
 specially drawn for this Edition. Imperial 16mo. cloth extra, 6s. [Now ready.]

NEW NOVELS.

- THE FROZEN PIRATE.** By W. CLARK RUSSELL. Two vols. 21s.
- KNIGHT (A. L.)—IN THE WEB OF DESTINY.** One vol.
- GIBBON (CHAS.)—YARMOUTH COAST.**
- THE MAID AND THE MONK.** Three vols. By W. STANHOPE.
- DE LEON (EDWIN)—UNDER THE STARS AND UNDER THE**
 CRESCENT. Two vols. crown 8vo. 12s. [Now ready.]
- EARL (H. P.)—HIS SISTERS.** Two vols. crown 8vo. 12s.
- MOHAMMED BENANI;** a Story of To-day. Demy 8vo. cloth, 10s. 6d. One vol.
 8vo. 12s. [Now ready.]
- HERMOSA;** or, in the Valleys of the Andes. By Mrs. J. E. MARTIN. Two vols. crown
 8vo. 12s. [Now ready.]
- RAPHAEL BEN ISAAC.** By JOHN BRADSHAW. Two vols. 12s. [Now ready.]
- THE HUNDRETH MAN.** By F. R. STOCKTON. Post 8vo. cloth, 6s. (Forming
 New Volume of Low's 'Standard Novels'.)
- THE CORSAIRS OF FRANCE.** By C. B. NORMAN (late 90th Light Infantry),
 Author of 'Tonkin; or, France in the Far East' &c. &c. With Portraits and Map. One vol. demy 8vo.
 cloth, 18s. [Now ready.]
- NEW GAMES OF PATIENCE.** By Lady ADELAIDE CADOGAN. Containing 34
 New Games, including 'The Jubilee Game.' With Coloured Diagrams. 4to. cloth extra, 12s. 6d. [October.]
- WILLIAM I. AND THE GERMAN EMPIRE:** a Biographical and Historical
 Sketch. By G. BARNETT SMITH. Demy 8vo. cloth extra, 14s. [October.]

London: SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON, SEARLE & RIVINGTON,
 St. Dunstan's House, Fetter Lane, Fleet Street.

Messrs. LONGMANS & CO.'s Announcements.

NEW BOOK BY MR. FROUDE.

THE ENGLISH IN THE WEST INDIES; or, *The Bow of Ulysses.* By JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE. With numerous Illustrations from Sketches by the Author. 8vo. [In the press.]

THE BADMINTON LIBRARY OF SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Edited by His Grace the DUKE of BEAUFORT, K.G. and ALFRED E. T. WATSON.

ATHLETICS AND FOOTBALL. By MONTAGUE SHEARMAN. With numerous Illustrations from Drawings by STANLEY BERKELEY, and from Instantaneous Photographs by G. MITCHELL. Crown 8vo. price 10s. 6d. [Nearly ready.]

THE LIFE OF THE RT. HON. SIR STRATFORD CANNING: VISCOUNT STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE, K.G. G.C.B. D.C.L. LL.D. &c. From his Private and Official Papers. By STANLEY LANE-POOLE. With 3 Portraits. 2 vols. 8vo. [In the press.]

SOME OFFICIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF GEORGE CANNING. Edited, with Notes, by EDWARD J. STAPLETON. 2 vols. 8vo. 28s. [Ready.]

PAPERS, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c. By the late FLEEMING JENKIN, F.R.S.S., L. & E., late Professor of Engineering in the University of Edinburgh. Edited by SIDNEY COLVIN, M.A. and Professor EWING, F.R.S. With Memoir by ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, and Facsimiles of Drawings by FLEEMING JENKIN. 2 vols. 8vo. [In November.]

MYTH, RITUAL, AND RELIGION. By ANDREW LANG. 2 vols. crown 8vo. price 21s. [Ready.]

JOHNNY NUT AND THE GOLDEN GOOSE. Done into English by ANDREW LANG, from the French of CHARLES DEULIN. Illustrated by AM. LYNN. Royal 8vo. price 10s. 6d. cloth extra, gilt edges. [Ready.]

THE MARRIAGE OF NEAR KIN, considered with respect to the Law of Nations, the Result of Experience, and the Teachings of Biology. By ALFRED H. HUTH. New Edition. Royal 8vo. 21s. [Ready.]

BIOGRAPHIES OF WORDS. By F. MAX MÜLLER. A Series of Articles reprinted from *Good Words*, with considerable Additions, and a Full Discussion of the Question of the Original Home of the Aryans. Crown 8vo. 5s. [In the press.]

AN INQUIRY INTO SOCIALISM. By THOMAS KIRKUP, Author of the article on 'Socialism' in the 'Encyclopædia Britannica.' Crown 8vo. price 5s. [In the press.]

PICTURESQUE NEW GUINEA. By J. W. LINDT, F.R.G.S. With 50 full-page Photographic Illustrations reproduced by the Autotype Company, strongly mounted on guards. Crown 4to. price 42s. [In November.]

STUDIES IN NAVAL HISTORY. Biographies. By JOHN KNOX LAUGHTON, M.A. Professor of Modern History at King's College, London; Lecturer on Naval History at the Royal Naval College, Greenwich. 8vo. price 10s. 6d. [Ready.]

OUR SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY THROUGH FRANCE AND ITALY. By JOSEPH and ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL. With Map and numerous Illustrations by J. PENNELL. Crown 8vo. [In the press.]

A SHORT MANUAL OF SURGICAL OPERATIONS, having Special Reference to many of the Newer Procedures. By ARTHUR E. J. BARKER, F.R.C.S. Surgeon to University College Hospital, Teacher of Practical Surgery at University College, Professor of Surgery and Pathology at the Royal College of Surgeons of England. With 61 Woodcuts in the Text. Crown 8vo. 12s. 6d. [Ready.]

A TREATISE ON THE DISEASES OF THE DOG: being a Manual of Canine Pathology. Especially adapted for the Use of Veterinary Practitioners and Students. By JOHN HENRY STEEL, M.R.C.V.S. A.V.D. Professor of Veterinary Science, Bombay Veterinary College; Author of 'Diseases of the Ox' &c. 8vo. [Nearly ready.]

London: LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO.

RICHARD BENTLEY & SON'S LIST

OF

FORTHCOMING WORKS FOR OCTOBER AND NOVEMBER 1887.

BY W. P. FRITH, R.A.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY AND REMINISCENCES OF

W. P. FRITH, R.A. In 2 vols. demy 8vo. with 2 Portraits.

[Now ready.]

BY T. A. TROLLOPE.

WHAT I REMEMBER. By THOMAS ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE. In

2 vols. demy 8vo. with Portrait.

BY THE PRINCESSE DE LIGNE.

MEMOIRS OF THE PRINCESSE HELENE DE LIGNE.

From the French of LUCIEN PEREY, by LAURA ENSOR. In 2 vols. large crown 8vo. with Portrait.

BY VASILI VERESTCHAGIN.

VERESTCHAGIN: Painter, Soldier, Traveller. Autobiographical

Sketches by Mons. and Mde. VERESTCHAGIN, from the Original by F. H. PETERS, M.A. In 2 vols. large crown 8vo. with upwards of 80 Illustrations from Sketches by the Author.

BY SIR DOUGLAS FORSYTH.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY AND REMINISCENCES OF SIR

DOUGLAS FORSYTH, K.C.S.I., C.B. Edited by his Daughter, ETHEL FORSYTH. In demy 8vo. with Portrait on Steel and Map.

BY MISS PARDOE.

THE COURT AND REIGN OF FRANCIS THE FIRST,

King of France. By JULIA PARDOE. A New Edition, in 3 vols. demy 8vo. with Illustrations on Steel and voluminous Index.

BY LADY JACKSON.

THE LAST OF THE VALOIS, and the Accession of Henry of

Navarre, 1559-1569. By CATHERINE CHARLOTTE, LADY JACKSON. In 2 vols. large crown 8vo. with Portraits on Steel, 24s.

BY J. J. HISSEY.

A HOLIDAY ON THE ROAD: an Artist's Wanderings in Kent,

Sussex, and Surrey. By JAMES JOHN HISSEY. In demy 8vo. with numerous Illustrations from Sketches by the Author, and engraved upon Wood by GEORGE PHARSON.

BY A. NICOLS.

WILD LIFE AND ADVENTURE IN THE AUSTRALIAN

BUSH. By ARTHUR NICOLS, F.G.S., F.R.G.S., Author of 'Zoological Notes,' 'Natural History of the Carnivora,' &c. In 2 vols. large crown 8vo. with 8 Illustrations from Sketches by Mr. JOHN NETTLESHIP.

BY W. B. CHURCHWARD.

MY CONSULATE IN SAMOA. With Personal Experiences of

King Malietoa Laupepa, his Country, and his Men. By WILLIAM B. CHURCHWARD. In demy 8vo. 15s.

BY C. EDWARDES.

LETTERS FROM CRETE. Written during the Spring of 1886. By

CHARLES EDWARDES. In demy 8vo. 16s.

BY COLONEL DAVIS.

THE ENGLISH OCCUPATION OF TANGIERS, 1663-1684.

Being the First Volume of 'The History of the Second Queen's Royal Regiment (now the Queen's Royal West Surrey Regiment).' By Lieut.-Colonel JOHN DAVIS, F.S.A., Author of 'Historical Records of the Second Royal Surrey Militia.' In royal 8vo. with Maps, Plans, and numerous Illustrations. Vol. I., 24s.

BY A. BALLANTYNE.

LORD CARTERET: a Political Biography. By ARCHIBALD BALLANTYNE.

In demy 8vo. 16s.

BY MISS WOTTON.

WORD PORTRAITS OF FAMOUS WRITERS. Edited by

MABEL E. WOTTON. In large crown 8vo.

BY VINCENT CARLOIX.

A GENTLEMAN OF THE OLDEN TIME: François de

Scépeaux, Sire de Vieilleville, 1509-1571. From the French of Madame C. COIGNET, by C. B. FITMAN. In 2 vols. crown 8vo. 21s.

London: RICHARD BENTLEY & SON, New Burlington Street,

Publishers in Ordinary to Her Majesty the Queen.

DR. SMILES'S WORKS.

Nearly ready, post 8vo.

LIFE AND LABOUR; or, Characteristics of Men of Culture and Genius. By SAMUEL SMILES, LL.D., &c. &c.

New and Cheaper Edition.

JAMES NASMYTH, ENGINEER: an Autobiography. With Portrait and 90 Illustrations. Post 8vo. 6s.

'We should not know where to stop if we were to attempt to notice all that is instructive and interesting in this volume. It will be found equally interesting to students of human nature, to engineers, to astronomers, and even to archæologists. Among other merits, there are few books which could be put with more advantage into a young man's hands, as affording an example of the qualities which conduce to legitimate success in work.' QUARTERLY REVIEW.

'It would be impossible to give any notion here of the increasing activity of mind which gives life to every page of this book; nor can we even hint at the number of charming little mechanical "dodges" contrived for all manner of purposes by Mr. Nasmyth in his odd moments.'—SATURDAY REVIEW.

'An autobiography which is quite a model, both in charming simplicity of style and in modest self-effacement. One of the most pleasant and interesting books we have met for many a day.'—GLOBE.

MEN OF INVENTION AND INDUSTRY
(recently published). Post 8vo. 6s.

'Dr. Smiles has probably done more, by his many interesting books, to uphold the dignity and power of labour than any other writer. He is the prose laureate of industry, and its captains have found in him one who is not only enthusiastic himself, but who is also capable of infusing others with a like enthusiasm. . . . We have no doubt that these latest chapters in the history of industry and scientific investigation will be quite as popular as their predecessors.'—THE TIMES.

INDUSTRIAL BIOGRAPHY. New Edition. 6s.

LIFE OF A SCOTCH NATURALIST. 6s.

6s. each.

**SELF-HELP.
CHARACTER.**

**THRIFT.
DUTY.**

LIFE OF GEORGE STEPHENSON. 21s.; 7s. 6d.;
or 2s. 6d.

LIVES OF BOULTON AND WATT. 21s.; or
7s. 6d.

**LIVES OF VERMUYDEN, MYDDELTON,
AND BRINDLEY.** 7s. 6d.

LIVES OF SMEATON AND RENNIE. 7s. 6d.

LIVES OF METCALFE AND TELFORD. 7s. 6d.

**THE HUGUENOTS IN ENGLAND AND
IRELAND.** 7s. 6d.

LIFE OF ROBERT DICK. 12s.

JOHN MURRAY, Albemarle Street.

CHATTO & WINDUS'S ANNOUNCEMENTS.

- OLD BLAZER'S HERO.** By D. CHRISTIE MURRAY, Author of 'Joseph's Coat' &c. With 3 Illustrations by A. MCCORMICK. Crown 8vo. cloth extra, 6s.
- ONE TRAVELLER RETURNS.** By D. CHRISTIE MURRAY and HENRY HERMAN. Crown 8vo. cloth extra, 6s. [Preparing.]
- JACK THE FISHERMAN.** By ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS, Author of 'An Old Maid's Paradise' &c. With 22 Illustrations by C. W. REED. Post 8vo. 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d. [Shortly.]
- IN EXCHANGE FOR A SOUL.** By MARY LINSKILL, Author of 'The Haven under the Hill' &c. 3 vols. crown 8vo. at all Libraries.
- THE DEEMSTER:** a Romance of the Isle of Man. By HALL CAINE, Author of 'A Son of Hagar' &c. 3 vols. crown 8vo. at all Libraries. [Nov. 1.]
- COUNTRY LUCK:** a Novel. By JOHN HABBERTON. Post 8vo. illustrated boards, 2s.; cloth, 2s. 6d. [Preparing.]
- RADNA;** or, The Great Conspiracy of 1881. By the PRINCESS OLGA. Crown 8vo. cloth extra, 6s.
- THE WORLD WENT VERY WELL THEN.** By WALTER BESANT, Author of 'Children of Gibeon' &c. With Illustrations by A. FORESTIER. New and Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo. cloth extra, 2s. 6d.
- BESANT AND RICE'S NOVELS.** Library Edition. Large crown 8vo. cloth extra, 6s. each. The Following are now ready:—
- | | |
|--|---|
| READY-MONEY MORTIBOY.
WITH HARP AND CROWN. | MY LITTLE GIRL.
THIS SON OF VULCAN. |
|--|---|
- THE COMPLETE WORKS IN VERSE AND PROSE OF PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.** Edited, Prefaced, and Annotated by RICHARD HERNE SHEPHERD. 5 vols. crown 8vo. cloth boards, 3s. 6d. each. [Shortly.]
- * A Large-paper Edition is also in preparation, to be had in SETs only, at 52s. 6d. for the five volumes. (Only One Hundred copies printed.)
- LOCURINE:** a Tragedy. By ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE. Crown 8vo. 6s. [Immediately.]
- SELECTIONS FROM THE POETICAL WORKS OF ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.** Second Edition. Fcp. 8vo. cloth extra, 6s.
- UNDERWOODS.** By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. Second Edition. Post 8vo. cloth extra, 6s.
- MEMORIES AND PORTRAITS.** By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. Fcp. 8vo. buckram extra, 6s. [Preparing.]
- VIRGINIBUS PUERISQUE,** and other Papers. By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. A New Edition, Revised. Fcp. 8vo. buckram extra, 6s. [Preparing.]
- ENGLISH NEWSPAPERS:** Contributions to the History of Journalism. By H. R. FOX BOURNE, Author of 'English Merchants' &c. 2 vols. demy 8vo. cloth extra, 25s. [Preparing.]
- VICTORIAN POETS.** By EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN. A New (the Thirteenth) Edition, Revised, Enlarged, and brought down to the present time. Crown 8vo. cloth extra, 9s. [Shortly.]
- A BOOK FOR THE HAMMOCK.** By W. CLARK RUSSELL, Author of 'The Wreck of the Grosvenor,' 'Round the Galley Fire,' 'A Voyage to the Cape,' &c. Crown 8vo. cloth extra, 6s.
- NATURE NEAR LONDON.** By RICHARD JEFFERIES. New and Cheaper Edition. Post 8vo. cloth limp, 2s. 6d.; or Library Edition, crown 8vo. cloth extra, 6s.
- By THE SAME AUTHOR. Crown 8vo. cloth extra, 6s. each.
- | | |
|--------------------------------|----------------------|
| THE LIFE OF THE FIELDS. | THE OPEN AIR. |
|--------------------------------|----------------------|
- ZEPHYRUS:** a Holiday in Brazil and on the River Plate. By E. R. PEARCE EDGCUMBE, LL.D. With 41 Illustrations. Post 8vo. cloth extra, 6s.
- A DAY'S TOUR:** a Journey through France and Belgium. With Sketches in facsimile of the original Drawings. By PERCY FITZGERALD. Crown 4to. picture cover, 1s.
- BIRD LIFE IN ENGLAND.** By EDWIN LESTER ARNOLD, Author of 'On the Indian Hills' &c. Crown 8vo. cloth extra, 6s.
- HYDROPHOBIA:** an Account of M. Pasteur's System. By RENAUD SUZOR, M.B., C.M.Édin. and M.D. Paris. With 7 Illustrations. Crown 8vo. cloth extra, 6s.
- HOW TO PLAY SOLO WHIST:** its Method and Principles Explained, and its Practice Demonstrated. With Illustrative Specimen Hands, and a Revised and Augmented Code of Laws. By ABRAHAM S. WILKS and CHARLES F. PARDON. Crown 8vo. cloth extra, 3s. 6d. [Shortly.]
- HINTS FOR PARENTS ON THE CHOICE OF A PROFESSION OR TRADE FOR THEIR SONS.** By FRANCIS DAYNANT, M.A. Post 8vo. 1s.; cloth limp, 1s. 6d.

London: CHATTO & WINDUS, Piccadilly, W.

W. H. ALLEN & CO.'S NEW BOOKS.

LETTERS FROM IRELAND, 1886. By the Special Correspondent of the *Times*. Reprinted by permission. Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d.

THE AGRICULTURAL LABOURER: a Short Summary of his Position. By T. E. KEBBEL, of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law. A New Edition, brought down to date, with fresh Chapters on Wages, Labour, Allotment, Small Holdings, and the Education Act. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

IN HIS GRASP. By ESMÉ STUART. Respectfully dedicated to the Society for Psychological Research. Crown 8vo. 5s.

THE BOOK OF PATIENCE; or, Cards for a Single Player. By WALTER WOOD. With Plates. Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d.

FALL OF THE MOGHUL EMPIRE OF HINDUSTAN. By H. G. KEENE, C.I.E. New and Cheaper Edition, with Corrections and Additions. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

FREDERICK FRANCIS XAVIER DE MÉRODE, Minister and Almoner to Pius IX. His Life and Works. By Monseigneur BESSON. Translated by Lady HERBERT. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

JOURNALS KEPT IN HYDERABAD, KASHMIR, SIKKIM, AND NEPAL. By Sir RICHARD TEMPLE, G.C.S.I., C.I.E., D.C.L., LL.D. Edited by his Son, Captain R. C. TEMPLE, Bengal Staff-Corps. With Maps, Chromo-Lithographs, and other Illustrations from Sketches by the Author. 2 vols. demy 8vo. 32s.

HISTORY OF INDIA UNDER VICTORIA, from 1836 to 1880. By Captain L. J. TROTTER, Author of 'A History of the British Empire in India' &c. 2 vols. 8vo. 30s.

THE NATION IN ARMS. From the German of Lieut.-Colonel BARON VON DER GOLTZ. Translated by P. A. ASHWORTH. Demy 8vo. 15s.

SHOOTING AND YACHTING IN THE MEDITERRANEAN. With some Practical Hints to Yachtsmen. By Captain A. G. BAGOT ('Bagatelle'). Crown 8vo. 5s.

COMO AND ITALIAN LAKE LAND. By T. W. M. LUND, M.A., Chaplain to the School for the Blind, Liverpool. Crown 8vo. with 3 Maps, and 11 Illustrations by Miss Jessie Macgregor, 10s. 6d.

OTHER SUNS THAN OURS: a Series of Essays on Suns—Old, Young, and Dead. With other Science Gleanings, &c. By RICHARD A. PROCTOR, Author of 'Other Worlds than Ours' &c. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

NAPOLEON AND HIS DETRACTORS. By H.I.H. Prince JEROME NAPOLÉON. Translated by RAPHAEL L. DE BEAUFORT. Demy 8vo. with Portrait. [Nearly ready.]

TWO NEW NOVELS.

THE LESTERS: a Family Record. By F. M. F. SKENE, Author of 'Hidden Depths.' 2 vols. [Ready.]

GABRIELLE; or, Worth the Winning. By Mrs. F. BRADSHAW. 1 vol. [Shortly.]

THE EMINENT WOMEN SERIES.

Edited by JOHN H. INGRAM. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. each.

ALREADY ISSUED:—

George Eliot. By MATHILDE BLIND.

George Sand. By BERTHA THOMAS.

Maria Edgeworth. By HELEN ZIMMERN.

Emily Brontë. By A. MARY F. ROBINSON.

Mary Lamb. By ANNE GILCHRIST.

Margaret Fuller. By JULIA WARD HOWE.

Elizabeth Fry. By Mrs. E. R. PITMAN.

Countess of Albany. By VERNON LEE.

Harriet Martineau. By Mrs. FENWICK MILLER.

Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin. By ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL.

Rachel. By Mrs. A. KENNARD.

Madame Roland. By MATHILDE BLIND.

Susanna Wesley. By ELIZA CLARKE.

Margaret of Angoulême, Queen of Navarre. By A. MARY F. ROBINSON.

Mrs. Siddons. By Mrs. A. KENNARD.

Madame de Staël. By BELLA DUFFY.

London: W. H. ALLEN & CO., 13 Waterloo Place, S.W.

PUBLISHED BY MESSRS. HATCHARD.

A NEW MAGAZINE.

No. 1, PUBLISHED OCT. 1, PRICE 6d.

ATALANTA.

Edited by L. T. MEADE and ALICIA A. LEITH.

THIS Magazine, with Supplements, will consist of 64 pages monthly. It will be profusely illustrated by Artists of repute both here and in America, and will have on its staff many of the best known and most popular writers of the day. In the matter of paper, print, and general style of production, the Magazine will aim at the highest standard of excellence.

A department of the Magazine to which special attention is invited will be the '*Atalanta Scholarship and Reading Union*,' details of which are given in the first number. The general aim of the Union may be described as the encouragement of a systematic habit of recreative reading in English Literature by means of a plan which seeks to combine guidance, criticism, and reward.

The following Authors and Artists are among the Contributors:—

AUTHORS.

EDWIN ARNOLD.
H. RIDER HAGGARD.
WALTER BESANT.
ANDREW LANG.
MISS THACKERAY.
MISS YONGE.
GRANT ALLEN.
Rev. S. BARING-GOULD.
AUTHOR OF 'THE ATELIER
DU LYS.'
FRANCES M. PEARD.
F. ANSTEEY.
&c. &c.

ARTISTS.

E. J. POYNTER, R.A.
G. H. BOUGHTON, A.R.A.
FRANK DICKSEE, A.R.A.
WALTER CRANE.
HEYWOOD HARDY.
G. DU MAURIER.
HARRY FURNISS.
M. ELLEN EDWARDS.
GORDON BROWNE.
KATE GREENAWAY.
C. J. STANILAND.
&c. &c.

Monthly, price 6d. Annual Subscription, 6s.; or by post, 7s. 6d.

NEW STORY BY THE AUTHOR OF 'MDLLE. MORI' &c.

THE FIDDLER OF LUGAU.

By the Author of 'A Child of the Revolution,' 'The Ateller du Lys,' &c.
With 6 Illustrations by W. RALSTON. Crown 8vo. cloth, 6s.

A NEW STORY BY FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

RIDER'S LEAP (a Story for Boys).

By FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, Author of 'Nil Desperandum,' 'Peacock Alley,' &c.
With 8 Illustrations by W. B. WOLLEN. Crown 8vo. cloth, 5s.

NEW STORY BY ISMAY THORN.

A GOLDEN AGE.

By ISMAY THORN, Author of 'Pinafore Days,' 'Story of a Secret,' &c.
With 6 Illustrations by GORDON BROWNE. Crown 8vo. 5s.

NEW STORY BY MRS. MOLESWORTH.

THE PALACE IN THE GARDEN.

By the Author of 'Carrots,' 'Silverthorns,' &c. With 25 Illustrations by HARRIET M. BENNETT.
Crown 8vo. cloth extra, 5s.

'Children of both sexes will be charmed with Mrs. Molesworth's newest contribution to juvenile literature. "The Palace in the Garden" has incident and sensation enough to defray an ordinary novel.'—MORNING POST.
'Mrs. Molesworth has written several charming stories for children, but none more pleasantly conceived to rouse the wonder and admiration of her little readers than the tale of "The Palace in the Garden."'—SCOTSMAN.

NEW BOOK BY PROFESSOR HODGETTS.

GREATER ENGLAND.

Being a Brief Historical Sketch of the Various Possessions of Her Majesty, the Empress Queen, in Europe, Asia, Africa, and Oceania. By J. FREDERICK HODGETTS, Author of 'Older England,' 'England in the Middle Ages,' 'The Champion of Odin,' &c. Crown 8vo. cloth, 6s.

TWO NOVELS, AT ALL LIBRARIES.

MADAME'S GRANDDAUGHTER.

By FRANCES M. PEARD, Author of 'Mother Molly,' 'The Rose Garden,' &c. Crown 8vo. 6s.
'Clever and wholesomely realistic, as is everything which this author has ever put her name to yet.'

WHITEHALL REVIEW.

'A pathetic idyll.... Each of the personages is graphically sketched, and the interest of the tale deserves hardly less commendation than the fidelity of its local colouring.'—MORNING POST.

THE O'DONNELLS OF INCHFAWN.

By L. T. MEADE, Author of 'Scamp and I,' 'A World of Girls,' &c. With Frontispiece by A. CHASEMORE.
Crown 8vo. 6s.

'The author has done good and pleasant work in her time, but "The O'Donnells of Inchfawn" is far and away the best thing she has done yet.'—WHITEHALL REVIEW.

'Ellen O'Donnell is a charming heroine. The story is especially good on account of its pictures of Irish life.'—MORNING POST.

'A capital story.... The writing is good, and the Irish character is admirably portrayed.'—COURT JOURNAL.

London: HATCHARDS, 187 Piccadilly, W.

CHAPMAN & HALL'S NEW BOOKS.

BY M. DE LESSEPS.

FORTY YEARS' RECOLLECTIONS. By M. DE LESSEPS. 2 vols. demy 8vo.

BY ANDREW A. ANDERSON.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS in a WAGGON in the GOLD REGIONS of AFRICA. By ANDREW A. ANDERSON. With Illustrations. 2 vols. post 8vo.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'MUSIC AND MANNERS.'

MONARCHS I HAVE MET. By W. BEATTY-KINGSTON, Author of 'Music and Manners,' 2 vols. demy 8vo.

BY LIEUT.-COL. J. C. FIFE-COOKSON.

TIGER-SHOOTING in the DOON and ULWAR, and LIFE in INDIA. By Lieut.-Col. J. C. FIFE-COOKSON. With numerous Illustrations by E. HOBDAY, R.H.A., from Sketches by the Author. Large crown 8vo.

BY MAJOR A. B. ELLIS.

The TSHI-SPEAKING PEOPLES of the GOLD COAST of WEST AFRICA: their Religion, Manners, Customs, Laws, Language, &c. By A. B. ELLIS, Major, the 1st West India Regiment, Author of 'The Land of Fetish' &c. Demy 8vo. with Map, 10s. 6d.

BY MARGARET STOKES.

EARLY CHRISTIAN ART in IRELAND. By MARGARET STOKES. With 106 Woodcuts, crown 8vo.

. PUBLISHED for the COMMITTEE of COUNCIL on EDUCATION.

BY C. B. AVELING, D.Sc. (Lond.)

MECHANICS and CHEMISTRY, to meet the requirements of the Matriculation Examination of the University of London. By C. B. AVELING, D.Sc. (Lond.) and Fellow of University College, London. 2 vols. crown 8vo.

BY ANDRÉE HOPE.

CHRONICLES of an OLD INN; or, a Few Words about Gray's Inn. By ANDRÉE HOPE. Crown 8vo. 5s.

BY MAJOR A. B. ELLIS.

SOUTH AFRICAN SKETCHES. By A. B. ELLIS, Major, 1st West India Regiment, Author of 'The Tshi-Speaking Peoples of the Gold Coast of West Africa.' Demy 8vo.

BY EUGENE MUNTZ.

RAPHAEL: His Life, Works, and Times. By EUGENE MUNTZ, Translated from the French and Edited by W. ARMSTRONG. With 155 Wood Engravings and 41 Full-page Plates. New Edition. Imperial 8vo.

BY EMILY SHIRREFF.

FRIEDRICH FRÖBEL: a Short Sketch of his Life, including Fröbel's Letters from Dresden and Leipzig to his Wife, now first Translated into English. By EMILY SHIRREFF. Crown 8vo. 2s.

BY DEVENDRA N. DÂS.

SKETCHES of HINDOO LIFE. By DEVENDRA N. DÂS. Demy 8vo.

BY BARON E. DE MANDAT-GRANCEY.

PADDY at HOME. By Baron E. DE MANDAT-GRANCEY. Translated from the French. Third Edition, in the press, crown 8vo.

BY C. J. RIBTON-TURNER.

A HISTORY of VAGRANTS and VAGRANCY and BEGGARS and BEGGING. By C. J. RIBTON-TURNER. With numerous Illustrations. Demy 8vo. 21s.

BY J. B. DALY, LL.D.

IRELAND in the DAYS of DEAN SWIFT. By J. B. DALY, LL.D. Crown 8vo. 6s.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'GREATER BRITAIN.'

The PRESENT POSITION of EUROPEAN POLITICS; or, Europe in 1857. By the Author of 'Greater Britain.' Demy 8vo. 12s.

CHAPMAN & HALL, LIMITED, Henrietta Street, W.C.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

The chief Papers of interest in the new Volume of *The Century* for 1887-88 will be those dealing with Travel and Adventure. Mr. KENNAN will describe his Adventures, Exile Life, and the people he met with in a journey of *fifteen thousand miles through Russia and Siberia*. Mr. ROOSEVELT will treat of the Wild Industries and scarcely Wilder Sports of the great Far West; while Mr. DE KAY will contribute a series of studies on the Ethnology, Landscape, Literature, and Arts of Ireland.

ST. NICHOLAS FOR 1887-88

Will contain a large number of Tales by many well-known Authors, among whom are Miss ALCOTT, Mrs. HODGSON BURNETT, FRANK R. STOCKTON, UNCLE REMUS, AMELIA BARR, H. H. BOYSEN, Miss BAYLOR, and PALMER COX.

NEW VOLUME OF 'THE STORY OF THE NATIONS.'

IRELAND.

By the Hon. EMILY LAWLESS. With many Illustrations and Maps. 450 pp. large crown 8vo. cloth, 5s. In same Series—

ROME.

THE JEWS.

GERMANY.

CARTHAGE.

ALEXANDER'S EMPIRE.

THE MOORS IN SPAIN.

ANCIENT EGYPT.

HUNGARY.

SARACENS.

OTHER VOLUMES IN PREPARATION.

GUATEMALA: THE LAND OF THE QUETZAL.

By WILLIAM T. BRIGHAM. 105 Illustrations and 5 Maps. Demy 8vo. cloth, 21s.

TUSCAN STUDIES AND SKETCHES.

By LEADER SCOTT, Author of 'A Nook in the Apennines.' Many Illustrations. Sq. Imp. 16mo. Cloth, 10s. 6d.

NEW VOLUMES OF POETRY.

THE NEW PURGATORY, AND OTHER POEMS.

By E. R. CHAPMAN, Author of 'A Comtist Lover' &c. Crown 8vo. cloth, 4s. 6d.

THE SENTENCE: a Drama.

By A. WEBSTER, Author of 'In a Day' &c. Small crown 8vo. cloth, 4s. 6d.

DISILLUSION, AND OTHER POEMS.

By ETHEL E. DE FONBLANQUE. Square 8vo. cloth, 4s. 6d.

London: T. FISHER UNWIN, 26 Paternoster Square, E.C.

Messrs. LONGMANS & CO.'s Announcements.

THE CORRESPONDENCE OF SIR HENRY TAYLOR, Author of 'Philip van Artevelde.' Edited by Prof. DOWDEN. 1 vol. 8vo. [*In preparation.*]

ENGLAND AND NAPOLEON IN 1803: being the Despatches of Lord Whitworth and others. Now first printed from the Originals in the Record Office. Edited for the Royal Historical Society by OSCAR BROWNING, M.A. F.R.Hist.S. Corresponding Member of the Société d'Histoire Diplomatique. 8vo. 15s. [*In the press.*]

FROM A GARRET. By MAY KENDALL, One Author of 'That Very Mab.' Crown 8vo. price 6s. [*Ready.*]

DREAMS TO SELL: Poems. By MAY KENDALL, One Author of 'That Very Mab.' Fcp. 8vo [*Nearly ready.*]

POEMS OF MANY YEARS AND MANY PLACES, 1839-1887. By A LIFELONG THINKER AND WANDERER. Crown 8vo. price 6s. [*Ready.*]

ASTRONOMY FOR AMATEURS: a Practical Manual of Telescopic Research adapted to Moderate Instruments. Edited by J. A. WESTWOOD OLIVER, with the assistance of Messrs. MAUNDER, GRUBB, GORE, DENNING, FRANKS, ELGER, BURNHAM, CAPRON, BACKHOUSE, and others. Fully Illustrated. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d. [*In the press.*]

A COURSE OF LECTURES ON ELECTRICITY, delivered before the Society of Arts. By GEORGE FORBES, M.A. F.R.S. (L. & E.) F.R.A.S. M.S.T.E. and E.Assoc.Inst.C.E. [*In the press.*]

A TEXT-BOOK OF ELEMENTARY BIOLOGY. By R. J. HARVEY GIBSON, M.A. F.R.S.E. Lecturer on Botany in University College, Liverpool. Crown 8vo. [*In the press.*]

MODERN THEORIES OF CHEMISTRY. By Professor LOTHAR MEYER. Translated from the Fifth Edition of the German by P. PHILLIPS BEDSON, D.Sc. (Lond.) B.Sc. (Vict.) F.C.S. Professor of Chemistry, Durham College of Science, Newcastle-on-Tyne; and W. CARLETON WILLIAMS, B.Sc. (Vict.) F.C.S. Professor of Chemistry, Firth College, Sheffield. [*In the press.*]

THE TESTING OF MATERIALS OF CONSTRUCTION. Embracing the Description of Testing Machinery and Apparatus auxiliary to Mechanical Testing, and an Account of the most Important Researches on the Strength of Materials. By WILLIAM CAWTHORNE UNWIN, F.R.S. Memb.Inst.C.E. [*In the press.*]

A HANDBOOK FOR STEAM USERS: being Notes on Steam Engine and Boiler Management and Steam Boiler Explosions. By M. POWIS BALE, M.I.M.E. A.M.I.C.E. Author of 'Wood-working Machinery,' 'Saw Mills,' 'Stone-working Machinery,' 'Steam and Machinery Management,' &c. Fcp. 8vo. 2s. 6d. [*Ready.*]

LIBERTY AND LIBERALISM: a Protest against the Growing Tendency toward Undue Interference by the State with Individual Liberty, Private Enterprise, and the Rights of Property. By BRUCE SMITH, of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law, formerly Member of the Parliament of New South Wales. Cr. 8vo. 6s. [*Ready.*]

EUTHANASIA; or, Medical Treatment in aid of an Easy Death. By WILLIAM MUNK, M.D. F.S.A. Fellow and late Senior Censor of the Royal College of Physicians, &c. Crown 8vo. 5s. [*In the press.*]

EPOCHS OF CHURCH HISTORY.

Edited by the Rev. M. CREIGHTON, M.A. Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the University of Cambridge. Fcp. 8vo. price 2s. 6d. each.

THE ARIAN CONTROVERSY. By H. M. GWATKIN, M.A. Lecturer and late Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. [*In the press.*]

THE CHURCH AND THE EASTERN EMPIRE. By Rev. H. F. TOZER, M.A. Lecturer and late Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford. [*In the press.*]

London: LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO,

MESSRS. LONGMANS & CO.'S NEW BOOKS.

SECOND EDITION. Crown 8vo. price 6s.

ALLAN QUATERMAIN:

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF HIS

FURTHER ADVENTURES AND DISCOVERIES

In company with SIR HENRY CURTIS, Bart., Commander JOHN GOOD, R.N.
and one UMSLOPOGAAS.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD.

With 20 full-page Illustrations and 11 Vignettes in the Text. Engraved on Wood by
J. D. COOPER from Drawings by C. H. M. KERR.

SEVENTH EDITION. Crown 8vo. price 6s.

SHE:

A HISTORY OF ADVENTURE.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD.

With Facsimiles of either face of the Sherd of Amenartas and of the various uncial Greek,
Roman, Black-letter, and Early English Inscriptions thereon Inscribed.

ELEMENTS OF PHYSIOLOGICAL PSYCHOLOGY: a Treatise
of the Activities and Nature of the Mind from the Physical and Experimental Point of
View. By GEORGE T. LADD, Professor of Philosophy in Yale University. With 113
Illustrations. 8vo. 21s.

A TREATISE ON THE DISEASES OF THE OX: being a
Manual of Bovine Pathology. Especially adapted for the use of Veterinary Practitioners
and Students. By JOHN HENRY STEEL, M.R.C.V.S. A.V.D. Professor of Veterinary
Science, and Superintendent Bombay Veterinary College; Author of 'Outlines of Equine
Anatomy.' Second Edition. 8vo. 15s.

IRELAND, from the RESTORATION to the REVOLUTION,
1660-1690. By JOHN P. PRENDERGAST, Author of 'The Cromwellian Settlement.'
8vo. 5s.

WEATHER CHARTS AND STORM WARNINGS. By ROBERT
H. SCOTT, M.A. F.R.S. Secretary to the Meteorological Council. With numerous Illustrations.
Third Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A SLANDER. By EDNA LYALL,
Author of 'Donovan,' 'We Two,' &c. Fcp. 8vo. price ONE SHILLING, sewed.

CHANCE AND LUCK: a Discussion of the Laws of Luck, Coincidences,
Wagers, Lotteries, and the Fallacies of Gambling; with Notes on Poker and Martin-
gales (or Sure (?) Gambling Systems). By RICHARD A. PROCTOR. Crown 8vo. 5s.

FIRST STEPS IN GEOMETRY: a Series of Hints for the Solution
of Geometrical Problems, with Notes on Euclid, useful Working Propositions, and many
Examples. By RICHARD A. PROCTOR. Fcp. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

EASY LESSONS IN THE DIFFERENTIAL CALCULUS:
indicating from the Outset the Utility of the Processes called Differentiation and
Integration. By RICHARD A. PROCTOR. Fcp. 8vo. 2s. 6d.

A SHORT INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF LOGIC.
By LAURENCE JOHNSTONE. With Examination Questions. Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d.

* * This book bears the Imprimatur of CARDINAL MANNING.

EDUCATIONAL ENDS; or, The Ideal of Personal Development.
By SOPHIE BRYANT, D.Sc. Lond., Mathematical Mistress in the North London Collegiate
School for Girls. Crown 8vo. 6s.

London: LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO.

WORKS BY LADY BRASSEY.

A VOYAGE IN THE 'SUNBEAM';

Our Home on the Ocean for Eleven Months.

LIBRARY EDITION. With 8 Coloured Maps and Charts, 9 Full-page Illustrations, and 109 Woodcuts in the Text, chiefly from Drawings by the Hon. A. Y. BINGHAM. 8vo. ONE GUINEA.

CABINET EDITION. With Map and 66 Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

SCHOOL READING-BOOK EDITION. With 87 Illus. Fcp. 8vo. 2s.

SCHOOL PRIZE EDITION. With 87 Illustrations. Fcap. 8vo. 3s. in parchment, with gilt edges.

POPULAR EDITION. With 60 Illustrations. 4to. 6d. sewed, or 1s. cloth.

SUNSHINE AND STORM IN THE EAST;

OR,

Cruises to Cyprus and Constantinople.

LIBRARY EDITION. With 2 Maps and 114 Illustrations (including 9 Full-page) chiefly from Drawings by the Hon. A. Y. BINGHAM. 8vo. 21s.

CABINET EDITION. With 2 Maps and 114 Illus. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

POPULAR EDITION. With 108 Illustrations. 4to. 6d. sewed, 1s. cloth.

IN THE TRADES, THE TROPICS, AND THE 'ROARING FORTIES';

OR,

Fourteen Thousand Miles in the 'Sunbeam' in 1883.

LIBRARY EDITION. With 292 Illustrations by R. T. PRITCHETT. Track Chart and 8 Maps. 8vo. 21s.

CABINET EDITION. With Map and 220 Illus. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

POPULAR EDITION. With 183 Illustrations. 4to. 6d. sewed, 1s. cloth.

THREE VOYAGES IN THE 'SUNBEAM.'

Popular Edition. With 346 Illustrations. 4to. 2s. 6d. cloth.

London: LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO.

THE HENRY IRVING SHAKESPEARE.

To be published in 8 vols. small 4to. cloth, gilt top, price 10s. 6d. each.
VOL. I. will be ready on November 15th, and the remaining Volumes will follow at intervals of three months.

THE WORKS OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

EDITED BY

HENRY IRVING AND FRANK A. MARSHALL.

With Notes and Introductions to each Play by F. A. MARSHALL and other
Shakespearean Scholars, and

NEARLY 600 ILLUSTRATIONS BY GORDON BROWNE.

Prospectus, Post Free, on Application.

London: BLACKIE & SON, 49 and 50 Old Bailey.

THE 'KNOWLEDGE' LIBRARY.

Edited by RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

How to Play Whist, with the Laws and Etiquette of Whist; Whist Whittlings, and Forty fully-annotated Games. By 'FIVE OF CLUBS' (RICHARD A. PROCTOR). Crown 8vo. 5s.

Home Whist: an Easy Guide to Correct Play, according to the latest Developments. By 'FIVE OF CLUBS' (RICHARD A. PROCTOR). 16mo. 1s.

The Poetry of Astronomy: a Series of Familiar Essays on the Heavenly Bodies. By RICHARD A. PROCTOR. Crown 8vo. 6s.

The Stars in their Seasons: an Easy Guide to a Knowledge of the Star Groups, in Twelve Large Maps. By RICHARD A. PROCTOR. Imperial 8vo. 5s.

Strength and Happiness. With 9 Illustrations. By RICHARD A. PROCTOR. Crown 8vo. 5s.

The Seasons Pictured in Forty-eight Sun-views of the Earth, and Twenty-four Zodiacal Maps and other Drawings. By RICHARD A. PROCTOR. Demy 4to. 5s.

The Star Primer: Showing the Starry Sky, Week by Week, in Twenty-four Hourly Maps. By RICHARD A. PROCTOR. Crown 4to. 2s. 6d.

Nature Studies. Reprinted from *Knowledge*. By GRANT ALLEN, ANDREW WILSON, THOMAS FOSTER, EDWARD CLODD, and RICHARD A. PROCTOR. Crown 8vo. 6s.

Leisure Readings. Reprinted from *Knowledge*. By EDWARD CLODD, ANDREW WILSON, THOMAS FOSTER, A. C. RUNYARD, and RICHARD A. PROCTOR. Crown 8vo. 6s.

Rough Ways Made Smooth: a Series of Familiar Essays on Scientific Subjects. By RICHARD A. PROCTOR. Crown 8vo. 6s.

Our Place Among Infinities: a Series of Essays contrasting our Little Abode in Space and Time with the Infinities around us. By RICHARD A. PROCTOR. Crown 8vo. 5s.

The Expanse of Heaven: a Series of Essays on the Wonders of the Firmament. By RICHARD A. PROCTOR. Crown 8vo. 5s.

Pleasant Ways in Science. By RICHARD A. PROCTOR. Crown 8vo. 6s.

Myths and Marvels of Astronomy. By RICHARD A. PROCTOR. Crown 8vo. 6s.

London: LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO.

Thousands of Fishermen are engaged all the year round in providing OUR TABLES with fish. — These men, who FOR US hazard their lives and toil through furious blasts and sleety storm, may rightly claim some small share in the privileges we so richly enjoy. THIS THEY CAN ONLY HAVE THROUGH THE PRESENCE OF THE MISSION VESSELS, carrying to the Fishermen the message of Divine mercy and love, affording relief in sickness, and cheering dull lives by their presence.

MISSION TO DEEP-SEA FISHERMEN.

INSTITUTED 1881.

Until six years ago, upwards of 12,000 Smacksmen toiled in the North Sea at all seasons, in all weathers, in constant danger, and not only cut off from the joys and comforts of home, but at two days' distance from medical or surgical aid. To-day seven Mission Vessels cruise with the fleets (running the same risks, exposed to the same furious gales, as the trawlers themselves) in order—

1. That injuries and illness may receive prompt help and healing.
2. That true friends may supplant and banish from the fleets that enemy of the English Smacksmen, that pest of the North Sea—the foreign coper or floating grog-shop.
3. That dull and monotonous lives may be cheered and brightened by their presence and ministry.

Treasurer and Chairman of General Council—THOMAS B. MILLER, Esq.

Chairman of Finance Committee—THOMAS GRAY, Esq., C.B.

Bankers—Messrs. LLOYDS, BARNETTS, & BOSANQUETS (Limited),
Lombard Street, E.C.

Offices—BRIDGE HOUSE, BLACKFRIARS BRIDGE, LONDON, E.C.

Founder and Director—E. J. MATHER, Esq.;

HELP IS URGENTLY NEEDED.

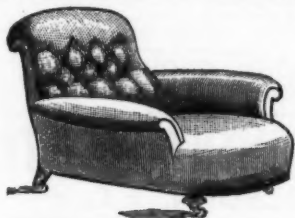
FURNISH THROUGHOUT. (*Regd.*)

OETZMANN & CO.

67, 69, 71, 73, 75, 77, & 79 HAMPSTEAD ROAD, LONDON

(NEAR TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD AND GOWER STREET STATION).

CARPETS, FURNITURE, BEDDING, DRAPERY,
FURNISHING IRONMONGERY, CHINA, GLASS, ETC.



LUXURIOUS DIVAN EASY CHAIR,
52s. 6d.

SUPERIOR DIVAN EASY CHAIR,
75s.

An immense variety of Easy Chairs on
Show, from 21s. to 10 Guineas.



THE 'MATLOCK' TEA
SERVICE.

In Red, Blue and Gold, Crown
Derby Colourings.

For Twelve Persons.

40 Pieces, complete, 7s. 11d.



OCCASIONAL TABLE.

Walnut, Mahogany, or
Ebonized.

17 in. by 17 in.

by 27 in high,

11s. 9d.

ORDERS PER POST RECEIVE PROMPT AND CAREFUL ATTENTION.

Illustrated Catalogue, the Best Furnishing Guide extant, Post Free.

No. 340, OCTOBER. Price 6s.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

CONTENTS.

- I. RURAL FRANCE.
- II. THE CRUISE OF THE 'MARCHESA.'
- III. LECKY'S ENGLAND IN THE 18TH CENTURY.
- IV. HUNTING.
- V. THE MINISTRY OF FINE ART.
- VI. ENGLISH ACTORS IN THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.
- VII. MISS NORGATE'S ANGEVIN KINGS.
- VIII. THE DUNDASES OF ARNISTON.
- IX. MEMOIRS OF PRINCE CZARTORYSKI.
- X. A PLEA FOR PEACE.

London: LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO.

No. 8, OCTOBER. Royal 8vo. price 5s.

ENGLISH HISTORICAL REVIEW.

Edited by the Rev. MANDELL CREIGHTON, M.A. LL.D.

CONTENTS.

1. Articles.—

THE MOVEMENTS OF THE ROMAN LEGIONS FROM AUGUSTUS TO SEVERUS.

By E. G. HARDY.

THE LIFE OF JUSTINIAN BY THEOPHILUS. By JAMES BRYCE, D.C.L. M.P.

CHARLES THE FIRST AND THE EARL OF GLAMORGAN. By S. R. GARDINER.

THE EMPLOYMENT OF INDIAN AUXILIARIES IN THE AMERICAN WAR.

By ANDREW MCFARLAND DAVIS.

2. Notes and Documents.

3. *Reviews of Books* by E. A. Freeman, D.C.L., F. York Powell, S. Lane-Poole, &c.

4. *List of Historical Books recently published.* | 5. *Contents of Periodical Publications.*

London: LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO.

19

OUR EYES.

Now ready, Sixth Edition, Twelfth Thousand, Revised and Enlarged, with Three New Chapters.

OUR EYES, AND HOW TO PRESERVE THEM,

From INFANCY to OLD AGE, with Special Information about Spectacles. By JOHN BROWNING, F.R.A.S., F.R.M.S., &c. With 55 Illustrations. Price 1s. cloth.

Extracts from Notices of the First Edition:

"How to Use Our Eyes," by John Browning, F.R.A.S., is a thoroughly practical little manual.

GRAPHIC.

'Gives many a useful hint to those who enjoy good eyesight and wish to preserve it, and gives the advice of an oculist to those obliged to wear spectacles.'

PALL MALL GAZETTE.

CHATTO & WINDUS, Piccadilly, London, W., and all Bookellers. Sent free for 1s. 2d. by the Author.
JOHN BROWNING, 63 Strand, London, W.C.

OUR EYES.

BROWNING'S

Improved Method of Suiting the Sight with Spectacles

Either Personally or by Correspondence.

BROWNING'S AXIS-CUT PEBBLES are the most perfect lenses made, being cut from pure crystals of Brazilian pebble at right angles to the axis, and every lense tested separately by the polariscope. Spectacles of superior quality from 4s. 6d. per pair; with pebble lenses in best steel frames, from 10s. 6d. per pair; and in gold frames from £1. 3s. 6d. Full particulars of Browning's Method of Suiting the Sight by correspondence, and testimonials post free.

JOHN BROWNING,

63 STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

THE CO-OPERATIVE NEEDLEWOMEN'S SOCIETY, 34 BROOKE STREET, HOLBORN, E.C.

THE SECRETARY (Mrs. ALISON) will be most grateful for orders during the coming winter for any kind of Needlework. Under-linen for Ladies and Children; Dressing and Tea Gowns; Trouseaux; Layettes; Indian and Colonial Outfits; Gentlemen's Shirts, Collars, Cuffs, &c. All materials are supplied by the Society, and a competent person sent to any part of London to receive orders.

The winter, although the most trying season, is that in which our workers earn least, owing to its being the slackest time in all the year. If those who are thinking of replenishing their wardrobes next spring would let us do some of the work during the next few months, it would help them over a hard time.

We have a number of parcels (from 5s. to 20s.) of warm clothing suitable for distribution to the poor or for Christmas Presents, which we should be glad to send to any part of London or the country.

TWO NEW COOKERY BOOKS.

FIFTH EDITION, crown 8vo. price ONE SHILLING.

SAVOURIES À LA MODE.

By MRS. DE SALIS.

SECOND EDITION, crown 8vo. price 1s. 6d.

ENTRÉES À LA MODE.

By MRS. DE SALIS.

'Quite a dainty little book.....the recipes are not cumbrously numerous; and they are all marked by delicacy, good taste, and thorough practicability.'—G. A. S. in ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

London: LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO.

SCHWEITZER'S COCOATINA.

Anti-Dyspeptic Cocoa, or Chocolate Powder.

GUARANTEED PURE SOLUBLE COCOA OF THE FINEST QUALITY.

The FACILITY pronounce it 'the most nutritious, perfectly digestible Beverage for BREAKFAST, LUNCHEON, or SUPPER, and invaluable for Invalids, and Young Children.'

Being without sugar, spice, or other admixture, it suits all palates, keeps for years in all climates, and is four times the strength of Cocos thickened yet weakened with arrowroot, starch, &c., and in reality cheaper than such mixtures. Made instantaneously with boiling water, a Teaspoonful to a Breakfast Cup, costing less than one halfpenny.

COCOATINA possesses remarkable sustaining properties, and is specially adapted for early Breakfasts.

In Air-tight Tins, at 1s. 6d., 3s., 5s. 6d., &c., by Chemists and Grocers.



PRIZE MEDALS

London, 1851.
London, 1862.
Paris, 1867.
Paris, 1878.
London, 1884.

Hyde & Co., London, E.C.

MAKERS OF WRITING INKS AND SEALING WAX

Of Unsurpassed Excellence. Original Makers
of the Bank of England Wax, and
INDIA WAX FOR HOT CLIMATES.

Your Stationer
will supply.

'RICH IN PHOSPHATES.'—BARON LIEBIG.

MAX GREGER'S

THE BEST NATURAL
RESTORATIVE

Carlowitz is strongly recommended to all who desire to retain or to gain good health. Being of perfect purity, and 'rich in phosphates' (vide Baron Liebig's Report), it is especially valuable as a brain tonic and restorative. Connoisseurs pronounce it 'excellent.' In view of the increasing demand, fresh negotiations have been concluded for taking for a term of years the TOTAL PRODUCE of the extensive vineyard of the ARCHDUKE ALBRECHT, uncle of the Emperor of Austria.

Constantly prescribed by
Eminent Physicians.

CARLOWITZ.

PRICES FROM 24s. PER DOZEN.

MAX GREGER (Limited), 7 MINCING LANE, E.C., and 2 OLD BOND ST., LONDON, W.

KEATINGS

BEST
COUGH CURE.

Sold everywhere in
Tins, 1/1½ each.

LOZENGES

KEATINGS

BEST
COUGH CURE.

Sold everywhere in
Tins, 1/1½ each.

LOZENGES

CRAMER'S

PIANOS.

For SALE, HIRE, and on CRAMER'S
THREE YEARS' SYSTEM.

Exhibition Models—Silver Medal.

In American Walnut Cases, from Twenty-five Guineas.
In Black and Gold Cases, from Twenty-eight Guineas.
Cottages in all Cases, from Forty-six Guineas.
Iron-framed Upright Grands, from Fifty-five Guineas.

ILLUSTRATED LISTS FREE.

Regent Street, W.; Moorgate Street, E.C.

SPECIALTIES FOR ALL	Sold by the principal Druggists at Home and Abroad.	THE YEAR ROUND.
JACKSON'S RUSMA.	<p>For the removal of Hair without a Razor, from the Arms, Neck, or Face, as well as Sunburn or Tan.</p> <p>The activity of this depilatory is notable. It is easy and safe. It leaves a Whole Skin and a Clean Complexion.</p>	<p>At 1s.</p> <p>By Post, 1s. 2d.</p>
JACKSON'S BENZINE RECT.	<p>For taking out Grease, Oil, Paint, &c., from all absorbent Fabrics, Dress, or Drapery; Furs, Gloves, Slippers, Books, and Manuscripts, it cleans with equal success. It may be freely used to wash Gilt surfaces to which water is destructive.</p>	<p>At 6d., 1s., and 2s. 6d.</p> <p>Parcels Post, 3d. extra.</p>
<div> <div> <p>JACKSON'S CHINESE DIAMOND CEMENT.</p> </div> <div> <p>REGISTERED</p> <p>TRADE MARK</p> </div> <div> <p>Sold in Bottles At 6d. and 1s. Or by Post for 1s. 2d.</p> </div> </div> <p>FOR mending every Article of Ornament or Furniture, China, Glass, Earthenware, &c. Also for mounting Cabinet Specimens of Nature and Art. It surpasses in neatness, in strength, and cheapness, and retains its virtues in all climates. It has stood the test of time, and in all quarters of the globe.</p> <p>A RECENT TESTIMONIAL.</p> <p>'I have found your Chinese Diamond Cement so good for the repairs of broken China, Glass, &c., that I wish you to send me a half dozen 6d. bottles. I will give you one instance of the way in which it acts, and you can make what use you like of my letter. In October, 1883, our slop basin belonging to the breakfast service was let fall just before breakfast, and broken into four or five large pieces and a few chips; in fact, I may say broken all to pieces. I had all the pieces collected, and at once joined them together with your Cement, making the basin again perfect; and wishing to test the Cement, I had the basin used in the afternoon at the tea table, and it was perfectly water tight, and has been in general use ever since; and has had the ordinary treatment such basins get; and, in fact, we often forget that it has been broken. I have used the Cement in numbers of other instances with equal success, and can recommend it as the best I have seen or used.'</p>		
H.R.H. PRINCE ALBERT'S CACHOUX	<p>Dainty morsels, in the form of tiny Silver Bullets, which dissolve in the mouth, and surrender to the breath their hidden fragrance.</p> <p>The little Caskets containing the Cachoux bear a Medallion of the late Prince Consort. They are also furnished with 'The Albert Gate Latch' (registered), being THOMAS JACKSON'S contrivance for paying out the Cachoux singly.</p>	<p>At 6d.</p> <p>By Post, 7d.</p>
JACKSON'S INCENSE SPILLS.	<p>A SPARKLING means of Incensing a Domicile, and of Exorcising Evil Smells.</p> <p>An enchanter's little wand that, on being fired, becomes to the receptive as a Medium which quickens the fancy, be its mood grave or gay, kindly leading the captive to that ladder, the top of which reaches through the clouds to the borders of Fairyland.</p>	<p>At 6d.</p> <p>By Post, 7d.</p>
1887.	<p><i>From the Laboratory of</i> THOMAS JACKSON, Strangeways, MANCHESTER.</p>	<p>POSTAGE for ABROAD at LETTER RATE.</p>

NERVOUS EXHAUSTION.

PULVERMACHER'S WORLD-FAMED GALVANIC BELTS, for the cure of NERVOUS EXHAUSTION and DEBILITY, have received Testimonials from Three Physicians to Her Majesty the Queen, and over Forty Members of the Royal College of Physicians of London.

The distressing symptoms of NERVOUS EXHAUSTION and DEBILITY are speedily removed by means of PULVERMACHER'S WORLD-FAMED GALVANIC BELTS, which are so arranged as to convey a powerful electric current direct to the affected parts, gradually stimulating and strengthening all the nerves and muscles, and speedily arresting all symptoms of waste and decay.

Dr. VINES, Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, writes, 19th September, 1885:— 'Having used Mr. PULVERMACHER'S BELTS for many years in the course of medical practice, I am in a position to speak of their great value as a curative agent in cases of nervous disease or functional malady where Electricity is likely to be serviceable. I am entirely convinced of their efficacy.'

Dr. C. HANDFIELD JONES, F.R.C.P., F.R.S., Physician to St. Mary's Hospital, says:— 'I am satisfied that Mr. PULVERMACHER is an honest and earnest labourer in the field of science, and I think he deserves to meet with every encouragement from the Profession and scientific men.'

Dr. GOLDING BIRD, M.D., Physician, Guy's Hospital, says:— 'I can hardly recommend Mr. PULVERMACHER'S INVENTION too strongly to the notice of my medical brethren.'

For Full List and Particulars see New Pamphlet:

'GALVANISM: Natural Chief Restorer of Impaired Vital Energy.'
Post-free from

PULVERMACHER'S GALVANIC ESTABLISHMENT,
194 Regent Street, London, W.



VALUABLE HOUSEHOLD MEDICINE. WHELPTON'S VEGETABLE PURIFYING PILLS

Have obtained an almost Universal Reputation for their valuable qualities which cannot be too widely made known. They are highly recommended for Disorders of the HEAD, CHEST, BOWELS, LIVER, and KIDNEYS; also for RHEUMATISM, ULCERS, and SKIN DISEASES.

WHELPTON'S HEALING OINTMENT stands unrivalled for the Cure of BURNS, CUTS, SCALDS, ULCERS, &c., and all kinds of SKIN DISEASES. Keep it in your house for all emergencies. Pills and Ointment—Boxes, price 7½d., 1s. 1½d., and 2s. 9d., by G. WHELPTON & SON, 3 Crane Court, Fleet St., London, and sent free to any part of the United Kingdom, on receipt of 8, 14, or 33 stamps. Sold by all Chemists at home and abroad. (609)

I CURE FITS!

I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy Give Address in full. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you.

Address—Dr. H. G. ROOT, 5 Plum Tree Court, Farringdon Street, London.

"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE?"

CLARKE'S

WORLD-FAMED

BLOOD MIXTURE

It is warranted to cleanse the blood from all impurities, from whatever cause arising. For Scrofula, Scurvy, sores of all kinds, Skin and Blood Diseases, its effects are marvellous. Thousands of testimonials from all parts. In bottles, 2s. 9d. each, and in cases of six times the quantity, 11s. each, of all Chemists. Sent to any address for 88 or 123 stamps, by THE LINCOLN AND MIDLAND COUNTIES' DRUG COMPANY, Lincoln.

BLAIR'S

GOUT

PILLS.

THE
GREAT REMEDY
FOR GOUT,
RHEUMATISM,
SCIATICA, and
LUMBAGO.

The excruciating pain is quickly relieved and cured in a few days by this celebrated Medicine.

These Pills require no restraint of diet during their use, and are certain to prevent the disease attacking any vital part. Sold by all Chemists at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per box.

Breidenbach's
WOOD
VIOLET
PERFUME
 The Essence of
 -Refinement
157^B New Bonds^t
London.

HIMROD'S
 CURE FOR
ASTHMA

Has been thoroughly tested in many of the worst cases, and was pronounced by the late Earl of Beaconsfield, in whose case it was employed under the highest medical supervision, to have given him the 'only real relief' he had during his last illness. *Of all Chemists. 4s. per box, or direct for 4s. 3d. from the undersigned,*

F. NEWBERRY & SONS,
 BRITISH DEPOT: 1 KING EDWARD STREET,
 NEWGATE STREET, LONDON, E.C.
 (125 years in St. Paul's Churchyard.)



J. J. BELL & SONS'
SECRETE OIL
FOR THE HAIR.

(Established upwards of 40 years.)
 Effectually promotes the growth and beauty of the hair, and, by exerting a vigorous action in the capillary vessels, prevents its falling or becoming grey. It is not a dye, and contains nothing but what is beneficial to the preservation of the hair.

Of Chemists and Perfumers,
 per bottle, 1/1, 2/1, or 5/1.
 Post free, carefully packed, for 1/3,
 2/3, or 5/3, from the Sole Proprietors,
F. NEWBERRY & SONS,
 1 King Edward St., Newgate St.,
 LONDON, E.C.
 Established A.D. 1746.

WINES OF BURGUNDY.

Erasmus in his letters says the Wines of Burgundy cured him of the Colic; he thus apostrophises the province: 'Oh! happy Burgundy, which deserves to be called the mother of men, since you suckle them with so good milk.' Petrarch, writing in 1366, attributes to the excellence of the Wines of Burgundy the disinclination of the Cardinals to return to Rome from Avignon.

We respectfully draw attention to our stock of Burgundy, which is one of the largest in the kingdom. For years we have bought RESERVES OF GOOD VINTAGES IN CASKS, brought them on as required, and bottled them ourselves, by which means we can give exceptional quality for price.

RED WINES.		Per Dozen.	Bottles. 1/2 Bottles.
BEAUJOLAIS	18/-	10/-	
BEAUNE	22/-	12/-	
POMMARD	26/-	14/-	
VOLNAY	36/-	19/-	

Also high-class Wines, including Corton, Clos de la Mousse, Musigny, Chambertin, and Romance of fine Vintages.

WHITE WINES.		Per Dozen.	Bottles. 1/2 Bottles.
CHABLIS, very delicate, admirable dinner wine	24/-		
DO., highest quality	36/-		
MEURSAULT, a beautiful wine	41/-		
MONTRACHET, one of the finest white wines of France	76/-		

Bottles included.

SPARKLING RED BURGUNDY.

SPARKLING RED BURGUNDY.		Per Dozen.	Bottles. 1/2 Bottles.
SPARKLING NUITS	40/-	22/-	
DO. ROMANEE	60/-	32/-	

JAMES SMITH & CO.

LIVERPOOL: 9 Lord Street;
MANCHESTER: 28 Market Street.
BIRMINGHAM: 83 High Street.

HAY-FEVER AND COLDS

Cured by Dr. DUNBAR'S

ALKARAM
SMELLING BOTTLE,

TWO SHILLINGS AND NINEPENCE EACH.

Which, if inhaled on the first symptoms, will at once remove them, and, even when a cold has been neglected and become severe, it will give immediate relief, and generally cure in one day.

To open the bottle, dip the stopper into very hot water, and rub off the isinglass.

Address Dr. DUNBAR, care of F. NEWBERRY & SONS, 1 King Edward Street, Newgate Street, London, E.C.

JENNY LIND.—'I have much pleasure in confirming, as far as my experience extends, the testimony already so general in favour of the Lozenges prepared by you.'



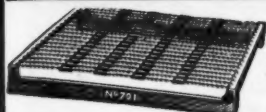
DOUGHTY'S VOICE LOZENGES

Are sold by all Chemists, 6d., 1s., 2s. 6d., 5s., 11s.; or post free, 7d., 1s. 2d., 2s. 3d., 5s. 4d., and 11s. 6d.

F. NEWBERRY & SONS, 1 King Edward Street, Newgate Street, London. Established A.D. 1746.

CHORLTON'S SPRING MATTRESSES

ARE MADE OF BEST STEEL AND IRON, AND
ARE THOROUGHLY RELIABLE.



'EXCELSIOR' and other
CHAIN AND WOVEN WIRE
SPRING MATTRESSES,
INVALID BEDS, COUCHES
SHIPS' BERTHS, &c.

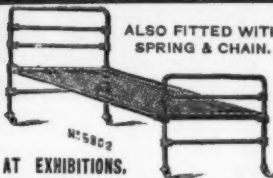
PATRONISED BY ROYALTY, &c.

32 MEDALS AND DIPLOMAS AT EXHIBITIONS.

30 NEW PATENTS IN 1884-5-6-7.

INDUCE EASY, RESTFUL SLEEP, AND
CLEANLINESS. EACH SLEEPER ISOLATED.

BEFORE BUYING, SEND POST CARD
FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE TO
ISAAC CHORLTON & CO., MANCHESTER.



ALSO FITTED WITH
SPRING & CHAIN.

LOOK FOR THIS
TRADE MARK.



GOLD MEDAL, EDINBURGH, 1886. GOLD MEDAL, LIVERPOOL, 1886. TWO GOLD MEDALS, HEALTH EXHIBITION, 1881.

'Bradford's Washing Machines and
Wringers have revolutionised the labours of
the wash-tub in myriads of households.'

THE TIMES.

Bradford's 'Vowel' Washing Machines
are so useful and strong, and ensure so
much comfort and economy, that they are
always highly valued. A recent purchaser
writes: 'The last improvement in your
'Vowel' Machine makes it QUITE
PERFECT. It is as useful and handy and
perfect as it can be, and my servant is in
raptures with it.'

New Catalogue free by post.



Liberal Discount for
Cash.

Liberal Discount for
Cash.



BRADFORD'S PATENT
VOWEL 'A' MACHINE, Price £6. 6s.
It is a perfect Washer, and also a per-
fect Wringer and Squeager. CARRIAGE
FREE, TRIAL FREE, full instructions free,
and satisfaction always guaranteed.
'VOWEL' 'Y', for Washing only.
Price £2. 15s.

THOMAS BRADFORD & CO.,
Laundry and Dairy Engineers,
140 to 143 High Holborn, London;
Victoria Street, Manchester; Bold Street,
Liverpool; & Crescent Iron Works, Salford.

BRADFORD'S WRINGING
AND MANGLING MACHINES
Are universally admitted to be THE
BEST, and although innumerable
attempts have been made to design
something more fanciful, there has
been nothing made so practical and
useful as the above.
Price from 42s., Carriage paid.

SOUTHALL'S (PATENTED) Sanitary Towels 1s. & 2s. Per Packet of One Dozen. For Ladies

From Ladies' Underclothing Establishments Everywhere.

Sample Packet of One Dozen Towels, with descriptive Circular containing Testimonials from Medical Men,
Professional Nurses, &c., by Parcels Post for 1s. 3d. or 2s. 3d.; Six Packets, 6s. 6d. and 12s. 6d.; from the
Patentees and Sole Manufacturers, **SOUTHALL BROTHERS & BARCLAY, BIRMINGHAM.**
Wholesale Agents:—SHARP, PERRIN, & CO., 31 OLD CHANGE; STAPLEY & SMITH, LONDON WALL, LONDON.
For protection against useless and injurious imitations, each packet bears the Signature of the Patentees.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above
disease; by its use thousands of cases of
the worst kind and of long standing have
been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES
FREE, together with an ENTIRELY NEW AND VALUABLE TREATISE on this Disease
to any sufferer. Give address in full. Dr. T. A. SLOCUM, 5 Plum Tree Court, Farringdon
Street, London.

No. 130, AUGUST 31, 1887.

NOTES ON BOOKS.

BEING AN ANALYSIS OF THE WORKS PUBLISHED DURING EACH QUARTER

By MESSRS. LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO., 39 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON, E.C.

Sent gratis and post free on application.

BRAND & CO'S
PRESERVED PROVISIONS
SOUPS & SPECIALTIES FOR INVALIDS
 ESSENCES OF BEEF,
 MUTTON, VEAL & CHICKEN,
 BEEF TEA, TURTLE SOUP & JELLY,
 MEAT LOZENGES &c.
 SOLE ADDRESS
 No. 11, LITTLE ST.
 STANHOPE ST.
 MAYFAIR, W.

QUEEN'S PRINTERS' Each of the Eleven Editions contain Concordance, Index, Atlas, Lumbly's Glossary, and valuable Aids. 468 pp. of added matter in the 24mo. size.
 3s. and upwards. Three Facsimile Editions.
TEACHER'S BIBLES.

See pp. 6 and 7 of Contents & Reviews, sent gratis from Publishers.

TIMES.
 'Perfect.'

The Very Rev. Dean of Peterborough
 (Dr. PEROWNE):
 'I know of no one volume to be compared to it for the amount of information it conveys.'

STANDARD.
 'Very complete.'

RETAIL OF ALL BOOKSELLERS.

EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE, GREAT NEW STREET, LONDON, E.C.

Oakey's
'WELLINGTON'
KNIFE POLISH.

The Original and only Genuine Preparation for Cleaning Cutlery. Sold everywhere in Canisters, at 1d., 2d., 3d., 6d., 1s., 2s. 6d. and 4s. each.

JOHN OAKEY & SONS,
 Manufacturers of Emery, Black Lead, Emery and Glass Cloths and Papers, &c.
WESTMINSTER BRIDGE ROAD, LONDON, S.E.

WRIGHT'S PROTECTS FROM FEVERS MEASLES SMALL POX &c.
COAL PROMOTES THE HEALTHY ACTION OF THE SKIN
TAR SOAP A LUXURY FOR THE BATH INVALUABLE FOR THE NURSERY
 THE ONLY TRUE ANTISEPTIC SOAP
 THE BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL MOST EFFECTIVE IN SKIN DISEASES. LANCET
TABLETS 6d. REFUSE ALL OTHER TAR SOAPS
 SOLD EVERYWHERE.
 RECOMMENDED BY THE MEDICAL FACULTY.

Possessing all the Properties of the Finest Arrowroot,
BROWN & POLSON'S CORN FLOUR
 IS A
Household Requisite of constant utility
 FOR
The NURSERY, the FAMILY TABLE, and the SICK-ROOM.

NOTE.—Purchasers should insist on being supplied with **Brown & Polson's Corn Flour.** Inferior kinds, asserting fictitious claims, are being offered for the sake of extra profit.

LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER 1887.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
EVE. By the Author of 'JOHN HERRING,' 'MEHALAH,' &c.	I
Chapter X.—Barbara's Petition.	
" XI.—Granted!	
" XII.—Called Away.	
" XIII.—Mr. Babb at Home.	
A PECULIAR PEOPLE. By J. THEODORE BENT	24
ELEPHANT-HUNTING IN INDIA. By C. T. BUCKLAND, F.Z.S.	37
THE GREEN LADY. By WALTER HERRIES POLLOCK	46
ON GOING BACK. By H. RIDER HAGGARD.	61
BEMERTON. By the Rev. J. H. OVERTON	67
ONE TRAVELLER RETURNS.—IV. By DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY and HENRY HERMAN	80
AT THE SIGN OF THE SHIP. By ANDREW LANG	105

NEVER SOLD BEFORE IN ENGLAND
AT THE PRICE.
BARBER & COMPANY'S
ONFA RICH SIRUPY 'This Season's Growth.'
CONGO,
1s. 6d. per Pound.

A TEA ABOUNDING IN STRENGTH AND HIGH QUALITY.
COMPARE it with that sold by others at Two Shillings.

½ lbs. sent Free per Parcels Post for 4s. 3d. to any post town in the United Kingdom and Channel Islands; or
¾ lbs. for 10s. 9d., 8½ lbs. for 14s., 10½ lbs. for 17s. 3d.

BARBER & COMPANY.

274 Regent Circus, Oxford Street, W.; 61 Bishopsgate Street, City; 11 Boro', High Street, S.E.;
102 Westbourne Grove, W.; 49 Great Titchfield Street, W.; King's Cross, N.
Manchester—93 Market Street. Birmingham—Quadrant, New Street. Brighton—147 North Street.
Bristol—38 Corn Street. Preston—104 Fishergate. Liverpool—1 Church Street; and Minster Buildings,
and London Road. Hastings—Robertson Street and Havelock Road.

Postal Orders from 1s. 6d. to 10s. 6d. may now be obtained for One Penny at all Post Offices. Bankers: Bank of
England, London and County, London and Westminster, and National Provincial Bank of England.

ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL

Prevents hair falling off or turning grey, cleanses it from scurf and dandruff, and makes it beautifully soft, pliable, and glossy. It contains no lead nor mineral ingredients, and can also be had in a Golden colour, especially suited for fair-haired children or persons whose hair has become grey. Sizes, 3s. 6d., 7s., 10s. 6d. family bottles. Avoid imitations. Sold by Chemists.

A. ROWLAND & SONS, 20 Hatton Garden, London.

ROWLAND'S ODONTO

Is the best, purest, and most fragrant preparation for the teeth. Health depends in a great measure upon the soundness of the teeth and their freedom from decay, and all dentists will allow that neither washes nor pastes can possibly be as efficacious for polishing the teeth and keeping them sound and white as a pure and non-gritty tooth-powder; such Rowlands' Odonto has always proved itself to be. Ask for Rowlands' Odonto.

ESTABLISHED 1805.

CREWDSON'S CALICOES.

UNRIVALLED FOR FAMILY USE.

"BY a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast-tables with a delicately-flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a

EPPS'S (GRATEFUL, COMFORTING) COCOA

constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*The Civil Service Gazette.*"

—o—o—

SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES.

PRICE
FROM
£4. 4s.
10 % Discount for Cash.
ON HIRE **2/6** PER WEEK
With the Option of Purchase.

CAUTION.—TO AVOID
DECEPTION, buy no Machine
unless the Company's
Trade Name 'SINGER'
is printed upon the
arm.

THE SINGER
MANUFACTURING CO.,
39 Foster Lane,
London, E.C.
and 463 Branches
throughout
Great Britain
and
Ireland.

NEAVE'S FOOD

THE BEST AND
CHEAPEST
**GROWING
CHILDREN**

FOR
INFANTS

FARINACEOUS
FOOD
**INVALIDS
& THE AGED**

FIRST ESTABLISHED
1825



TRADE MARK

LANCET—"Carefully prepared
and highly nutritious."
BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL—
"Well adapted for Children,
Aged People and Invalids."

In 1-lb. Canisters,
ONE SHILLING EACH.
SOLD EVERYWHERE.
Wholesale of the Manufacturers.

J. R. NEAVE & CO., FORDINGBRIDGE, ENGLAND.

LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER 1887.

Eve.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'JOHN HERRING,' 'MEHALAH,' &C.

CHAPTER X.

BARBARA'S PETITION.

MIDSUMMER-DAY was come. Mr. Jordan was in suspense and agitation. His pale face was more livid and drawn than usual. The fears inspired by the surgeon had taken hold of him.

Before the birth of Eve he had been an energetic man, eager to get all he could out of the estate, but for seventeen years an unaccountable sadness had hung over him, damping his ardour; his thoughts had been carried away from his land, whither no one knew, though the results were obvious enough.

With Barbara he had little in common. She was eminently practical. He was always in a dream. She was never on an easy footing with her father, she tried to understand him and failed, she feared that his brain was partially disturbed. Perhaps her efforts to make him out annoyed him; at any rate he was cold towards her, without being intentionally unkind. An ever-present restraint was upon both in each other's presence.

At first, after the disappearance of Eve's mother, things had gone on upon the old lines. Christopher Davy had superintended the farm labours, but as he aged and failed, and Barbara grew to see the necessity for supervision, she took the management of the farm as well as of the house upon herself. She saw that the men dawdled over their work, and that the condition of the estate was

going back. The coppices had not been shredded in winter and the oak was grown into a tangle. The rending for bark in spring was done unsystematically. The hedges became ragged, the ploughs out of order, the thistles were not cut periodically and prevented from seeding. There were not men sufficient to do the work that had to be done. She had not the time to attend to the men as well as the maids, to the farmyard as well as the house. She had made up her mind that a proper bailiff must be secured, with authority to employ as many labourers as the estate required. Barbara was convinced that her father, with his lost, dreamy head, was incapable of managing their property, even if he had the desire. Now that the trusty old Davy was ill, and breaking up, she had none to advise her.

She was roused to anger on Midsummer Day by discovering that the hayrick had never been thatched, and that it had been exposed to the rain which had fallen heavily, so that half of it had to be taken down because soaked, lest it should catch fire or blacken. This was the result of the carelessness of the men. She determined to speak to her father at once. She had good reason for doing so.

She found him in his study arranging his specimens of mundic and peacock copper.

‘Has any one come, asking for me?’ he said, looking up with fluttering face from his work.

‘No one, father.’

‘You startled me, Barbara, coming on me stealthily from behind. What do you want with me? You see I am engaged, and you know I hate to be disturbed.’

‘I have something I wish to speak about.’

‘Well, well, say it and go.’ His shaking hands resumed their work.

‘It is the old story, dear papa. I want you to engage a steward. It is impossible for us to go on longer in the way we have. You know how I am kept on the run from morning to night. I have to look after all your helpless men, as well as my own helpless maids. When I am in the field, there is mischief done in the kitchen; when I am in the house, the men are smoking and idling on the farm. Eve cannot help me in seeing to domestic matters, she has not the experience. Everything devolves on me. I do not grudge doing my utmost, but I have not the time for everything, and I am not ubiquitous.’

‘No,’ said Mr. Jordan, ‘Eve cannot undertake any sort of work. That is an understood thing.’

‘I know it is. If I ask her to be sure and recollect something, she is certain, with the best intentions, to forget; she is a dear beautiful butterfly, not fit to be harnessed. Her brains are thistle-down, her bones cherry stalks.’

‘Yes, do not crush her spirits with uncongenial work.’

‘I do not want to. I know as well as yourself that I must rely on her for nothing. But the result is that I am overtasked. Now—will you credit it? The beautiful hay that was like green tea is spoiled. Those stupid men did not thatch it. They said they had no reed, and waited to comb some till the rain set in. When it did pour, they were all in the barn talking and making reed, but at the same time the water was drenching and spoiling the hay. Oh, papa, I feel disposed to cry!’

‘I will speak to them about it,’ said Mr. Jordan, with a sigh, not occasioned by the injury to his hay, but because he was disturbed over his specimens.

‘My dear papa,’ said the energetic Barbara, ‘I do not wish you to be troubled about these tiresome matters. You are growing old, daily older, and your strength is not gaining. You have other pursuits. You are not heartily interested in the farm. I see your hand tremble when you hold your fork at dinner; you are becoming thinner every day. I would spare you trouble. It is really necessary, I must have it,—you must engage a bailiff. I shall break down, and that will be the end, or we shall all go to ruin. The woods are running to waste. There are trees lying about literally rotting. They ought to be sent away to the Devonport dockyard where they could be sold. Last spring, when you let the rending, the barkers shaved a whole copse wood, as if shaving a man’s chin, instead of leaving the better sticks standing.’

‘We have enough to live on.’

‘We must do our duty to the land on which we live. I cannot endure to see waste anywhere. I have only one head, one pair of eyes, and one pair of hands. I cannot think of, see to, and do everything. I lie awake night after night considering what has to be done, and the day is too short for me to do all I have determined on in the night. Whilst that poor gentleman has been ill, I have had to think of him in addition to everything else; so some duties have been neglected. That is how, I suppose, the doctor came to guess there was a stocking half-darned under the sofa cushion. Eve was mending it, she tired and put it away, and of course forgot it. I generally look about for Eve’s leavings, and tidy her scraps when she has gone to bed, but I

have been too busy. I am vexed about that stocking. How those protruding eyes of the doctor managed to see it I cannot think. He was, however, wrong about the saucer of sour milk.'

Mr. Jordan continued nervously sorting his minerals into little white card-boxes.

'Well, papa, are you going to do anything?'

'Do—do—what?'

'Engage a bailiff. I am sure we shall gain money by working the estate better. The bailiff will pay his cost, and something over.'

'You are very eager for money,' said Mr. Jordan, sulkily; 'are you thinking of getting married, and anxious to have a dower?'

Barbara coloured deeply, hurt and offended.

'This is unkind of you, papa; I am thinking of Eve. I think only of her. You ought to know that'—the tears came into her eyes. 'Of course Eve will marry some day;' then she laughed, 'no one will ever come for me.'

'To be sure,' said Mr. Jordan.

'I have been thinking, papa, that Eve ought to be sent to some very nice lady, or to some very select school, where she might have proper finishing. All she has learnt has been from me, and I have had so much to do, and I have been so unable to be severe with Eve—that—that—I don't think she has learned much except music, to which she takes instinctively as a South Sea islander to water.'

'I cannot be parted from Eve. It would rob my sky of its sun. What would this house be with only you—I mean without Eve to brighten it?'

'If you will think the matter over, father, you will see that it ought to be. We must consider Eve, and not ourselves. I would not have her, dear heart, anywhere but in the very best school—hardly a school, a place where only three or four young ladies are taken, and they of the best families. That will cost money, so we must put our shoulders to the wheel, and push the old coach on.' She laid her hands on the back of her father's chair and leaned over his shoulder. She had been standing behind him. Did she hope he would kiss her? If so, her hope was vain.

'Do, dear papa, engage an honest, superior sort of man to look after the farm. I will promise to make a great deal of money with my dairy, if he will see to the cows in the fields. Try the experiment, and, trust me, it will answer.'

'All in good time.'

'No, papa, do not put this off. There is another reason why I speak. Christopher Davy is bedridden. You are sometimes absent, then we girls are left alone in this great house, all day, and occasionally nights as well. You know there was no one here on that night when the accident happened. There were two men in this house, one, indeed, insensible. We know nothing of them, who they were, and what they were about. How can you tell that bad characters may not come here? It is thought that you have saved money, and it is known that Morwell is unprotected. You, papa, are so frail, and with your shaking hand a gun would not be dangerous.'

He started from his chair and upset his specimens. 'Do not speak like that,' he said, trembling.

'There, I have disturbed you even by alluding to it. If you were to level a gun, and had your finger——'

He put his hand, a cold, quivering hand, on her lips: 'For God's sake—silence!' he said.

She obeyed. She knew how odd her father was, yet his agitation now was so great that it surprised her. It made her more resolute to carry her point.

'Papa, you are expecting to have about two thousand pounds in the house. Will it be safe? You have told the doctor, and that man, our patient, heard you. Excuse my saying it, but I think it was not well to mention it before a perfect stranger. You may have told others. Mr. Coyshe is a chatterbox, he may have talked about it throughout the neighbourhood—the fact may be known to every one, that to-day you are expecting to have a large sum of money brought you. Well—who is to guard it? Are there no needy and unscrupulous men in the county who would rob the house, and maybe silence an old man and two girls who stood in their way to a couple of thousand pounds?'

'The sum is large. It must be hidden away,' said Mr. Jordan, uneasily. 'I had not considered the danger'—he paused—'if it be paid——'

'If, papa? I thought you were sure of it.'

'Yes, quite sure; only Mr. Coyshe disturbed me by suggesting doubts.'

'Oh, the doctor!' exclaimed Barbara, shrugging her shoulders.

'Well, the doctor,' repeated Mr. Jordan, captiously. 'He is a very able man. Why do you turn up your nose at him? He can see through a stone wall, and under a cushion to where a stocking is hidden, and under a cupboard to where a saucer of sour milk is

thrust away; and he can see into the human body through the flesh and behind the bones, and can tell you where every nerve and vein is, and what is wrong with each. When things are wrong, then it is like stockings and saucers where they ought not to be in the house.'

'He was wrong about the saucer of sour milk, utterly wrong,' persisted Barbara.

'I hope and trust the surgeon was wrong in his forecast about the money—but my heart fails me——'

'He was wrong about the saucer,' said the girl, encouragingly.

'But he was right about the stocking,' said her father, dispiritedly.

CHAPTER XI.

GRANTED!

As the sun declined, Mr. Jordan became uneasy. He could not remain in his study. He could not rest anywhere. The money had not been returned. He had taken out of his strong box Ezekiel Babb's acknowledgment and promise of payment, but he knew that it was so much waste-paper to him. He could not or would not proceed against the borrower. Had he not wronged him cruelly by living with his daughter as if she were his wife without having been legally married to her? Could he take legal proceedings for the recovery of his money, and so bring all the ugly story to light and publish it to the world? He had let Mr. Babb have the money to pacify him, and make some amends for the wrong he had done. No! If Mr. Babb did not voluntarily return the money, Ignatius Jordan foresaw that it was lost to him, lost to Eve, and poor Eve's future was unprovided for. The estate must go to Barbara, that is, the reversion in the tenure of it; the ready money he had intended for Eve. Mr. Jordan felt a bitterness rise in his heart against Barbara, whose future was assured, whilst that of Eve was not. He would have liked to leave Morwell to his younger daughter, but he was not sure that the Duke would approve of this, and he was quite sure that Eve was incompetent to manage a farm and dairy.

At the time of which we treat, it was usual for every squire to farm a portion of his own estate, his manor-house was backed with extensive outbuildings for cattle, and his wife and daughters

were not above superintending the dairy. Indeed, an ancestress of the author took farm after farm into her own hands as the leases fell in, and at last farmed the entire parish. She died in 1795. The Jordans were not squires, but perpetual tenants under the Dukes of Bedford, and had been received by the country gentry on an equal footing, till Mr. Jordan compromised his character by his union with Eve's mother. The estate of Morwell was a large one for one man to farm; if the Duke had exacted a large rent, of late years Mr. Jordan would have fallen into arrears, but the Duke had not raised his rent at the last renewal. The Dukes were the most indulgent of landlords.

Mr. Jordan came into the hall. It was the same as it had been seventeen years before; the same old clock was there, ticking in the same tone, the same scanty furniture of a few chairs, the same slate floor. Only the cradle was no longer to be seen. The red light smote into the room just as it had seventeen years before. There against the wall it painted a black cross as it had done seventeen years ago.

Ignatius Jordan looked up over the great fireplace. Above it hung the musket he had been cleaning when Ezekiel Babb entered. It had not been taken down and used since that day. Seventeen years! It was an age. The little babe that had lain in the cradle was now a beautiful marriageable maiden. Time had made its mark upon himself. His back was more bent, his hand more shaky, his walk less steady; a careful thrifty man had been converted into an abstracted, half-crazed dreamer. Seventeen years of gnawing care and ceaseless sorrow! How had he been able to bear it? Only by the staying wings of love, of love for his little Eve—for *her* child. Without his Eve, *her* child, long ago he would have sunk and been swallowed up, the clouds of derangement of intellect would have descended on his brain, or his bodily health would have given way.

Seventeen years ago, on Midsummer Day, there had stood on the little folding oak table under the window a tumbler full of china roses, which were drooping, and had shed their leaves over the polished, almost black, table top. They had been picked some days before by his wife. Now, in the same place stood a glass, and in it were roses from the same tree, not drooping, but fresh and glistening, placed that morning there by *her* daughter. His eye sought the clock. At five o'clock, seventeen years ago, Ezekiel Babb had come into that hall through that doorway, and had borrowed his money. The clock told that the time was ten minutes

to five. If Mr. Babb did not appear to the hour he would abandon the expectation of seeing him. He must make a journey to Buckfastleigh over the moor, a long day's journey, and seek the defaulter, and know the reason why the loan was not repaid.

He thought of the pocket-book on the gravel. How came it there? Who could have brought it? Mr. Jordan was too fully impressed with belief in the supernatural not to suppose it was dropped at his feet as a warning that his money was gone.

Mr. Jordan's eyes were fixed on the clock. The works began to whirr. Then followed the strokes. One—two—three—four—FIVE.

At the last stroke the door of Jasper's sick-room opened, and the convalescent slowly entered the hall and confronted his host.

The last week had wrought wonders in the man. He had rapidly recovered flesh and vigour after his wounds were healed.

As he entered, and his eyes met those of Mr. Jordan, the latter felt that a messenger from Ezekiel Babb stood before him, and that his money was not forthcoming.

'Well, sir?' he said.

'I am Jasper, the eldest son of Ezekiel Babb, of Owlacombe in Buckfastleigh,' he said. 'My father borrowed money of you this day seventeen years ago, and solemnly swore on this day to repay it.'

'Well?'

'It is not well. I have not got the money.'

A moan of disappointment broke from the heart of Ignatius Jordan, then a spasm of rage, such as might seize on a madman, transformed his face; his eyes blazed, and he sprang to his feet and ran towards Jasper. The latter, keeping his eye on him, said firmly, 'Listen to me, Mr. Jordan. Pray sit down again, and I will explain to you why my father has not sent the money.'

Mr. Jordan hesitated. His face quivered. With his raised hand he would have struck Jasper, but the composure of the latter awed him. The paroxysm passed, and he sank into his chair, and gave way to depression.

'My father is a man of honour. He gave you his word, and he intended to keep it. He borrowed of you a large sum, and he laid it out in the purchase of some land. He has been fairly prosperous. He saved money enough to repay the debt, and perhaps more. As the time drew nigh for repayment he took the sum required from the bank in notes, and locked them in his bureau. Others knew of this. My father was not discreet: he talked about

the repayment, he resented having to make it, complained that he would be reduced to great straits without it.'

'The money was not his, but mine.'

'I know that,' said Jasper, sorrowfully. 'But my father has always been what is termed a close man, has thought much of money, and cannot bear to part with it. I do not say that this justifies, but it explains, his dissatisfaction. He is an old man, and becoming feeble, and clings through force of habit to his money.'

'Go on; nothing can justify him.'

'Others knew of his money. One day he was at Totnes, at a great cloth fair. He did not return till the following day. During his absence his bureau was broken open, and the money stolen.'

'Was the thief not caught? Was the money not recovered?' asked Mr. Jordan, trembling with excitement.

'The money was in part recovered.'

'Where is it?'

'Listen to what follows. You asked if the—the person who took the money was caught. He was.'

'Is he in prison?'

'The person who took the money was caught, tried, and sent to jail. When taken, some of the money was found about him; he had not spent it all. What remained I was bringing you.'

'Give it me.'

'I have not got it.'

'You have not got it?'

'No, I have lost it.'

Again did Mr. Jordan start up in a fit of rage. He ground his teeth, and the sweat broke out in drops on his brow.

'I had the money with me when the accident happened, and I was thrown from my horse, and became unconscious. It was lost or taken then.'

'Who was your companion? He must have robbed you.'

'I charge no one. I alone am to blame. The money was entrusted to my keeping.'

'Why did your father give you the money before the appointed day?'

'When my father recovered part of the money, he would no longer keep it in his possession, lest he should again lose it; so he bade me take it to you at once.'

'You have spent the money, you have spent it yourself!' cried Mr. Jordan wildly.

'If I had done this, should I have come to you to-day with this

confession? I had the money in the pocket-book in notes. The notes were abstracted from the book. As I was so long insensible, it was too late to stop them at the bank. Whoever took them had time to change them all.'

'Cursed be the day I lent the money,' moaned Ignatius Jordan. 'The empty, worthless case returns, the precious contents are gone. What is the shell without the kernel? My Eve, my Eve!' He clasped his hands over his brow.

'And now once more hearken to me,' pursued Jasper. 'My father cannot immediately find the money that he owes you. He does not know of this second loss. I have not communicated with him since I met with my accident. The blame attaches to me. I must do what I can to make amends for my carelessness. I put myself into your hands. To repay you now, my father would have to sell the land he bought. I do not think he could be persuaded to do this, though, perhaps, you might be able to force him to it. However, as you say the money is for your daughter, will you allow it to lie where it is for a while? I will undertake, should it come to me after my father's death, to sell it or transfer it, so as to make up to Miss Eve at the rate of five per cent. on the loan. I will do more. If you will consent to this, I will stay here and work for you. I have been trained in the country, and know about a farm. I will act as your foreman, overlooker, or bailiff. I will put my hand to anything. Reckon what my wage would be. Reckon at the end of a year whether I have not earned my wage and much more. If you like, I will work for you as long as my father lives; I will serve you now faithfully as no hired bailiff would serve you. My presence here will be a guarantee to you that I will be true to my undertaking to repay the whole sum with interest. I can see that this estate needs an active man on it; and you, sir, are too advanced in age, and too much given up to scientific pursuits, to cope with what is required.'

Those words 'scientific pursuits' softened Mr. Jordan. Jasper spoke in good faith; he had no idea how worthless those pursuits were, how little true science entered into them. He knew that Mr. Jordan made mineralogical studies, and he supposed they were well directed.

'Order me to do what you will,' said Jasper, 'and I will do it, and will double your gains in the year.'

'I accept,' said Ignatius Jordan. 'There is no help for it. I must accept or be plundered of all.'

'You accept! let us join hands on the bargain.'

It was strange ; as once before, seventeen years ago, hands had met in the golden gleam of sun that shot through the window, ratifying a contract, so was it now. The hands clasped in the sun-beam, and the reflected light from their illuminated hands smote up into the faces of the two men, both pale, one with years and care, the other with sickness.

Mr. Jordan withdrew his hand, clasped both palms over his face, and wept. 'Thus it comes,' he said. 'The shadow is on me and on my child. One sorrow follows another.'

At that moment Barbara and Eve entered from the court.

'Eve! Eve!' cried the father, excitedly, 'come to me, my angel! my ill-treated child! my martyr!' He caught her to his heart, put his face on her shoulder, and sobbed. 'My darling, you have had your money stolen, the money put away for you when you were in the cradle.'

'Who has stolen it, papa?' asked Barbara.

'Look there!' he cried; 'Jasper Babb was bringing me the money, and when he fell from his horse it was stolen.' Neither Barbara nor Eve spoke.

'Now,' continued Mr. Jordan, 'he has offered himself as my hind to look after the farm for me, and promises, if I give him time——'

'Father, you have refused!' interrupted Barbara.

'On the contrary, I have accepted.'

'It cannot, it must not be!' exclaimed Barbara, vehemently.

'Father, you do not know what you have done.'

'This is strange language to be addressed by a child to a father,' said Mr. Jordan, in a tone of irritation. 'Was there ever so unreasonable a girl before? This morning you pressed me to engage a bailiff, and now that Mr. Jasper Babb has volunteered, and I have accepted him, you turn round and won't have him.'

'No,' she said, with quick-drawn breath, 'I will not. Take any one but him. I entreat you, papa. If you have any regard for my opinion, let him go. For pity's sake, do not allow him to remain here!'

'I have accepted him,' said her father, coldly. 'Pray what weighty reasons have you got to induce me to alter my resolve?'

Miss Jordan stood thinking; the colour mounted to her forehead, then her brows contracted. 'I have none to give,' she said in a low tone, greatly confused, with her eyes on the ground. Then, in a moment, she recovered her self-possession, and looked Jasper full in the face, but without speaking, steadily, sternly. In fact,

her heart was beating so fast, and her breath coming so quick, that she could not speak. 'Mr. Jasper,' she said at length, controlling her emotions by a strong effort of will, 'I entreat you—go.'

He was silent.

'I have nursed you ; I have given my nights and days to you. You confessed that I had saved your life. If you have any gratitude in your heart, if you have any respect for the house that has sheltered you—go !'

'Barbara,' said her father, 'you are a perverse girl. He shall not go. I insist on his fulfilling his engagement. If he leaves I shall take legal proceedings against his father to recover the money.'

'Do that rather than retain him.'

'Miss Jordan,' said Jasper, slowly, and with sadness in his voice, 'it is true that you have saved my life. Your kind hand drew me from the brink of the grave whither I was descending. I thank you with all my heart, but I cannot go from my engagement to your father. Through my fault the money was lost, and I must make what amends I may for my negligence.'

'Go back to your father.'

'That I cannot do.'

She considered with her hand over her lips to hide her agitation. 'No,' she said, 'I understand that. Of course you cannot go back to your native place and to your home ; but you need not stay here.' Then suddenly, in a burst of passion, she extended her hands to her father, 'Papa !'—then to the young man, 'Mr. Jasper !—Papa, send him away ! Mr. Jasper, do not remain !'

The young man was hardly less agitated than herself. He took a couple of steps towards the door.

'Stuff and fiddlesticks !' shouted Mr. Jordan. 'He shall not go. I forbid him.'

Jasper turned. 'Miss Barbara,' he said humbly, 'you are labouring under a mistake which I must not explain. Forgive me. I stay.'

She looked at him with moody anger, and muttered, 'Knowing what you do—that I am not blind—that you should dare to settle here under this *honourable* roof ! It is unjust ! it is ungrateful ! it is wicked ! God help us ! I have done what I could.'

CHAPTER XII.

CALLED AWAY.

JASPER was installed in Morwell as bailiff, in spite of the remonstrances of Barbara. He was given a room near the gatehouse, and was attended by Mrs. Davy, but he came for his dinner to the table of the Jordans. Barbara had done what she could to prevent his becoming an inmate of the house. She might not tell her father her real reasons for objecting to the arrangement.

She was rendered more uneasy a day or two after by receiving news that an aunt, a sister of her mother, who lived beyond Dartmoor, was dying, and she was summoned to receive her last sigh. She must leave Morwell, leave her father and sister in the house with a man whom she thoroughly mistrusted. Her only comfort was that Jasper was not sufficiently strong and well to be dangerous. What was he? Was there any truth in that story he had told her father? She could not believe it, because it would not fit in with what she already knew. What place had the convict's garb in that tale? She turned the narrative about in her mind, and rejected it. She was inclined to disbelieve in Jasper being the son of old Mr. Babb. He had assumed the name and invented the story to deceive her father, and form an excuse for remaining in the house.

She hardly spoke to Jasper when they met. She was cold and haughty, she did not look at him; and he made no advances to gain her good will.

When she received the summons to her aunt's deathbed, knowing that she must go, she asked where Mr. Babb was, and, hearing that he was in the barn, went thither with the letter in her hand.

He had been examining the horse-turned winnowing machine, which was out of order. As she came to the door he looked up and removed his hat, making a formal salute. The day was hot; he had been taking the machine to pieces, and was warm, so he had removed his coat. He at once drew it on his back again.

Barbara had a curt, almost rough, manner at times. She was vexed now, and angry with him, so she spoke shortly, 'I am summoned to Ashburton. That is close to Buckfastleigh, where, you say, you lived, to make my father believe it is your home.'

'Yes, Miss Jordan; that is true.'

'You have not written to your home since you have been with

us. At least—' she hesitated, and slightly coloured—'you have sent no letter by our boy. Perhaps you were afraid to have it known where you are. No doubt you were right. It is essential to you that your presence here should not be known to any one but your father. A letter might be opened, or let lie about, and so your whereabouts be discovered. Supposing your story to be true, that is how I account for your silence. If it be false——'

'It is not false, Miss Jordan.'

'I am going to Ashburton, I will assure myself of it there. If it be false I shall break my promise to you, and tell my father everything. I give you fair warning. If it be true——'

'It is true, dear young lady.'

'Do not be afraid of my disclosing your secret, and putting you in peril.'

'I am sure you cannot do that,' he said, with a smile that was sad. 'If you go to Buckfastleigh, Miss Jordan, I shall venture to send word by you to my father where I am, that the money is lost, and what I have undertaken.'

Barbara tossed her head, and flashed an indignant glance at him out of her brown eyes.

'I cannot, I will not, be a porter of lies.'

'What lies?'

'You did not lose the money. Why deceive me? I know your object in lurking here, in the most out-of-the-way nook of England you could find. You think that here you are safe from pursuit. You made up the story to impose on my father, and induce him to engage you. Oh, you are very honourable! discharging a debt!—I hate crime, but I hate falsehood even more.'

'You are mistaken, Miss Jordan. The story is true.'

'You have told the whole honest truth?'

'I do not profess to have told the whole truth. What I have told has been true, though I have not told all.'

'A pinch of truth is often more false than a bushel of lies. It deceives, the other does not.'

'It is true that I lost the money confided to me. If you are going to Ashburton, I ask you, as a matter of kindness—I know how kind you can be, alas and I know also how cruel—to see my father.'

She laughed haughtily. 'This is a fine proposition. The servant sends the mistress to do his dirty work. I thank you for the honour.' She turned angrily away.

'Miss Barbara,' said Jasper, 'you are indeed cruel.'

‘Am I cruel?’ She turned and faced him again, with a threatening brow. ‘I have reason to be just. Cruel I am not.’

‘You were all gentleness at one time, when I was ill. Now——’

‘I will not dispute with you. Do you expect to be fed with a spoon still? When you were ill I treated you as a patient, not more kindly than I would have treated my deadliest enemy. I acted as duty prompted. There was no one else to take care of you, that was my motive—my only motive.’

‘When I think of your kindness then, I wish I were sick again.’

‘A mean and wicked wish. Tired already, I suppose, of doing *honest* work.’

‘Miss Barbara,’ he said, ‘pray let me speak.’

‘Cruel!’—she recurred to what he had said before, without listening to his entreaty. ‘It is you who are cruel, coming here—you with the ugly stain on your life, coming here to hide it in this innocent household. Would it not be cruel in a man with the plague poison in him to steal into a home of harmless women and children, and give them all the pestilence? Had I suspected that you intended making Morwell your retreat and skulking den, I would never have passed my promise to keep silence. I would have taken the hateful evidence of what you are in my hand, and gone to the first constable and bid him arrest you in your bed.’

‘No,’ said Jasper, ‘you would not have done it. I know you better than you know yourself. Are you lost to all humanity? Surely you feel pity in your gentle bosom, notwithstanding your bitter words.’

‘No,’ she answered, with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes, ‘no, I have pity only for myself, because I was weak enough to take pains to save your worthless life.’

‘Miss Jordan,’ he said, looking sorrowfully at her,—and her eyes fell—‘surely I have a right to ask some pity of you. Have you considered what the temptations must be that beset a young man who has been roughly handled at home, maltreated by his father, reared without love—a young man with a soul bounding with hopes, ambition, love of life, with a heart for pleasure, all which are beaten back and trampled down by the man who ought to direct them? Can you not understand how a lad who has been thwarted in every way, without a mother to soothe him in trouble, and encourage him in good, driven desperate by a father’s harshness, may break away and transgress? Consider the case of one who has been taught that everything beautiful—laughter, delight

in music, in art, in nature, a merry gambol, a joyous warble—is sinful; is it not likely that the outlines of right and wrong would be so blurred in his conscience, that he might lapse into crime without criminal intent?’

‘Are you speaking of yourself, or are you excusing another?’

‘I am putting a case.’

Barbara sighed involuntarily. Her own father had been unsympathetic. He had never been actually severe, he had been indifferent. ‘I can see that there were temptations to one so situated to leave his home,’ she answered; ‘but this is not a case of truancy, but of crime.’

‘You judge without knowing the circumstances.’

‘Then tell me all, that I may form a more equitable judgment.’

‘I cannot do that now. You shall be told—later.’

‘Then I must judge by what I know——’

‘By what you guess,’ he said, correcting her.

‘As you will.’ Her eyes were on the ground. A white spar was there. She turned it over with her foot, and turned it again. She hesitated what to say.

‘Should you favour me so far as to visit my father,’ said Jasper, ‘I beg of you one thing most earnestly. Do not mention the name of my companion—Martin.’

‘Why not?’

‘He may suspect him of having robbed me. My father is an energetic, resolute man. He might pursue him, and I alone am to blame. I lost the money.’

‘Who was that Martin?’

‘He told you—that I was nothing to him.’

‘Then why do you seek to screen him?’

‘Can I say that he took the money? If my father gets him arrested—I shall be found.’

Barbara laughed bitterly.

‘Of course, the innocent must not be brought into suspicion because he has ridden an hour alongside of the guilty. No! I will say nothing of Martin.’

She was still turning over the piece of spar with her foot. It sparkled in the sun.

‘How are you going to Ashburton, Miss Jordan?’

‘I ride, and little John Ostler rides with me, conveying my portmanteau.’

Then she trifled with the spar again. There was some peacock

copper on it that glistened with all the colours of the rainbow. Abruptly, at length, she turned away and went indoors.

Next morning early she came in her habit to the gate where the boy who was to accompany her held the horses. She had not seen Jasper that morning, but she knew where he was. He had gone along the lane towards the common to set the men to repair fences and hedges, as the cattle that strayed on the waste-land had broken into the wheat-field.

She rode along the lane in meditative mood. She saw Jasper awaiting her on the down, near an old quarry, the rubble heap from which was now blazing with gorse in full bloom. She drew rein, and said, 'I am going to Ashburton. I will take your message, not because you asked me, but because I doubt the truth of your story.'

'Very well, Miss Jordan,' he said respectfully; 'I thank you, whatever your motive may be.'

'I expect and desire no thanks,' she answered, and whipped her horse, that started forward.

'I wish you a favourable journey,' he said. 'Good-bye.'

She did not turn her head or respond. She was very angry with him. She stooped over her pommel and buckled the strap of the little pocket in the leather for her kerchief. But, before she had ridden far, an intervening gorse bush forced her to bend her horse aside, and then she looked back, without appearing to look—looked back out of her eye-corners. Jasper stood where she had left him, with his hat in his hand.

CHAPTER XIII.

MR. BABB AT HOME.

A LOVELY July day in the fresh air of Dartmoor, that seems to sparkle as it enters the lungs: fresh, but given a sharpness of salt: pure, but tinged with the sweetness of heather bloom and the honey of gorse. Human spirits bound in this air. The scenery of Dartmoor, if bare of trees, is wildly picturesque with granite masses and bold mountain peaks. Barbara could not shake off the anxiety that enveloped her spirits like the haze of a valley till she rose up a long ascent of three miles from the wooded valley of the Tavy to the bald, rock-strewn expanse of Dartmoor. She rode on, attended by her little groom, till she reached Prince's Town,

the highest point attained by the road, where, in a desolate plain of bog, but little below the crests of some of the granite tors, stands a prison surrounded by a few mean houses. From Prince's Town Barbara would have a rough moor-path, not a good road, before her; and, as the horses were exhausted with their long climb, she halted at the little inn, and ordered some dinner for herself, and required that the boy and the horses should be attended to.

Whilst ham and eggs—nothing else was procurable—were being fried, Barbara walked along the road to the prison, and looked at the gloomy, rugged gate built of untrimmed granite blocks. The unbroken desolation swept to the very walls of the prison.¹ At that height the wind moans among the rocks and rushes mournfully; the air is never still. The landlady of the inn came to her.

'That is the jail,' she said. 'There was a prisoner broke out not long ago, and he has not yet been caught. How he managed it none can tell. Where he now is no one knows. He may be still wandering on the moor. Every road from it is watched. Perhaps he may give himself up, finding escape impossible. If not, he will die of hunger among the rocks.'

'What was the crime for which he was here?' asked Barbara; but she spoke with an effort.

'He was a bad man; it was no ordinary wickedness he committed. He robbed his own father.'

'His own father!' echoed Barbara, starting.

'Yes, he robbed him of nigh on two thousand pounds. The father acted sharp, and had him caught before he had spent all the money. The assizes were next week, so it was quick work; and here he was for a few days, and then—he got away.'

'Robbed his own father!' murmured Barbara, and now she thought she saw more clearly than before into a matter that looked blacker the more she saw.

'There's a man in yonder who set fire to his house to get the insurance. Folks say his house was but a rummagy old place. 'Tis a pity. Now, if he had got away it would not have mattered; but, a rascal who did not respect his own father!—not that I hold with a man prosecuting his own son. That was hard. Still, if one was to escape, I don't see why the Lord blessed the undertaking of the man who robbed his father, and turned His face away from him who only fired his house to get the insurance.'

¹ The author has allowed himself a slight anachronism. The prison was not a convict establishment at the period of this tale.

The air ceased to sparkle as Miss Jordan rode the second stage of her journey ; the sun was less bright, the fragrance of the gorse less sweet. She did not speak to her young groom the whole way, but rode silently, with compressed lips and moody brow. The case was worse than she had anticipated. Jasper had robbed his father, and all that story of his coming as a messenger from Mr. Babb with the money was false.

One evening, unattended, Barbara Jordan rode to Buckfastleigh, asked for the house of Mr. Babb, and dismounted at the door. The house was a plain, ugly, square modern erection, almost an insult to the beauty of the surroundings. The drive from the entrance gate was grass-grown. There was a stucco porch. The door was painted drab, and the paint was blistered, and had flaked off. The house also was mottled. It had been painted over plaster and cement, and the paint had curled and come off in patches. The whole place had an uncared-for look. There were no flower-beds, no creepers against the walls ; the rain-shoots to the roof were choked, and the overflowing water had covered the walls where it reached with slime, black, and green. At the back of the house was a factory, worked by a water-wheel, for cloth, and a well-trodden gravel path led from the back door of the house to the factory.

Barbara had descended from her cob to open the gate into the drive ; and she walked up to the front door, leading her horse. There she rang the bell, but had doubts whether the wire was sound. She waited a long time, and no one responded. She tried the bell again, and then rapped with the handle of her whip against the door.

Then she saw a face appear at a side window, observe her, and withdraw. A moment after, a shuffling tread sounded in the hall, chains and bolts were undone, the door was cautiously opened, and in it stood an old man with white hair, and black beady eyes.

‘What do you want ? Who are you ?’ he asked.

‘Am I speaking to Mr. Babb ?’

‘Yes, you are.’

‘May I have a few words with you in private ?’

‘Oh, there is no one in the house, except my housekeeper, and she is deaf. You can say what you want here.’

‘Who is there to take my horse ?’

‘You can hold him by the bridle, and talk to me where you stand. There’s no occasion for you to come in.’

Barbara saw into the hall ; it was floored with stone, the Buckfastleigh marble, but unpolished. The walls had been papered

with glazed imitation panelling, but the paper had peeled off, and hung in strips. A chair with wooden seat, that had not been wiped for weeks, a set of coat and hat pegs, some broken, on one a very discoloured great-coat and a battered hat. In a corner a bulging green umbrella, the silk detached from the whalebone.

'You see,' said the old man grimly, half turning, as he noticed that Barbara's eyes were observing the interior; 'you see, this is no place for ladies. It is a weaving spider's web, not a gallant's bower.'

'But——' the girl hesitated, 'what I have to say is very particular, and I would not be overheard on any account.'

'Ah! ah!' he giggled, 'I'll have no games played with me. I'm no longer susceptible to fascination, and I ain't worth it; on my sacred word I'm not. I'm very poor, very poor now. You can see it for yourself. Is this house kept up and the garden? Does the hall look like a lap of luxury? I'm too poor to be a catch, so you may go away.'

Barbara would have laughed had not the nature of her visit been so serious.

'I am Miss Jordan,' she said, 'daughter of Mr. Jordan of Morwell, from whom you borrowed money seventeen years ago.'

'Oh!' he gave a start of surprise. 'Ah, well, I have sent back as much as I could spare. Some was stolen. It is not convenient to me after this reverse to find all now.'

'My father has received nothing. What you sent was lost or stolen on the way.'

The old man's jaw fell, and he stared blankly at her.

'It is as I say. My father has received nothing.'

'I sent it by my son.'

'He has lost it.'

'It is false. He has stolen it.'

'What is to be done?'

'Oh, that is for your father to decide. When my son robbed me, I locked him up. Now let your father see to it. I have done my duty, my conscience is clear.'

Barbara looked steadily, with some curiosity, into his face. The face was repulsive. The strongly marked features, which might have been handsome in youth, were exaggerated by age. His white hair was matted and uncombed. He had run his fingers through it whilst engaged on his accounts, and had divided it into rat's-tails. His chin and jaws were frowzy with coarse white bristles. In his black eyes was a keen twinkle of avarice and cunning. Old

age and the snows of the winter of life soften a harsh face, if there be any love in it; but in this there was none. If a fire had burnt on the hearth of the old man's heart, not a spark remained alive, the hearth was choked with grey ashes. Barbara traced a resemblance between the old man and his son. From his father, Jasper had derived his aquiline nose, and the shape of mouth and chin. But the expression of the faces was different. That of Jasper was noble, that of his father mean. The eyes of the son were gentle, those of Mr. Babb hard as pebbles that had been polished.

As Barbara talked with and observed the old man she recalled what Jasper had said of ill-treatment and lack of love. There was no tenderness to be got out of such a man as that before her.

'Now, look you here,' said Mr. Babb. 'Do you see that stretch of field yonder where the cloth is strained in the sun? Very well. That cloth is mine. It is woven in my mill yonder. That field was purchased seventeen years ago for my accommodation. I can't repay the money now without selling the factory or the field, and neither is worth a shilling without the other. No—we must all put up with losses. I have mine; the Lord sends your father his. A wise Providence orders all that. Tell him so. His heart has been hankering after mammon, and now Heaven has deprived him of it. I've had losses too. I've learned to bear them. So must he. What is your name?—I mean your Christian name?'

'Barbara.'

'Oh! not Eve—dear, no. You don't look as if that were your name.'

'Eve is my sister—my half-sister.'

'Ah, ha! the elder daughter. And what has become of the little one?'

'She is well at home, and beautiful as she is good. She is not at all like me.'

'That is a good job—for you. I mean, that you are not like her. Is she lively?'

'Oh, like a lark, singing, dancing, merry.'

'Of course, thoughtless, light, a feather that flies and tosses in the breath.'

'To return to the money. It was to have been my sister's.'

'Well,' said the old man, with a giggle, 'let it so remain. It was to have been. Now it cannot be. Whose fault is that? Not mine. I kept the money for your father. I am a man of my word. When I make a covenant I do not break it. But my son—my son!'

‘Your son is now with us.’

‘You say he has stolen the money. Let your father not spare him. There is no good in being lenient. Be just. When my son robbed me, I did not spare him. I will not lift a little finger to save Jasper, who now, as you say, has robbed your father. Wait where you are: I will run in, and write something, which will perhaps satisfy Mr. Jordan; wait here, you cannot enter, or your horse would run away. What did you give for that cob? not much? Do you want to sell him? I don’t mind ten pounds. He’s not worth more. See how he hangs his off hind-leg. That’s a blemish that would stand in your way of selling. Would you like to go over the factory? No charge, you can tip the foreman a shilling. No cloth-weaving your way, only wool-growing; and—judging from what I saw of your father—wool-gathering.’ With a cackle the old man slipped in and shut the door in Barbara’s face.

Miss Jordan stood patting the neck of her disparaged horse. ‘You are not to be parted with, are you, Jock, to an old skinflint who would starve you?’

The cob put his nose on her shoulder, and rubbed it. She looked round. Everything spoke of sordidness, only the factory seemed cared for, where money was made. None was wasted on the adornment, even on the decencies, of life.

The door opened. Mr. Babb had locked it after him as he went in. He came out with a folded letter in his hand.

‘Here,’ he said, ‘give that to your father.’

‘I must tell you, Mr. Babb, that your son Jasper is with us. He professes to have lost the money. He met with an accident and was nearly killed. He remains with us, as a sort of steward to my father, for a while, only for a while.’

‘Let him stay. I don’t want him back, I won’t have him back. I dare say, now, it would do him good to have his Bible. I’ll give you that to take to him. He may read and come to repentance.’

‘It is possible that there may be other things of his he will want. If you can make them up into a bundle, I will send for them. No,’ she said after a pause, ‘I will not send for them. I will take them myself.’

‘You will not mind staying there whilst I fetch them?’ said Mr. Babb. ‘Of course you won’t. You have the horse to hold. If you like to take a look round the garden you may, but there is nothing to see. Visit the mill if you like. You can give two-pence to a boy to hold the horse.’ Then he slipped in again and relocked the door.

Barbara was only detained ten minutes. Mr. Babb came back with a jumble of clothes, a Bible, and a violin, not tied together, but in his arms anyhow. He threw everything on the doorstep.

'There,' he said, 'I will hold the bridle, whilst you make this into a bundle. I'm not natty with my fingers.' He took the horse from her. Barbara knelt under the portico and folded Jasper's clothes, and tied all together in an old table-cover the father gave for the purpose. 'Take the fiddle,' he said, 'or I'll smash it.'

She looked up at him gravely, whilst knotting the ends.

'Have you a message for your son—of love and forgiveness?'

'Forgiveness! it is your father he has robbed. Love—
There is no love lost between us.'

'He is lonely and sad,' said Barbara, not now looking up, but busy with her hands, tightening the knots and intent on the bundle. 'I can see that his heart is aching; night and day there is a gnawing pain in his breast. No one loves him, and he seems to me to be a man who craves for love, who might be reclaimed by love.'

'Don't forget the letter for your father,' said Mr. Babb.

'What about your son? Have you no message for him?'

'None. Mind that envelope. What it contains is precious.'

'Is it a cheque for the fifteen hundred pounds?'

'Oh, dear me, no! It is a text of scripture.'

Then, hastily, Mr. Babb stepped back, shut the door, and bolted and chained it.

(To be continued.)

A Peculiar People.

IN these days it is somewhat difficult to find anywhere peculiar people who are not public property; about the Mormons across the Atlantic and the savages of Central Africa we know as much, if not more, than we know about ourselves; so that it was with considerable satisfaction that I came across a peculiar people who in many respects out-mormon Mormons and have customs as quaint as any to be found in Central Africa. Moreover they live in Europe in the ancient city of Salonika, and come of the most ancient stock in the world, namely, the Hebrew; they are bound together by ties that none dare break, they are a double-faced race, a race with two distinct religions, a race which leads two distinct lives, professing openly to be followers of Mahomed, whilst in private they profess a religion of their own, accepting the old Hebrew traditions, yet believing in the first advent of their own Messiah, and living in daily expectation of his second coming.

The Turks call them 'Dünmehs,' or 'renegades,' their Jewish brethren call them 'hypocrites,' whilst they call themselves *Maïmeenim*, or 'true believers.' For the sake of simplicity we will call them Dünmehs, and we may take it for granted that they are disliked by both their would-be co-religionists, and in consequence they have been compelled to exercise a secrecy in their acts and deeds, a fact which has rendered them a peculiar people in the midst of a busy mercantile world. During a recent stay at Salonika I set myself the task of investigating this people. I formed the acquaintance of several Dünmehs; I culled information from the Rabbi Nehemiah, a wealthy Jew, who has made the Dünmehs a special study; and I found also a Greek priest a valuable ally in corroborating the statements of others.

Salonika may be termed a New Jerusalem, as there are no less than seventy thousand of the seed of Abraham within its walls; almost all the business of the place is carried on by them; the quays are gay with them in their quaint costumes, the men

with their long robes lined with fur over a tunic of striped cotton or silk, whilst the women are decked in the gayest colours possible and adorn their heads with caps of green or red, closely bound over their foreheads, and hanging down behind in a thick tail embroidered with gold thread and terminating in a fringe of gold, whilst around their necks hang strings of pearls and other jewels. These Jews of Salonika are perhaps the most fervid adherents of the quaint rabbinical doctrines to be found anywhere nowadays. During the days before the Passover you may see Jewish women at the tombs outside the walls, in their long red cloaks and white mantles round their shoulders, wailing over their dead; turbaned Rabbis stand at the gate of Karamilia to conduct families, for a consideration, to the graves of their relatives, there to excite them to frenzy by reading portions of scripture, and finally to drive them home again like sheep when the ceremony is over, with lacerated arms and faces, uttering bitter wails. Their cemetery the Jews call 'the house of the living;' for the dead they look upon as alive, and passing the first eleven months after their departure in Gehenna, where they can intercede for the living; consequently during this period the death wails are continued, which are in point of fact in many cases more intercessory than the outcome of genuine grief.

If a Rabbi of distinction dies, you see Jewish women rush forward to thrust letters into his hand for delivery to departed friends as he is carried on the bier to the house of the living.

On the Sabbath day no Jew of Salonika may carry any burden in his pocket—no money, no tobacco, no scrip—so that a Jew with a cold has to wear his handkerchief round his waist. At a spot where the walls have been pulled down, of late years the Rabbis have stretched a wire, so that the idea of the city being surrounded by walls may be kept up, and the computation of a Sabbath day's journey not interfered with. Such are amongst the doctrines of the orthodox Jews; from these their renegade brethren are happily exempt; and, though despising them as they do, an orthodox Jew will not scruple to make use of the Dünmeh, who may eat such portions of flesh as his own law forbids, who may come in and light his fire for him on the Sabbath and cook his food, for it is unlawful for a right-minded Jew even so much as to light a brazier to warm himself withal if the weather be cold on a Sabbath day.

The Dünmehs consequently serve in the bazaars on the days when others rest; and the Turks find them extremely useful on Fridays if a little special business has to be done; the Jews give

them employment on Saturdays, and the Christians are not above using them on Sundays, so no wonder the Dünmehs grow rich, and other people grumble at the three days of inaction owing to the three different days on which 'Sunday' is observed by the merchants of Salonika. The Dünmehs are acknowledged by all in Salonika to be the best scribes, most of the Turkish government clerks are Dünmehs, and if you see in a tiny hole in the bazaar a turbaned scribe writing anything the illiterate country-folk may want in the shape of appeals to the Pasha, or appeals to the tax-collector, you may be sure he is a Dünmeh. Besides these lucrative posts the Dünmehs possess the monopoly of shaving in Salonika, and a barber's post in the East is one of great importance; it brings him *en rapport* with all the leading men of the day; his shop is the great haunt of the scandalmonger and the intriguer; so we see that our peculiar people are by no means insignificant in their own country.

Rabbi Nehemiah was much shocked when I called upon him and asked for information concerning the Dünmehs, 'a loathsome people,' said he, 'a people who deserve to be forgotten and blotted out of mind;' and he shook his head, encircled in its black and white turban, and stroked his long grey beard, which hung down over his yellow striped silk robe. Some complimentary remarks on the Jews of Salonika, their ancient lineage, and their success in commerce soon conciliated the kind old man. 'Yes, we are an ancient people,' he said, 'and moreover our pedigree is clearer than that of any Jews in the world; our ancestors came to Salonika in the time of Alexander the Great, following in the wake of his victories after the Eastern conquests.' This statement of Rabbi Nehemiah's, though a little astounding at first and quite impossible to substantiate, is not at all improbable, for after the first emigration we know that Alexander planted many Jewish colonies in Macedonia, and we also know that at the commencement of our era the Jews of Thessalonica, Berea, and other towns of Macedonia formed important communities.

'The greatest event in our long history,' continued the Rabbi, 'was the Spanish influx in 1493, which converted our colony into the largest body of Jews in existence, and so great was this influx that they absorbed their co-religionists into themselves and taught them the Spanish tongue.' Judæo-Spanish, or Ladino as it is called, is still the language of the Jews of Salonika; their books are written in Spanish with Hebrew characters, most extraordinary things to contemplate, and for Salonika Ferdinand and Isabella,

when they persecuted the Jews and drove them from Spain, wrought a great deed. 'Our records from that date to now have been carefully preserved, and are full of interest,' said he; 'we have amongst them minute accounts of the persecutions we suffered from the Slavs, and of our internal dissensions, for in the first years after the influx we were composed of many sects, each having its separate synagogue, and it was nearly a century before a general consensus of opinion was established under a common head. We have a curious documentary account of a deputation conducted by the Rabbi Moses to Constantinople, to crave the Sultan's protection against the Slavs, and in the year 5328, on the 25th of the month Shebah, the deputation entered the presence of the Sultan, after five interviews, and after laying before his Majesty their many grievances, finally on the sixth interview they were presented with a firman sealed with the Imperial seal, and still in our possession, which granted us many immunities and protection from our persecutors, and from that day to this, with one exception, a common head has been recognised, and our prosperity has been unique.'

'And that one exception?' inquired I.

'Was the detestable heresy of the false Messiah, Sabbatai Sevi,' replied Nehemiah, and seeing my anxiety to learn more on this subject he took up his parable and told me all he knew.

A slight sketch of the career of this extraordinary deceiver is all that is here necessary, as we wish more especially to enter into the customs and precepts of the descendants of his followers as we find them now in Salonika only. I was told that a few families of these Dünmehs exist still at Adrianople and in other Turkish towns, but these are of Salonikan origin, so that to all intents and purposes the Dünmehs of Salonika are the sole representatives of the once numerous followers of the false Messiah. This community is formed of about a thousand families, and numbers eight thousand souls, all dwelling together in one quarter of the town, and all held in bondage by the same curious ties.

Sabbatai Sevi was a Smyrniote Jew, born in 1625, and the son of a broker in that city; he was a clever youth, and so well versed in the Cabala and other Jewish books that at the age of eighteen he was made a Rabbi. Doubtless some accounts of the Fifth Monarchy-men, and the then much accredited report that the Messiah was to reappear in 1666, reached Smyrna and worked upon his imagination so much that he decided to make himself out to be that Messiah, and to assist his object he secretly

caused reports to be promulgated to the effect that a prophet would shortly appear who would rob the Sultan of his crown and restore again the kingdom to Israel. When he thought that the right time had come, to the dismay of the Smyrniote Rabbis he pronounced the name 'Jehovah' aloud in open conclave, for which offence he was summoned before a tribunal and condemned to die, but doubtless he had been prepared for this, and had arrangements made for his escape from Smyrna, and with the one object in view he went as a pilgrim to Egypt and Jerusalem, where he chose as his Elijah one Nathan Benjamin, a man of ascetic life, who professed to see visions. Before returning to Smyrna he sent his attendant Nathan before him to prepare the way, and in the capacity of a second St. John the Baptist to announce that he was coming to deliver men from the oppression of the Turks, and to lead back the Jews to Palestine. Nathan did his work well, writing a circular letter addressed to the 'Remnant of the Israelites, peace without end,' the result being that intense and mad excitement seized upon the Jews of that place. They nearly killed themselves with penances; they administered to one another thirty-nine lashes, and tortures of all kinds; and an influential Jew, Pennia by name, whose daughter prophesied and wrought miracles, assisted Nathan in his work of preparation.

In due time Sabbatai Sevi landed at Smyrna, styling himself the 'King of Kings,' and so carried away were the people by his adroit eloquence that a throne was set up for him in the synagogue, and from Smyrna prophets were sent all over the Turkish dominions to all the Jewish colonies to preach that 'the true Messiah of the race of David was come, and that to him the crown and the kingdom was given.' At this juncture Sevi ventured to elect from amongst his most trusted followers twelve princes who were to act as generals to the twelve tribes on their journey back to their country, and, as we know from English records, the report reached even as far as to our shores, and that there was some talk of sending English ships to assist in the transport, and even the sceptic Spinoza, from all he heard, was at one time inclined to waver in his disbelief. The scenes of frenzied excitement in Smyrna were intense, business was entirely suspended, and gave place to eager fanatical worship of Sevi; presents poured in to him from all parts, until at length the Sultan was roused to action and summoned him to Adrianople. The story of Sevi's interview with the Sultan is well known, and how 'the holy, noble, and divine Messiah' was ordered by that potentate to choose between

three things: either to work a miracle and thereby prove his identity; or to have three poisoned arrows shot at him by the Sultan himself; or to become a Mahomedan. 'I am a follower of Mahomed,' replied Sevi to this test, and turning to his followers, who were dismayed beyond measure at the collapse of their hero, he added, 'and he was numbered amongst the transgressors.'

The extremely firm hold that Sevi had established over his followers is evinced by the tenacity with which many adhered to him after his exposure and his fall; these devoted followers did not scruple to embrace Islamism themselves and likewise to be numbered amongst the transgressors; and with certain secret reservations, into which we will go presently, large bodies of Jews became Mahomedans at this period. They were the ancestors of the thousand families of Dünmehs who live at Salonika to-day.

Sabbatai Sevi died in 1676 in prison at Belgrade, but his followers gave out that he was not really dead, but had ascended into heaven, and now at Salonika, in their secret places of worship, called '*Kals*,' they always keep beds ready, on which the Messiah may repose from the fatigues of his second advent. Probably from the fact of his having disappeared from the world at Belgrade, they have decided that at his second coming he will visit them by way of the northern road, known as the Üsküp road; therefore every day a man is despatched in this direction to meet him. When at Salonika I was told that lately, since the opening of the railway from Üsküp to that town, the point had been raised in their assembly that he might come by train. Accordingly an eye has to be kept on the station on the arrival of each train from the north. This custom finds a parallel amongst the other Jews of Salonika; but their opinion is that the Messiah will come by sea, so on the Day of Atonement they go down to the sea to meet him, and at the same time perform the quaint rite of casting their sins into the Bay of Salonika—that inexpressibly lovely bay, which, if it could relate to us the customs of the various cults that have flourished on its margin, would have strange tales to tell.

Opposite to Salonika rise the snow-clad peaks of Olympus, the home of the ancient gods, still covered with Greek convents, which have been the chief strongholds of the Greek faith during the centuries of Turkish oppression; and then the minarets with which Salonika bristles point only to the fact that the religion of Mahomed rules. No place in the world is more polyglot. No place has within its walls a population professing so many creeds.

The Dünmehs, though few in number, are by no means at unity amongst themselves, for they are divided into three sects. The Ismirli, or the orthodox followers of Sevi, whose distinctive mark is that they shave the chin, are generally known by the distinctive term of 'gentlemen,' and profess to be the descendants of some of the best Spanish Jew families. Then there are the Jacobines, or followers of one Jacobus Querido, supposed to have been the son of Sevi, who claimed for himself the inheritance of the Messiah, but the orthodox will have nothing to say to these Jacobines, who to distinguish themselves from the others shave their heads. The third sect is the least numerous, and profess to be the followers of one Osman Baba, who lived at the beginning of the last century, and who in his attempts to conciliate the other two sects accidentally formed one for himself. The followers of Baba do not shave at all, either the head or the chin; and besides these peculiarities of coiffure the three sects affect other distinctions, such as some drinking out of cups with handles, and other from vessels without handles, and others petty differences too trivial to notice.

We have to do only with the orthodox sect, and before entering more fully into their life and customs it will be as well to peruse and set forth in full the sixteen rules and obligations to which every true believer in the false Messiah is obliged to swear. They are as follows:—

1. The unity of God and the truth of the prophesy of Sabbatai Sevi. Adam, Abraham, Jacob, Moses, Esther, and other Scriptural characters are all parts of the soul of Sabbatai Sevi; and the *Maimeenim* believe that he has incarnated himself eighteen times.

2. All the earth was created for the *Maimeenim*, and the Turks were only made to keep guard over them; for of a truth there is no egg without a shell; the Turks are the shell, 'kilipa;' the *Maimeenim* are the egg.

3. All who are not Jews are egg-shells, 'kilipa.'

4. It is forbidden to the *Maimeenim* to make mixed marriages with either Jews or egg-shells.

5. The *Maimeenim* have a share in the other world; the others have not.

6. The souls of egg-shells go down to Gehenna, but never ascend out of it again.

7. The Jews are not at present *Maimeenim*, but they will be when their eyes are opened to the truth that Moses and the others

are sparks of Sabbatai Sevi, and then they themselves will become sparks of the Messiah.

8. In all their acts and deeds the *Maimeenim* are to live in accordance with the law of Moses.

9. They are not to hate the Jews, but always to act so as to conciliate them; for in a short time they will become their brethren.

10. They will incur punishments if they commune either with Jew or Turk concerning their religion; God alone will show them the way to the other world.

11. All *Maimeenim* must outwardly show themselves as Turks, but think in their hearts as Jews.

12. It is not a sin before God to kill a Dünmeh who breaks these rules and obligations, and to keep it secret.

13. All *Maimeenim* must follow Turkish law, as far as government is concerned; they are to publish themselves as Turks, read the laws of Mahomed and the Koran; but they are not to go before any Turkish tribunal, but are to judge each other according to the law of Moses, and are to have for this purpose tribunals of their own. They are to be subject to the Turks, but they are in no way to abase themselves before them more than they can help.

14. All *Maimeenim* must abstain from intoxicating drink.

15. All *Maimeenim* must have two names, one a Turkish one, for outward publication; and the other a Jewish one, by which only they shall be known amongst themselves.

16. All *Maimeenim* shall repeat the names of all the higher powers twice every day.

My Dünmeh friend, Mahmed, kept a curiosity shop in the bazaar of Salonika. Out of his treasures I from time to time selected an object of doubtful authenticity for purchase, and thereby established myself in his favour. On each of my visits to his shop we talked much on the general topics of the day, and at last, after much manœuvring, I contrived to get an invitation for my wife and myself to pay him a visit at his own house, and partake of coffee. To an eye unpractised in the complexity of the costumes of Salonika, there was nothing in Mahmed's outward appearance, except a distinctly Jewish type of countenance, to indicate that he was a Dünmeh and not a Turk, pure and simple. He was a pallid, middle-aged man, with no beard, and grizzled hair on his head, from which we gathered that he was a 'gentleman,' an orthodox follower of Sabbatai Sevi. He wore

a variegated turban bound round his head, and the loose baggy trousers worn by Turks of the middle class, and as we walked from the bazaar to his house all the information he vouchsafed to tell us was that the Dünmehs, or as he called them the Turkish Jews, all lived in blocks and streets adjoining one another, and that the houses in each block and street communicated with one another. Rabbi Nehemiah had told me this, and had added that in each block there is a '*Kal*,' or meeting-house, where their secret services are held, at which a '*paytan*,' for so they call the officiating priest, presides, reads their service in Judæo-Spanish, and since they have no windows to the front for fear of detection, they light their edifices with green-coloured lamps. Many people in Salonika affirm that they have seen the Dünmehs wearing the white Jewish cloak worn at the Hebrew service, and that they have a sort of sacrifice at the Passover, blood being seen on their lintels, and on the foreheads of their children, though for this I am not able to vouch; but it is highly probable, from the firmness with which they adhere to the doctrines of the Old Testament.

At all events from the Dünmehs themselves very little information can be extracted, and they are most careful to prove to the outer world that they are Mussulmans. 'Which mosque do you worship at?' I inquired of Mahmed. 'I don't worship at any mosque in particular. I go to them all in turn,' was our host's careful rejoinder; certainly they are adepts at hypocrisy. On every Friday you may see a fair sprinkling of Dünmehs on their way to the mosques. Their women, when they visit a Hadji's tomb, tie up the bit of rag to the railings, as Turkish women do, as a memorial of their visit. They take a whiff of the odour of sanctity for a piastre apiece, after the fashion of the true followers of the prophet, and from time to time they send a few of their own Hadjis to Mecca for appearance' sake.

Mahmed's house we found to be a very comfortable one; in fact, all the Dünmehs live comfortably, since they have no poverty amongst them, the richer members of the community assisting the poorer ones by an excellently organised system of charity. Hamdi Bey is said to be the richest amongst them, and there is no better house in Salonika than his; in fact, when money is wanted amongst them for any special purpose, it is always forthcoming. For example, they have the greatest horror of allowing a Dünmeh girl to marry or fall into the hands of an 'egg-shell,' or, as we might term it, an outsider. Not long ago an influential Turk coveted a Dünmeh girl, whom he accidentally saw, for his

harem, and a subscription of 4,000*l.* was raised to buy her off. On another occasion an energetic Pasha determined to make the Dünmehs a special subject of investigation with a view to publicly denouncing them as only pretended followers of the prophet. Forthwith, when they heard their danger, the community despatched an influential body of men to Constantinople, and by the judicious outlay of a sum not less than 10,000*l.* they contrived to get the objectionable Pasha removed from Salonika. On one occasion a Dünmeh girl was led astray. They never rested until they got her into their possession. They tried her before their own tribunal, and they condemned and executed her privily. Such is the bond of terrorism by which they are held together—a bond which none dare break. In these latter days some young educated Dünmehs who have travelled abroad, and had intercourse with other nations, have resented this bond, and have entered into a compact not to marry until they can choose wives for themselves, and some actually have gone to live abroad, and taken to themselves wives from amongst the ‘egg-shells.’

Mahmed’s house occupied a considerable space of ground, and we entered from the street through a heavy creaking door into a courtyard surrounded on all sides by offices, an oven, a kitchen, a larder, &c., which courtyard was sheltered by a vine which grew upon a trellis erected over the whole. A wooden staircase conducted us up to the dwelling portion of the house, and we first entered a large sitting-room furnished with divans which, on the staircase side, was entirely open to the air. It was then hung with newly-washed clothes in the process of drying. All was clean and very neat. The woodwork was prettily ornamented with carving. From the front there was a distant peep of the sea through a vista of houses, which gave an idea of freshness to the house to which most of the dwellings in Salonika are strangers. An air of comfort, though humble, reigned throughout, and we were able to pay Mahmed some genuine compliments on his abode. The Dünmeh houses are, on the Turkish principle, divided into Haremlik and Selamlık, and whilst Mahmed and I remained in the large open room which formed the men’s quarter, my wife was admitted into the harem, a small room on the right divided off by a curtain, where were seated on the floor, crosslegged on cushions, Aliä, the wife of Mahmed, and her two friends, Smaïr and Fatmeh, three as uninteresting women as it had ever fallen to my wife’s lot to meet. They were engaged in crochet and gossip, and apparently were, like all Turkish

women, without a particle of education. They never leave their houses without the yashmak, and their windows are as scrupulously latticed as those of any Turkish harem.

Whilst my wife was paying her visit to the ladies, Mahmed showed me his bedroom, which was without a window except into the outer room, and offered nothing remarkable except the large text from the Koran in a frame and a battle-axe of magnificent proportions, the exact use of which my host did not seem inclined to communicate.

After we had discussed various topics with Mahmed whilst drinking coffee and smoking cigarettes, and after many failures to draw him out on the subject of his sect, in desperation I determined to put to him a leading question, so I said in as off-hand a manner as I could muster, 'What is your other name, Mahmed?' At first he affected to misunderstand my question, but as the truth became evident to him a very evil expression spread over his face and he was silent. I was thus warned to proceed no further, but at the same time the truth of the fact as we have seen stated in their rules was evident: the Dünmehs have two names, the one, like Mahmed, Turkish and publicly in use, the other a secret Jewish name known only to their own community.

As far as the ceremonies attending marriages and death are concerned they outwardly conform to those in usage amongst the Turks, and whether they have any private functions in connection with these occasions I was never able to ascertain. From the very scornful way one of them laughed when I spoke of a Jewish funeral, I suspect they do not go to the same excesses as their brethren of Salonika; nor could I learn that they have a corporate body like the Jews which corresponds to the Misericordia at Florence, and by the rules of which certain Jewish gentlemen are associated together for the object of gratuitously attending to the funerals of their brethren. The head of this society is called the 'Parnass,' and when a death is reported he takes with him at the least five of his associates, and if the death be a fashionable one sometimes as many as fifty, to wash the body of the deceased internally and externally, and in accordance with the social position of the defunct his corpse gets more or less buckets of water poured over it. The Parnass then dresses the body in a white shroud, puts it on the bier, and has it conducted to the vast Jewish cemetery outside the walls; the friends and relatives, therefore, have nothing whatsoever to do with the funeral beyond attending to wail whilst the Rabbis sing songs of distress suitable to the

occasion. On the return to the house of mourning the nearer relatives get a Rabbi to cut off a portion of their skirts; this is a Jewish sign of grief, and as he does this he says, 'God be blessed, who judges according to truth.' Then follows the funeral repast, with its seven courses of different kinds of food, dried fruits, eggs, &c., and as each course is put upon the table the officiating Rabbi gives it a special benediction. For seven days after a burial a Jewish family remains in the house of mourning; the men do not go to their shops in the bazaar, the women do not sit at their doors and gossip; but a Jewish family at Salonika when in mourning prefers to sit on the floor and utter wails pitiable to listen to.

Such customs as these, I have every reason to believe, the Dünmehs have abandoned for the more sober Turkish funeral, which admits of no heartrending scenes, and is conducted with more of our Western simplicity. Anent the births of Dünmehs, my wife found the ladies inclined to be very communicative on this topic. I fancy ladies always are, and the three females in Mahmed's harem told some very curious facts concerning the entrance into this world of the followers of Sabbatai Sevi; but as they do not throw any special light on the subject of our people, except as making them appear a trifle more peculiar, I will not enter into further details.

During our stay at Salonika we saw many Dünmehs, but took a great dislike to them. Perhaps it was owing to our knowledge of the life of duplicity which they lead; perhaps it was owing to their stolid determination to tell us as little as possible concerning themselves; and we quite agreed with Rabbi Nehemiah that they are a loathsome people; but far from banishing them from our minds, our interest in them increased in proportion to the difficulty of obtaining the information we required.

As for other renegades in Salonika—for the town is full of them—I think we respected them much more than the Dünmehs, though I must admit to being rather afraid of them ever since I inadvertently approached a harem of Pomaks or renegade Bulgarians. These creatures are refugees from the lately emancipated mountain provinces, and dwell in constructions of canvas and old bits of tin which they have erected in the corridor of a lovely mosque which was once a Byzantine church, a perfect gem of architecture, and which was engrossing my attention so much that I did not perceive the trap I was falling into until I heard the screams of '*Harem!*' uttered by many women, coupled with unpleasant missiles directed at my head,

which caused a hasty and undignified retreat on my part. The Pomaks and Karajovili, renegade Wallachians, who inhabit a village near Salonika, are amongst the wildest and most ungovernable races on the Balkan peninsula. The latter have a very bad reputation in the neighbourhood for brigandage; but the chief point, as far as I could gather, was that they still preserve in their mosque the very Bible on which some centuries ago they swore to renounce Christianity and become Moslems.

Of characteristics and curious racial developments Macedonia is a perfect museum, and Salonika is the capital thereof, and the only place where the study can be carried on with any degree of safety; and one almost fears—though perhaps one ought to say hopes—that when another government enters Macedonia these quaint traits of an era which is not ours will have passed away.

J. THEODORE BENT.

Elephant-Hunting in India.

IN the sporting language of the present time, Mr. Sanderson, the Government elephant-hunter in Eastern Bengal, 'has beaten the record.' The biggest catch of wild elephants that has ever been made is reported from India. No less than 136 of these noble animals have been surrounded and secured in one kheddah. It must have been a grand sight; and it is not surprising that Mr. Sanderson himself is immensely delighted with his unprecedented success.

The exhibition of performing elephants at Olympia, and at Covent Garden Circus, has probably made the British public more familiar than it was of yore with the marvellous activity and docility of the elephant. The movements of its massive limbs may be rather awkward and uncouth; but to the observant eye the agility and ease with which the whole body turns is most remarkable. The pace at which a wild elephant can go is very deceptive, especially to those who have only casually looked at the tame animal, progressing, solemnly and slowly, with a heavy load on its back. I remember many years ago seeing a very fine male, afterwards named 'Monarch,' which had been recently caught, and was being led down from the forest by two large females, towing it by strong ropes in front, whilst a still larger female was secured to it behind by a small cable, so as to regulate its progress. A party of friends had been invited by Captain Swatman, one of Mr. Sanderson's predecessors, to go out to see the procession of captive elephants pass by a convenient turn in the road from Chittagong to Dacca. Most of the elephants passed quietly; but when 'Monarch' saw the assemblage of horses and carriages, with their occupants, he gathered himself up in an instant, and made a charge at them, at right angles from his path; and so swiftly and fiercely did he come on, that it was some time before the three large elephants, that were fastened to him, could bring their collective weight together to stop him. At first he dragged them with him as if they had been mere feathers. It was fortunate for us that none

of the tow-ropes broke ; but the lesson impressed itself seriously on my mind, and is still vividly remembered.

I will now offer a brief sketch of the general management of the elephant kheddahs which has long prevailed, and still prevails, with perhaps some modern improvements, in Eastern Bengal. The Government elephant-hunter, who is styled Superintendent of Kheddahs, in that part of the country, has two great hunting-grounds : first, the forests bordering on Chittagong and the adjacent eastern districts ; and secondly, the jungles on the Garrow Hills, which are a long sort of spur from the range of mountains that form the southern portion of the tea-growing province of Assam.

In former times, the Chittagong forests were almost exclusively worked by the superintendent and his merry men. Many of the natives of Chittagong have, for generations, been brought up as elephant-hunters. They are Mahomedans, and a more hardy and wiry set of men than the ordinary Bengalis. In fact, they are of the same class as the native artillerymen who worked the guns for Clive at Plassy. The principal hunters are regularly in the pay of Government, with suitable titles, such as 'jemadar ;' and in them are vested all the traditions of their craft, and the real practical knowledge of the dangerous sport in which they are annually engaged. During the hot weather, and the rainy season, they enjoy themselves in their homes ; but they look forward to the summons for the new campaign as eagerly as our own sportsmen await the coming of the twelfth of August.

Towards the fall of the year, some of the most trustworthy scouts are sent out into the forests, to ascertain where the herds of elephants are feeding, and in what direction they seem to be trending. The scout will also make his observations as to the advantages which particular localities afford for making the kheddah, into which the elephants may be driven. After comparing the reports of the scouts, and consulting his principal jemadars, the superintendent of kheddahs determines his plan of campaign. The next thing is to assemble his forces. Each jemadar is authorised to raise a contingent of fifty or a hundred men, who are commonly called coolies. They are really the rank and file of the force, with their own petty officers, or 'sirdars,' over every ten or twelve men. These coolies, about a thousand in number, are all assembled at the superintendent's head-quarters, where he carefully reviews them, and picks out, and rejects, any weakly or unsuitable men. Those who are accepted by him sign an agreement to serve for the campaign ; and are provided with clothing and blankets and

old muskets, and other weapons, not omitting drums and rattles and other noisy instruments, as well as bill-hooks and hatchets, and axes for cutting the jungle. The contractors' samples of food-grains, and their supplementary condiments, are scrupulously examined; and careful arrangements are made for forwarding stores of them to convenient depôts in the forest. The whole party, having been thus suitably equipped, are started for the forest, where the superintendent himself arranges to meet them at some well-known place of rendezvous, on a certain date. On the arrival of the superintendent, he has the force again paraded, and strikes off the names of defaulters, turns out unworthy substitutes who have tried to introduce themselves, and finally rejects any sickly men; and then the whole party are started into the forest, under their several leaders, according to their appointed purposes, the superintendent usually accompanying the men who have the most important work assigned to them.

The first thing to be done is to find the herd of elephants, which it is intended to hunt. Its position has been previously ascertained, as nearly as possible; but of course a few days, or a few hours, may have made great changes, and some sudden alarm may have driven them all right away; or the herd may have become divided; or it may turn out that another herd has approached it, and may be induced, by adroit manœuvring, to join it. The herd having been found, without its being alarmed, the next thing is to surround it at a distance by a light cordon of men, and to guide its unconscious steps towards the kheddah in which it is to be enclosed and captured. The general idea of a kheddah may be taken from an open pair of compasses, of which the round head or hinge represents the enclosure into which the elephants are to be driven; whilst the outspread arms of the compass represent the long lines of obstacles or scares, by which the elephants are prevented from straying to one side or the other, so that they advance through the purposely undisturbed jungle in the centre, between the gradually converging lines of obstacles, towards the kheddah or enclosure already mentioned. The elephant is a timid and cautious animal. If it meets with any chopped branches of trees, or indications of the presence of man, or anything to which its eyes are unaccustomed, it will not advance in that direction. The real difficulty of the hunters lies in making their lateral lines of obstacles sufficiently obvious to the elephants without alarming them too much. At this early stage of the proceedings, not a man should show himself, lest the wild elephants should be frightened and make a stampede. The animal should be left to pride himself on his own

cleverness at having detected signs of danger, in consequence of which he advances in what seems a safe direction. But as the devoted herd gets farther and farther into the funnel of the converging lines, much stronger measures have to be adopted. Considerable pressure is put on them from behind, to urge them on in the right direction; and simultaneously the visible obstacles along the sides have to be much strengthened and effectively guarded, to prevent the herd from breaking through them. As the elephants actually approach the kheddah itself there is no longer any concealment on the part of the hunters. The firing of guns, and the beating of drums, and loud shouts and noises, with long lines of fires, made out of the dried grass and brushwood, which have been collected for this purpose, compel the affrighted animals to push onwards, until they finally enter the kheddah itself, where at first all seems comparatively silent and safe.

With regard to the actual kheddah or enclosure, in which the elephants are captured, a few words may suffice. Many people may have seen the models of the Ceylon elephant-*'kraals'* at the late Indo-Colonial Exhibition. They showed a fine post-and-rail fence of roughly hewn wood, surrounding a space in which the captured elephants stood secured to trees. This, however, scarcely gives an adequate idea of the Indian kheddah. It is of course surrounded by a fence; but the posts and rails are huge trees and large branches, stoutly intertwined, and strongly supported by groins to prevent them from yielding to the rush of the elephants trying to escape from their captors. And if there is time to dig it, a comparatively small ditch inside the fence adds greatly to its strength. The elephant sees the newly dug earth and fears a pitfall. Its feet sink into the mud and water, and the force of its charge against the fence itself is thus broken. Presently, when all the herd have entered the enclosure, a ponderous gate is closed behind them; and this gate has to be stoutly fortified, and also defended by a number of men, firing blank cartridges in the face of any elephant that charges at them. In the same way, the whole circle of the kheddah is lined on its outer side with men, firing guns and brandishing torches to repel the charge of the elephants, until the whole herd morally and physically collapses, and tries to shelter itself in whatever cover may still be found from the trees and jungle left standing in the enclosure.

After this preliminary explanation, I will now give an account of Mr. Sanderson's recent successful operation in catching 136 elephants in one kheddah, in the Garrow Hills. This tract of country is not remote from the river Berhampooter, and is com-

paratively easy of access from Calcutta, partly by railway and partly by steamer. It is understood that there were certain distinguished foreign princes and noble English visitors present at the capture of the elephants, but as Mr. Sanderson does not give their names, and only mentions that Colonel Graham Smith, the Commissary-General, and Mrs. Graham Smith were spectators of the performance, it is unnecessary to suggest who the other visitors were. Mr. Sanderson has sent a detailed account to a friend in Calcutta, and as much as is possible of his story shall be narrated in his own words.

It appears that Mr. Sanderson had arranged his campaign for catching elephants this season in the Garrow Hills. Although the elephants in this part of the country are not looked upon as quite equal in caste and excellence to those of the Chittagong Hills, they are more numerous and more accessible in some respects, as the herds in Chittagong have been so systematically hunted for a long series of years, that they have retired deeper into the hills, and it is well to give them a little rest. The Indian Government has, within comparatively recent years, asserted its sovereignty over the formerly independent inhabitants of the Garrow Hills; and the poor Rajah of the ancient family of Shoshung, who for centuries enjoyed the privilege of hunting elephants in this part of the country, found his claims very summarily set aside, when it suited the convenience of certain local officials to treat him as a malcontent and an interloper. The Shoshung Rajahs had only been able, from year to year, to catch a few elephants by the running-down and lassoing system, for which purpose they kept a few trained female elephants known as 'koonkees.' They never had the means of getting up a regular kheddah hunt on the grand scale on which the Government of India can afford to operate. So that when Mr. Sanderson commenced his expedition against the elephants in the Garrow Hills, he came on an almost new and unworked mine of animal wealth.

In the early part of the present season Mr. Sanderson had begun his work with considerable success. He had already captured sixty-eight elephants in one kheddah; when he received news from his hunting-scouts that a much larger herd of elephants had been discovered in a neighbouring valley, and in a locality convenient for the formation of another kheddah. He immediately collected all his forces, and after providing for the elephants already captured, they still numbered about eight hundred men. At first, he was somewhat baffled by the weather, which became rainy and tempestuous and unusually cold. This, however, cut both ways, for the elephants remained stationary in the sheltered valley, and made no

attempt to move away from their enemies. Mr. Sanderson and his companions were sufficiently near to the herd to hear them trumpeting and screaming, and occasionally tearing down the young trees with a loud crash. They could not venture to light any camp-fires to cook their food, or to make huts of bushes to protect themselves against the cold, for fear of causing an alarm to the elephants.

When the weather became more moderate, and Mr. Sanderson was able to ascertain the exact position of the herd, the first thing which he did was to throw a wide cordon of hunters round the elephants, a man being posted at about every fifty yards; and he calculated that this outer ring of men was eight miles in length. Fortunately a fine river, known as the Ganoi, flowed through the valley in which the elephants were assembled, providing them with an ample supply of water; whilst the sides of the hills were covered with jungle of every variety, large trees, bamboos and grass, providing an almost endless abundance of their favourite food. A site for the stockade, or kheddah, was promptly selected, towards which the elephants could be conveniently driven. The stockade was built with stout trunks and branches of trees in the manner which has been already described. Mr. Sanderson says that he made it only of the ordinary size, 215 feet in circumference, as he did not then know how numerous the elephants were in the herd. Possibly there is some error in writing 215 feet, for a stockade of only 24 yards in diameter would with difficulty contain even fifty elephants, especially when they were rushing about in an almost frantic state of excitement.

A preliminary drive was attempted on January 13, in order to move the elephants in the direction of the stockade. But the hunters not having been advantageously posted, Mr. Sanderson sounded his fog-horn, and the hunt was stopped for the day. Fortunately this delay seems to have contributed materially to the final result. The elephants, which had been divided into three separate parties, gathered themselves together during the night; and when daylight appeared Mr. Sanderson had the gratification of finding them all assembled, in a compact and manageable body and moving spontaneously in the direction of the stockade, for which the wind was favourable. There was no time or inclination for further delay. By skilful manœuvring, the whole body of the elephants were quietly urged onwards, without their being too much alarmed, until they came within the long wings, or lateral obstructions, which converge towards the entrance of the stockade. These lateral wings were strengthened so as to form two guiding palisades, the funnel

narrowing towards its upper end. When the elephants had got well within this funnel, they suddenly found themselves surrounded from behind, and on either side by a blaze of fire which was made with dry grass that had been stacked for the purpose, and hidden by green leaves till the elephants passed over it. The hunters closed in from all sides, directed by scouts up in the trees, as the grass was too high for the men on foot to see what the elephants were doing. Mr. Sanderson, from a secure post at the end of one of the palisades, watched the procession, which seemed as if it would never end. His veteran gun-bearer, Jaffir, whispered, 'They are as the insects of the forest.' Tuskers, females, and young elephants of all sizes bundled along, those in the rear showing a good deal of apprehension as the hunters began to close in on them. The moment the last elephant had crossed the outermost fire-line, the rattles were sounded, and, as if by magic, a crackling line of flame extended along the hillside, joining the extreme ends of the palisade and cutting off retreat. As the yells of the hunters and the firing of guns redoubled, the elephants hurried forward in a crowd, no longer following any leader, but each striving not to be last. They soon crossed the second fire-line, when active fellows raced forwards from both ends with torches, and in a few seconds this line was also a wall of fire.

The third line of dry grass was similarly fired when the herd had passed; and now, says Mr. Sanderson, 'the fun waxed fast and furious.' Some of the elephants went into the stockade at once; but a huge male, with only one tusk, took up his position in the gateway, which was only eleven feet wide, and no elephant could pass him. The space between the converging palisades was tightly packed by a struggling mass of elephants for many yards from the gate. Every vestige of jungle had disappeared and the men were skirmishing with blank cartridges and torches of blazing grass up to within twenty yards of the elephants; whilst a shower of sticks and clods were kept up over the palisades by the hunters outside. At last the opposition gave way. The big male with one tusk, who was stopping the gate, was borne onward with his fellows into the stockade by the pressure of the mass behind them; and the animals in the rear made renewed exertions to get away from the terrible sights and sounds so close behind them. Only one elephant out of the whole herd managed to break back. Unfortunately, when she had got away some two miles from the stockade she came upon a man who was one of the surrounding cordon, and killed him on the spot.

The scene of the elephants struggling in the small stockade must have been most exciting. The leaders rushed wildly at the palisades, to find themselves confronted by new enemies, with guns and torches of blazing grass. They rolled over into the ditch and stumbled one over the other till they became utterly cowed and demoralised. The moment that the last elephant was within the stockade, a man who had been hidden above the entrance severed the rope with his axe, and the ponderous gate fell down into its place. The gate was promptly fortified and secured, and garrisoned with men armed with guns and blazing torches. The palisades on all sides were still further strengthened and defended against casual attack. At last Mr. Sanderson had the immense satisfaction of finding himself in triumphant possession of 136 captive elephants, trembling and subdued in spirit and in body. The stockade being too small to hold such an unexpectedly large crowd of captives, Mr. Sanderson and his men immediately set to work to construct supplementary stockades into which they gradually drafted their prisoners from the central stockade. This, of course, was a work of time and labour; but the materials for building were abundant, and the men, though fatigued by their long day's work, were stimulated by large pecuniary rewards to renewed exertions. It was of the highest importance that the crowded animals should be relieved as soon as possible, and tied up securely and separately so that they might not injure one another. When, at the end of the third day, every captive had been duly accounted for, Mr. Sanderson writes with proper pride as follows: 'Here they are now before me as I write, and in camp with them there are numbers of my tame elephants. The elephants, as they are being loosed, and taken to water, or struggling at their pickets, or standing in dignified silence, with thick cables round their necks and legs, anchoring them fore and aft between trees, form a scene which ought to be painted. In a few days they will be marched down to the low country in squads by easy stages.'

Mr. Sanderson is to be congratulated on the great success which he and his hunters achieved. To catch a herd of elephants by driving them into a kheddah is a grand illustration of the power of mind over matter. *Vis consili expers mole ruit sua*, is a motto fatal to the elephant. If the massive beasts had united their strength, to charge upon their human enemies, they would have scattered them like chaff. There is also a great satisfaction in this form of sport, that whilst it requires much of the huntsman's craft and endurance to outwit and capture the elephants, their

capture is not to end with death and slaughter; but, as a fact, the capture is almost as good for the captive as the captor. Most elephants quickly submit themselves to their new condition, and become the useful and obedient servants of their human masters. They are well fed and cared for, and are usually treated with kindness and humanity by the native keepers in charge of them. To the captors the value of the animals is considerable. Mr. Sanderson, in the midst of his excitement, which he so vividly describes, tells us that he turned aghast for a moment at the idea that the animals would escape and that he would lose a lakh of rupees (*i.e.* 10,000*l.*) for Government; and that the Commissary-General, Colonel Graham Smith, his official superior, would be the witness of his discomfiture. Happily the elephants did not effect their escape. If they had broken through the toils of the hunters, the loss would have been a loss to the Indian Government, and not to Mr. Sanderson personally. On the other hand, let it be hoped that the Government, in consideration of this great success, may grant to Mr. Sanderson a suitable reward for his signal services.

C. T. BUCKLAND.

The Green Lady.

IT was some time since I had seen my friend Morton, and the last I had heard of him was that in one of his many whims he had taken an old country house for a year and had gone to live there with his sister, vowing that he had done with London for ever. At the time of which I write he had been in the house for nearly a month; therefore I confidently expected to see him very soon in town. Nor was I deceived in this, for one fine morning as I was coming out of a club to which we both belong, I heard him asking if Mr. Latimer was in the club. I went up and spoke to him, and he turned round and shook hands with me with unusual warmth.

'You,' he said, 'are the very man I wanted to see. Come into the smoking-room—there'll be nobody there now—and I'll tell you all about it.'

I followed him, not in a very curious frame of mind, for I felt a certainty that 'it' was some more or less ingenious excuse which he had invented to himself for leaving the country house after the first month of the twelve for which he had taken it. In this belief, as will be seen, I was mistaken. After we had sat down he remained silent for a space, gazing alternately straight into the empty fireplace and then sideways at me with a queer look as of one who had a confidence to make but shrank from making it. Once or twice indeed he almost began to speak and suddenly stopped himself. Finally I broke the silence by saying, 'Well, old chap, what about the house?'

He replied eagerly, and as if relieved, 'That's just it, Darsie; that's what I want to talk to you about.'

'I suppose,' I answered, 'that you want to give it up and would like to pass on the agreement if it can be arranged.'

'Give it up be hanged!' said Morton; 'I was never so bent on staying in a place in my life.'

'Indeed,' I continued with the surprise natural to one who knew his restless character, 'is it so very agreeable?'

'On the contrary,' he made answer, 'it's so deuced disagreeable. Now don't interrupt'—I had done nothing of the kind—'and I'll tell you all about it.' He had said that before, but I was not indiscreet enough to tell him so, and he proceeded with his narrative.

'When I took Grey Towers' (that was the name of the country house) 'you were not in London, or I should have called you into council.' I bowed acknowledgment, well knowing that if he had done so it would have been for the purpose of having somebody to disagree with.

'It belongs to a relation of mine who never lives there, and it had been empty for a considerable time. Too large for most people, but I like to have lots of room.'

'That,' I said, 'is true enough,' remembering Morton's habit of constantly changing and interchanging the purpose of every room in his house.

'Yes, yes,' he said impatiently. 'Well, I knew what kind of house it was although I'd never been there—an Elizabethan mansion, moat, family pictures, owner's and my own ancestors, shaven lawn, peacocks, cut yews, box edgings, priest's room, haunted room; all the bag of tricks, in fact. Drainage had been lately put in perfect order; climate excellent; fine old library left open for my use: everything perfect, in fact.'

'Then,' I said, in a moment of forgetfulness, 'I don't quite understand your sticking to the place.'

'Didn't I tell you,' replied Morton with a touch of irritation, 'that there turned out to be something very much the reverse of perfect in it? If you'll only let me get in a word edgeways I'll explain.'

'Do so, Barkins, do so,' I answered, quoting a great actor.

'My sister,' Morton went on, 'was delighted with the place. So was I. So were the servants. So was even the Incomparable One.' (This was the name by which Morton's confidential valet was known among us.) 'In fact I feared that, as you hinted just now, the place might turn out to be far too perfect to suit me.'

'Yes,' I observed, 'perfection is monotonous, and you don't like that.'

'I can assure you,' said Morton, 'that I have had mighty small chance of trying it at Grey Towers. It was for a very brief period—two or three days, I forget which—that the sameness of

excellence endured. And when it ceased——' Morton here exhibited as eloquent an aposiopesis as I have heard, or rather as I have *not* heard.

'Why, what happened?' I asked.

'That,' retorted Morton, 'is precisely what I am anxious to find out. Part of what happened I can tell you in a very few words, but "the greatest is behind," and that is what I want to get at.'

'So,' I interposed, 'the whole for once is really greater than a part.'

'Just so,' replied my companion; 'but let me tell you the part. At the expiration of two or three days one of the housemaids gave warning, making some rather hollow excuse and saying that she was sorry to leave so good a place, but really had no choice in the matter. The next day another one followed suit, and then came the kitchen-maid. Then the housekeeper was closeted with my sister for some time, and then my sister came and begged me to see the housekeeper. This I did, and when she came in I said, "What is all this, Mrs. Thompson?"'

"Well, sir," she replied, "I wish I rightly knew; but my belief is that if things goes on much longer as they are going on now there won't be a servant as will be left in the place in a few days' time."

"The Haunted Room, Mrs. Thompson?" I said interrogatively.

"No, sir," she replied, "not that particularly. I've been in old houses like this before, and most of them has a Haunted Room, and I have noticed that it's generally next door to the priest's room; but I've never known much trouble come of the regular Haunted Room before. Besides, if that was all, sir, you could have it shut up. No, it's more than that, sir. It's all over the place like."

"What is all over the place?" I asked.

"Well, sir, things as oughtn't to be, from what I make out."

"Indeed. I hope you don't believe any of this nonsense, Mrs. Thompson?"

"I don't rightly know what to believe, sir."

"Well, what do these silly girls say they've seen?"

"With some it's seeing and with some it's hearing, sir. Martha, that was the under-housemaid, there was a picture of an old man in the top room she slept in, and she said it came down and stood by her bedside and looked at her in a dreadful threatening way the first night, and just when she was going to scream

it vanished away; and the second night it came down again, and just as she was putting her head under the bedclothes it put a cold hand on her forehead and she nearly fainted away. Then there was Jane, the housemaid, sir; she heard voices in the corner of her room, one shrill and like a woman's that said in a cruel way, *Shall I do it now?* and the other deep and gruff that answered, *No; wait for two nights*; and they said this over and over again, and she said she'd rather not wait. Then there was Selina, that's the kitchen-maid; she was sent into the kitchen garden to gather some herbs that the gardener had forgotten, and just as she was rising up from stooping to gather them if there wasn't—that's what she says—a little grey man in an old-fashioned-looking suit, with a spud in his hand, right in front of her; and he laughs a nasty chilly kind of laugh, and says he, *Herbs you call 'em*, he says; *you was born two hundred years too late*. With that she gave a screech, not knowing quite why, and there was nothing in front of her but a tall bush."

"Extremely probable," I said. "All this is the talk of ignorant, superstitious girls. May I ask if you have seen or heard anything odd, Mrs. Thompson?"

"Mrs. Thompson folded her hands and looked straight up to the ceiling.

"Come, come, Mrs. Thompson," I said, "let us have it all out. In talking to you I am speaking with a woman of sense, and it is important you should tell me all you can that may throw light on this business."

"Well, sir," said Mrs. Thompson, "it may be fancy or it may not be, but goodness knows I was thinking of nothing of the kind when I saw—or seemed as if I saw—a procession of monks going up the great grass walk between the moat and the ha-ha."

"Monks! how do you know they were monks?" I asked.

"They was dressed like those in *Faust* at the Lyceum," said Mrs. Thompson, not an imaginative person, and the answer so far was conclusive.

"Thank you, Mrs. Thompson; that will do," I said. "I must consider what steps it is best to take in this business."

"Well," Morton went on, "things did not get any better after my interview with Mrs. Thompson. My sister came down to breakfast the next morning looking very white and worn; but she is not a talkative person and I asked her no questions. Indeed, if I had she would not have answered them. Presently the butler—a model of discretion—wished to speak with me. He slept

in a room overlooking the moat, and through his window, which was left open, he had heard a noise as of people paddling about and talking to each other in hoarse whispers. He did not suggest any ghostly explanation, and of course I did not, but while I entrusted him with a double-barrelled gun I could not help remembering that the old boat which was still moored in one corner of the moat was more than half rotten. Then the boy, a pert youth, said he wouldn't stay in a place where the moment he'd cleaned the knives they got dirty again and looked as if somebody had been trying to saw wood with them; and the footman explained that he was not used to practical jokes and could not think it due to himself to remain where they were played. It appeared that he had found the pepper-box filled with snuff, the salt-cellar with sugar, the mustard-pot with treacle, and the marmalade-jar with chutney.'

'Looks like Brownies,' I interposed.

'Yes,' said Morton somewhat wearily; 'we have 'em of all sorts, as you will see. In the garden is a rockery with a fountain and cascade, and the gardener intimated that he was not accustomed to a waterfall making faces at him and wouldn't stay where he was expected to put up with it.'

'Kühleborn,' I said. 'I should not have thought it of him.'

'Nor I, Darsie,' replied Morton; 'but after the loss of his niece what can you expect? However, in this part of the proceedings there was a touch of humour. Not so with other branches of the affair. We managed to get a man-servant to sleep for one night in the room where the maid had heard voices, and the next day he left. He too had heard voices, but with a difference. He described a whispering and muttering as of many persons holding secret counsel together, and then a dead, cold silence, broken by a fierce whisper of *Is it time?* Then many voices seemed to say with a horrible hiss *Yes*; and then he said he felt, although he saw nothing, that a man was standing over him with a knife, and then he fainted. I needn't tell you all the things I heard of, but here is one more. One of my nephews came to stay with us for a few nights, and his first night in the house I put him in a cheery-looking oak-panelled room. I had noticed, as it happened, that there was a space between the wall on one side of this room and the room next to it. There might formerly have been a passage there, or it might have been a hiding-place in troublous times—a kind of supplement to the Priest's Room. Anyhow there was

nothing remarkable in the fact. But the boy told me that he was waked in the small hours by some one chanting prayers and psalms in Latin in a low weak voice just outside his room. Then he heard a tramp of feet and a rattle of steel, and then a miserable groan and a heavy fall, and then all was still. He is a nervous boy, but plucky, and after he had lain quaking a little while he made up his mind that it was nightmare and rats, and wanted to sleep in the same room again. However I made some excuse for preventing that, and soon afterwards he left us without having been disturbed again.'

Morton paused awhile, and I struck in with, 'Have you yourself, Morton, seen or heard anything of this strangely inclusive assortment of Presences?'

'Well,' he answered with some hesitation, 'not absolutely, but it may be that Bruno' (his favourite mastiff) 'has.'

'How was that?' I asked.

'In this way,' he replied. 'There was something wrong with the lock of my study door, and I had had it put in order by the village locksmith. My sister and the servants had gone to bed, and Bruno and I were alone in the study at night, when it occurred to me to try the result of the locksmith's handiwork. I locked, unlocked, and relocked the door several times, and finally, having locked it, I happened to think suddenly of a passage I wanted to look up in Apuleius, and acting on the thought, took the book from its shelf and sat down in my armchair with Bruno at my feet. I got interested and absorbed, and it may have been half an hour before my attention was aroused by a low growl from Bruno. At the same time I felt a cold wind on the back of my neck.'

'Ausgespielt,' I ventured to interpose.

'Dunce a bit,' said Morton; 'it was a real draught. I looked round and saw the door that I had locked, and which opened outwards, slowly unclosing itself and swinging inwards. As it opened so did Bruno retreat backwards, still growling, with his eyes and coat both staring horribly, until when it was wide open he gave a dolorous whine, dropped down with his head between his fore paws, and lay there trembling and whimpering.'

'And what did you do?' I asked.

'I went and shut the door,' he replied with a manner that prevented me from asking if he had had any difficulty in doing so.

'You saw and heard nothing?'

'Nothing but what I have told you.'

'You are sure the door was locked and opened the wrong way?'

'I can't swear to it, but I'm sure about the dog.'

'Ah! What of the Incomparable One?'

'He says he has heard strange sounds and seen odd sights, but he doesn't mind them. I don't think he's much of a "sensitive."'

'Well,' I went on, 'it appears to me that you have got some very undesirable and uninvited guests at Grey Towers.'

'That is my impression,' returned Morton; 'and now perhaps you understand why I am bent on sticking to the house.'

'Quite so. At the same time you can't live there without any servants, and if these disturbances, however caused, go on, that is what it will come to.'

'Exactly,' Morton said, 'and that is why I have come to you for help and counsel.'

'If,' I said, 'you like to try an experiment——'

'Why, of course I do,' he interrupted——

'You will get into a hansom with me and come to a certain house in the Adelphi.'

'I am with you,' said Morton, and we accordingly started.

When I discharged the cab we found ourselves opposite the door of a house divided into chambers, with the names of the owners written up in the passage. 'First floor and ground floor, Mr. Peregrine,' I read out from this list; 'that's our man.'

'Peregrine?' said Morton. 'Haven't I seen his name in connexion with a private inquiry office?'

'Yes,' I replied, 'but not a private inquiry of an ordinary kind, as you will soon find out. He is an old friend of mine and a somewhat remarkable person. Quite young still; has travelled a good deal, knows many languages, is very agreeable, and takes a great interest in magic, which he studied in the East.'

'Come, come, Darsie,' said Morton, 'your taking all the Grey Towers stories so quietly was odd enough, but I thought it was explained when I saw that this Peregrine was a kind of head of a detective office.'

'So he is,' I replied.

'But now you say he's a sort of magician.'

'So he is,' I repeated. 'But instead of speculating about him, let us come up and see him. I think he may be able to help you, but I cannot be sure.'

'Very well,' said Morton, shrugging his shoulders, and we ascended to Peregrine's office. This was like most offices in that it had an office chair and table, but unlike most in having walls hung with good pictures and little tables covered with articles of bigotry and virtue. In the office chair, with the mouths of various speaking tubes within his reach, sat Peregrine himself—a slight, tallish man of between thirty and forty, clean shaven and with a curiously Oriental cast of face. He rose and came forward to shake hands with me, and then I introduced Morton, whom he received with pleasant if elaborate courtesy. We talked awhile *de omnibus rebus*, and then Morton proceeded to tell Peregrine what it was that troubled him, making the narrative as concise as possible but not forgetting any of the points that he had told me. Peregrine sat listening with a note-book in front of him, but so far as I could judge confined himself to entering each variety of Mysterious Appearance as Morton detailed it. When Morton had finished his story Peregrine considered for a moment and then said, 'You have not told me how long the house had been empty before you took it. Do you know?'

'Yes,' replied Morton; 'five years.'

'And do you happen to know if it had any reputation for being—well, let us say strange before then?'

'I have made all possible inquiries,' answered Morton again, 'and I cannot find that six years ago there was supposed to be anything more odd about it than a vague tradition of the figure of a priest being sometimes seen in the Priest's Room.'

'Ah! common enough,' rejoined Peregrine in a dry, business-like tone. 'Five years ago. Let me see.' With this he gave a turn to a revolving bookstand that stood at his elbow and took from one of its shelves a thick manuscript volume, the leaves of which he turned over with deliberate swiftness. 'Five years ago,' he continued, half to himself, as he looked at page after page; 'it fits exactly. Black Abbey burnt down, Grange Mount rebuilt, the room at Drippingwell Hall stripped to the stone walls and new panelled, the Convent Walk at St. Jude's unturfed and gravelled, and—yes, here's another—of course that is it. As for the practical jokes, they're not worth tracing. Might happen anywhere. Kühleborn—a piece of impertinence, but not ill-meant. Well—well.' All this Peregrine said with his face bent down towards his manuscript book, while Morton looked at me in much surprise, raising his eyebrows as if to question whether

Peregrine was playing the fool or was, indeed, something more than a fool. Suddenly Peregrine looked up.

‘Any old women about the passages?’ he asked in a sharp tone, as a doctor might say, ‘Any pains in the head?’

‘No,’ said Morton, still astonished, ‘none that I know of.’

‘No ladies in purple or grey, or any other colour, that come to meet you and suddenly vanish, eh?’

‘No,’ said Morton again, ‘none that I know of.’

‘Back a woman against the lot,’ said Peregrine, again dropping into his half-aside tone, and then resumed his direct address to Morton by saying, ‘Sooner or later I think I can set this all right for you. May be able to put things in train at once. Will you allow me?’

So saying he whistled into a speaking-tube, and having heard an answering whistle, called down it, ‘Is the Green Lady at home?’

‘I’ll see, sir,’ came the answer, quickly followed by an assurance that the Green Lady was at home.

‘Ask her to speak to me for a moment,’ said Peregrine, and immediately afterwards whistled down the tube again. Again came an answering whistle, but one quite different from that which had previously been heard. This one, though not so loud, was of so strange a quality that both Morton and I involuntarily started, while Peregrine looked at us with a quiet, benevolent smile. The sound seemed to carry more with it than any whistle, low or loud, ought to carry; it had some far-off kinship with the whistle which Signor Boito gives to his Mefistofele, and yet it was not like that. Indeed, it was not like anything one had heard before, but had a strangeness all its own, and seemed charged not so much with terror as with the peculiar sense of uneasiness and disquiet that goes before a thunderstorm. Peregrine smiled again, and again spoke down the tube in a language which sounded Oriental, but with which neither Morton nor I was acquainted. Only here and there we caught the name *Grey Towers*. An answer came up through the tube, seemingly in the same language which Peregrine had employed, and in a tone of which the effect corresponded closely enough to that produced by the whistle. Peregrine looked over at us with an expression of amused content, and spoke down the tube again, this time in English, and as I thought for the express purpose of puzzling us.

‘Thank you, my dear,’ he said. ‘You can start as soon as you like, and if you can engage one or two of the well-behaved ones

so much the better. You know the terms and the commission. Only, mind, the place must be cleared in a week. And now, Mr. Morton,' he said, turning to my friend, 'I see you are not unwilling to have an explanation of all this, and you shall have one if, as I expect, all goes well, in a very short time. Just for the present I must ask you to be content not to burst but to rest in ignorance. Do you propose returning to Grey Towers before the week which you heard me mention has elapsed?'

'I had thought of going back to-night and asking Latimer to accompany me,' replied Morton, who was by this time in the state of a man whom nothing can surprise.

'There can be no objection,' observed Peregrine; 'only I must beg, if my plan is to succeed, to make one condition with you. It is not a difficult one. If you should meet a lady in a—in somewhat eccentric attire on the staircases, or in the passages, or in the grounds, or, in short, anywhere about, please do not notice or interfere with her in any way. This is important. You will undertake this? Thank you. If you will kindly speak to my head clerk as you go out he will make all business arrangements with you. One moment. Perhaps it might be as well if you could devise some story to account for the presence of a—a strange lady to whatever servants are still staying with you. It may save trouble.' And with this Peregrine bowed us out.

'This is an odd business,' said Morton when we got into the street; 'but as I've consulted Peregrine I'll go by his advice and see it out according to his instructions. We shall just catch the next train if we start now.'

We occupied part of our time on the journey—the day of the week was Tuesday—in devising a more or less plausible tale to account for the presence which Peregrine had told us to expect of a strange lady, and arrived at Grey Towers in time for dinner. Morton's sister informed us that nothing new had happened in the way of disturbance, but that some of the old experiences had been repeated and that some more servants had given warning. He in return took her into confidence concerning our visit to Mr. Peregrine. I watched with some curiosity to see how she would receive his story; she is a woman of strong nerve, strong judgment, and little speech. She heard him out and said quietly, 'I think Mr. Peregrine is a man of sense.' She went to bed early, and Morton and I went to the billiard room, where presently entered to us the Incomparable One with bottles and glasses. Having put his tray down, he stopped and looked inquiringly at Morton.

'Well, what is it?' asked Morton.

'Beg pardon, sir,' replied the confidential valet, 'but I told you about those lights and noises.'

'Yes; what of them?'

'They were there again to-night, sir, and a curious thing happened.'

'What was it?'

'The lights were flashing and hopping about in the passage to the anteroom, and I heard mutterings and whisperings all round, when the lights grew gradually dim, and I saw—or I thought I saw—a woman taller than any of the women in the house come along the passage. I could not hear her footfall, but I thought I could hear the rustle of her dress, and she seemed to lift up her hand with a commanding gesture, and then the lights all went out and the noises ceased. I thought you might like to know, sir.'

'Thank you. Did you see how she was dressed?'

'No, sir; it was too dark.'

'Very good. I rely upon you not to say a word of this to anyone else. And if you see this woman again don't take any notice.'

'Very good, sir,' said the essence of discretion, and left us.

'The Green Lady!' said I to Morton.

'May be,' he replied. 'Let us go to the room where my nephew slept.'

We went, taking glass-shaded candles with us. Now both Morton and I remembered the story his nephew had told about the room, and therefore it cannot be denied that imagination may have caused us to think that on entering the room we heard a scuffle behind the wainscoting, followed by the clank of steel, which gave way to a rustling sound as of a silk dress, which in its turn was succeeded by absolute silence. We left the room and exchanged our impressions, which were as above recorded.

The next day, as was once said in evidence before a Grand Jury by an engaging pawnbroker's boy who came to a sudden stop in the midst of a too fluent and probable story—'the next day nothink 'appened.' But in the evening, after Morton's sister had gone to bed, an idea occurred to me. 'What was it you told me about strange doings in the moat?' I asked Morton. '*Singular Conduct of a Rotten Boat* might have been the heading in a newspaper, might it not?'

'Yes,' Morton replied; 'it was something of that kind that the butler told me.'

'Then,' said I, 'let us go down to the moat.' There was just enough moon to show us our way without the help of a lantern, and we took up our station just opposite to the butler's window. In about five minutes we heard a distinct splashing in the water.

'Water rats,' I whispered to Morton.

'Hush!' he whispered back angrily; 'listen!'

I did, and presently through the gentle plash, plash which still went on we both heard a low curious voice say, *No! I will not have it.* Then the splashing ceased and all was quiet.

We looked at each other.

'The same voice,' I said.

'Yes,' replied Morton, 'not a doubt of it. I think that will do for to-night.' So we went back and played one game at billiards and then went to bed.

The morning of the following day, Thursday, we spent in idleness and lawn tennis, and, whether by design on each person's part or by chance, no reference was made to the Singular Manifestations until we all met at luncheon. Then Morton's sister said: 'Have you been in the grass walk this morning?'

We replied that we had not, and I ventured to ask why the inquiry was made.

'For this reason,' she answered. 'You remember Mrs. Thompson's story about what she called the Monks?'

'Quite well,' replied Morton. 'Anything new about them?'

'This much. Either she was not far wrong or some strange folk got into the garden this morning, for as I was going up the grass walk I distinctly saw a person, either in a long brown ulster or in a brown monk's frock, going quickly into a by-path, followed by a woman in a green dress. You may imagine that I pursued them, but when I got to the path there was nothing there.'

'Was she tall?' asked Morton.

'She was tall. Perhaps it was Mr. Peregrine's Green Lady.'

'Perhaps it was,' said Morton, and then we went back to lawn tennis.

On Friday morning at about twelve the new gardener asked for an interview with Morton, with whom I was sitting at the time in the smoking-room.

'Coming to give warning?' I said to Morton, interrogatively. 'More Appearances?'

'Not so sure,' Morton answered. 'I'll have him in. Don't you go. Stay and see it out.'

Accordingly the new gardener came in bashfully. He stood

first on one leg, then on the other, twirling a hat characteristic of gardening between his hands, and twice addressed himself to motion as he would speak, and ended in a kind of crowing gape.

‘Come, Williams,’ said Morton, ‘speak out. Don’t be afraid of astonishing me.’

‘Well, sir,’ said the gardener, taking heart, ‘since you say so. I did hear, sir, that the last gardener left on account of something wrong with the cascade.’

‘Wrong,’ said Morton. ‘Well—why—yes—you may call it wrong.’

‘There was something, sir, if I’m not mistaken—and I’m here to be set right, sir, if I am—about what he called a face that made shapes at him in the water. Childish stuff it seemed to me, sir, till——’ here the gardener stopped short and twirled his hat again.

‘Till what?’ cried Morton, eagerly. ‘What is it?’

‘Well, sir,’ replied the gardener, ‘if you wouldn’t mind coming to see for yourself. I know I’d never a’ believed it.’

‘Come along, Darsie, quick,’ said Morton. ‘You lead the way, Williams, to where you saw—whatever it is.’

‘Kühleborn,’ I gasped out to Morton as we ran at top speed to the cascade, and again he replied, ‘We shall see.’

We did see. There most unmistakably was a distinct though constantly shifting face—a face as distinct, that is, as can be made by falling water—in the very centre of the cascade, the face of an old, old man, with long hair and beard; and though the features were, of course, somewhat blurred, there was no doubt that what passed for the mouth seemed curled in innumerable varieties of derision; indeed, as the gardener had said, made ‘shapes’ at us continually, while the clatter and echo of the falling water sounded like broken conscienceless laughter. We looked at each other in silence, a silence broken by the low piercing sound of the whistle we had heard in Peregrine’s rooms. This strange sound overpowered for the moment all others, and even as it was heard the face in the water seemed to vanish into fantastic but meaningless jets and bubbles. I thought, indeed, that I saw the expression change rapidly to fury, and then to fear, but that may have been fancy.

‘I don’t think you’ll have any more trouble, Williams,’ said Morton, and we walked away.

‘Explicit de Kühleborn,’ I observed.

‘Yes,’ replied Morton. ‘Poor old chap!’

There remained but one more task that we knew of for our honoured but mysterious and practically unseen guest, and that was accomplished with dexterity, skill, and much more than punctuality—for she had had a full week allowed to her—on Friday night. Morton and I were sitting in his study late at night, deep in argument, when suddenly Bruno, who was lying on the rug, gave a low growl. With the same impulse we both looked at the door, which this time of course was not locked. It slowly opened *inwards*, and the more it opened the more Bruno growled uneasily. When the door had opened about half-way it very slowly and as if unwillingly swung back again. Bruno rose to his feet, and as the door suddenly clapped to with a bang he lolloped towards it, barking with delight. Morton and I ran to the door before him, flung it open outwards, and rushed into the passage just in time to see a green skirt disappearing round the corner.

The next day we met the Green Lady. She was standing at the top of the stairs as we came up them, a tall commanding presence in an old-fashioned green silk dress with a fur tippet round her neck. Mindful of Peregrine's warning, we passed on as if unmindful of her being there, and whether we walked through her or whether she vanished exactly as we approached her, I do not know. Anyhow she was there one moment and not there the next. We turned to compare notes as to her appearance and entirely agreed, but neither of us could speak a word as to her features. After this, for the three weeks that we stayed in the house, Morton, his sister, and I saw her frequently, but we never exchanged any sign of recognition. Whether the servants—the missing places were soon filled now that the house was quiet—whether the servants saw her or not I do not know. The Incomparable One had undertaken to keep them quiet if they did. Morton of course wrote to thank Peregrine. So, save for her fitful appearances, to which we were accustomed, life went on just as it might in any other country house of the same kind as Grey Towers; and of course before the month was up Morton was tired of it and we went up to London with an intention on his part to get rid of the remainder of his term if he could.

The day after our departure he and I met at the club, and he proposed to call on Peregrine, to which I at once assented. We found him, as before, ensconced in his luxurious office, and he welcomed us even more warmly than before.

'I was on the very point of writing to you,' he said.

'Nothing wrong, I hope?' said Morton, answering his tone rather than his words.

'Well—no—not now at least, I hope. You see, the fact is the Green Lady took such a liking to you or to the house, or both, that I began to fear she never would come back. Now that you have deserted the Towers I shall probably see her very soon. She does not like solitude, and of course she couldn't ask any of the old lot back. Her loss would have been very great to me. She is a most invaluable—a—person.'

I saw Morton was getting more and more eager in curiosity, and so struck in with, 'You promised, Peregrine, that you would exp—'

'So I will,' he interrupted. 'It is really quite simple. Those—a—people who worried you were in wonderful luck to find such a refuge as Grey Towers when they were turned out of their own places. Wonderful luck—and a fine time they must have had of it. But they're wanting in judgment and sense. Now, the Green Lady has both to a remarkable degree, is of the very oldest—a—descent, and knows a great deal more than all of them put together. A mixed lot those—a common lot (barring Kühle-born), but nasty to tackle. I knew she would make a clean sweep of them. But I really don't know a single other—a—person who could have dealt with such a crew so neatly and so quickly. When her own place fell to pieces some time ago she was glad enough to come to me: I had only just started the agency then. I have never known her take such a fancy to a place before. To be sure it's the best and oldest house she has been sent to yet, to say nothing of other attractions. But, upon my word, I was getting quite alarmed—quite alarmed. Ah! there she is!' he said with a pleased smile as the peculiar whistle came up the speaking-tube. 'All's well that ends well. Now you won't think me rude, but I shouldn't like her to know that you're here, so I'll say good-bye. You understand it all now.'

'There is no room for misapprehension,' said Morton. And we went away.

WALTER HERRIES POLLOCK.

On Going Back.

IT happened to-day to this writer to revisit a spot that he was once intimately acquainted with, but which he had not seen since his early boyhood twenty years ago.

Twenty years!—two-thirds of the life of a human generation. It is a long time, we scarcely realise how long till once more we stand upon the half-forgotten ground formerly so familiar to our feet and find everything changed except the old houses and trees, and the unchanging countenance of the landscape.

As we draw near we begin to recognise : things come back to us like the visions of a forgotten dream recalled by its fulfilment. That lane—we remember it now—once perhaps we accompanied the clergyman down it when he went on a November afternoon to administer the last sacrament to a dying parishioner. Yes, it was ankle-deep in mud, so deep that it was necessary to walk upon the sodden bank against the hedgerow. And that grey old farmhouse—how it comes back to us—there should be an elm behind it, there it is still, and so on.

The place thus revisited is a very quiet village in the heart of England. The country round is somewhat bleak, but the village itself is hilly and well wooded, and from it one may see many charming views. There is nothing remarkable about the little straggling hamlet. It has a rather small ancient church, of which the architecture is probably Norman, a neatly built school, and a sprinkling of farmhouses. One of these, indeed, is very beautiful in its own fashion. It has a fine mediæval gateway leading through a strip of garden to a grey and ancient house. On either side of this garden is a wonderful yew fence, the most wonderful ever seen ; for the fence is full thirty feet high and thick in proportion. But yew does well on this soil ; there is a good tree in the churchyard, dating presumably from the time of Henry VIII. It is past its best now, however. The upper boughs

look sickly, and it is not so full and green as it used to be twenty years ago.

On reaching the village our first care is to find somewhere to put up the trap, so we go to the inn. It has no stable, but the owner comes out and says that one of his boys will hold the horse. There is something familiar in his face, and this conversation ensues :

‘We have come over to look about the village.’

‘Yes, sir ; there ain’t very much to see here.’

‘No, but I used to know it well once. Do you remember the Reverend Mr. — ?’

‘Yes, of course, sir. Why, I used to sing in the choir in his time, but that’s a long while back.’

Then I remembered him. He is grey now and getting well on in middle life, but he was a young, fresh-looking man then. I used to sing in the choir with him.

‘Well, do you remember that he used to have some young gentlemen to teach—pupils ?’

‘Yes, of course I do.’

‘Ah, I was one of them.’

‘Indeed, sir ; well, you won’t find much change here except that they have pulled down the old vicarage, and for my part I liked it better than the new one, not but what that’s more commodious.’

‘Is William Quatermain still alive ?’

‘William Quatermain. Him as jobbed pigs. Why no, he’s dead this eleven years, and his wife too : he died of a cancer or something of that sort—something on his lip.’

This was a blow, for William Quatermain and his wife had been kind friends to the writer. Many a time have I gone with him to feed his pigs. In his meadow was a big walnut-tree that bore the largest walnuts I ever saw ; he used to give them to me and I made boats out of their shells. He was a fine handsome man of about fifty, with grey hair and aristocratic features, that came to him probably enough with his Norman blood, and he always wore a beautiful smock-frock. His wife, too, was a kindly, genial-hearted dame, and often have I drunk unlimited milk at her expense. Well, they have gone the way of all flesh, and are scarcely remembered in the village where they spent their lives. So soon does forgetfulness overtake us ! But there is, at any rate, one who remembers them and always will remember them.

Then taking the upper road we go on to the vicarage, and here a fresh blow falls.

The old vicarage is gone. In its own way it was both beautiful and unique. Formerly—more than three centuries ago—it had been the plague-house of an Oxford college. That is to say, it had been built as an asylum for the members of the college when the plague raged in Oxford. It was long, and low, and grey, and there was one room in it, the drawing-room, that was perfectly charming. Such rooms are still to be seen in colleges, and it looked upon a lawn with a big elm growing on it. There was a great square pigeon-house in the garden, where we used to go at night to catch the pigeons, which we afterwards ate in pies. Now it has been remorselessly pulled down—not one stone of it or of the pigeon-house has been left upon another. In its place a ghastly and ‘commodious’ nineteenth-century vicarage affronts the sky. But everything has not been destroyed, although the place, as a place, has been utterly ruined. There still remains a part of the old garden wall with the famous Jargonelle pear-tree on it. One wonders if it yet bears such Jargonelles as it formerly did. There, too, is the meadow with the apple-trees in it. Some of them have fallen or been cut down, but some are yet with us. One in particular. Well does the writer remember that tree. A pony was once brought up for him to ride in the field. The pony was skittish and ran wildly away. It ran under the apple-tree, and its rider’s head was brought in violent collision with a very considerable bough. But the head was the harder, the bough ‘carried away,’ and the rider lives to tell the tale. Another thing also remains. Just in the field beyond stands the shell of a most magnificent old elm. How old that tree is none can say; it may date back to the Normans. It is many, I am afraid to say how many, feet in circumference, and quite hollow; nothing indeed remains but a skin of bark, at the crown of which some vigorous boughs grow freely. Inside this skin is ample room to sit, and on it grow curious knobs, which once upon a time it was my delight to knock off and preserve. I tried to knock off one to-day, but could not manage it with an umbrella. Here we used to sit, and here this writer and a little fair-haired girl once taught each other the rudiments of flirtation. It was pleasant to see, from various evident indications, that although a rubbish heap has been accumulated round its ancient trunk, children still sit within its hollow round. Perhaps they too teach

each other those immortal principles therein. That old tree must have seen many flirtations.

From the vicarage to the church is but a little way. Leaving the small house where William Quatermain once lived to the right—by the way, the walnut-tree still stands, but it does not look as big as it used to be—one passes through the lych-gate, a comparatively modern erection, and down the churchyard path, bordered by shrubs of the cypress genus. The church is quite the same. Churches in this country do not change. There is the old tomb with the inscription—

How vain are all encomiums o'er the dead !

it begins, and then follows a very long 'encomium,' whatever that may be. There are, however, a good many new gravestones ; among them, two erected to the memory of William Quatermain and his 'beloved wife.' Someone has planted a bush of sweet-brier on the graves, and I was sentimental enough to pluck a sprig of it. Certain of the old tombs also which used to be well kept are now neglected ; presumably those who looked after them are dead. This is especially the case with one, the grave of a former vicar, of which the inscription is now filled up with mossy growths. Just by the yew is a little gate opening on to a sloping meadow, which is separated from another larger field by a stile formed of a single slab of stone set up on edge. Suddenly I remember that I used to drive an iron hoop down that path. If driven with sufficient force and skill it would run across the little bridge that spans the ditch, and, striking the step at the foot of the stone, would spring three feet or more into the air, clear the stile, and continue its course down the hill on the further side. I doubt if one could make it do so now, but if a hoop had been at hand it would have been satisfactory to try. Just to the right of this stile, in a damp little hollow, grew a pollarded willow-tree, almost smothered in ivy that bore the biggest and blackest berries possible. We used to cut them for the Christmas decorations. The pollard is still there, and so is the ivy, but at this season of the year it has no berries on it. Before entering the church—for it is Whit Sunday, and service is going on—we stop to look at it, and as we do so a vision of the past rises up in my mind. I seem to see it once again on a dreary December afternoon standing out against the angry red of the setting light. Dark misty clouds hang about it, the grass is pale and sodden, and the moisture is shaken by a chill wind from the solemn yew and cypress trees. Beneath the lych-gate stands the clergyman in white and flutter-

ing robes, while down the path, followed by the black-robed mourners, comes the slow procession of the dead. 'I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.' So says the priest. I can almost hear his voice across the wide expanse of years; and the funeral train turns and with heavy steps vanishes once more into the dim silence of the past.

We enter the little church, to the great interest of the rustic congregation, which seems—but perhaps this is fancy—somewhat thinner than it used to be. I cannot recognise any of the faces. One or two of them, however, strike the mind as familiar. That worn, middle-aged woman may have been the pretty girl of the village twenty years ago; and the child there—probably he is the son of another child who used once to sit where he sits. Otherwise everything is the same; it is only the people who have changed. A screen of glass has indeed been put up over the entrance to the belfry, to keep away the draught which one remembers was severe in the winter months, and some swinging lamps have been hung—that is all. On the other hand, the damp has been allowed to soak through the north wall. For the rest it is quite identical. There is the little chancel door through which on one hot summer afternoon the donkey put his head and inopportunely brayed. There are the choir benches on which I used to sit and sing, or rather shout, till at last I was, to my intense and bitter mortification, removed, as being really too weak in the qualities necessary to vocal music. The choir is just what it used to be, neither better nor worse, but it struck me that the harmonium is showing signs of wear, and so do the old red curtains with the fleur-de-lis pattern. For the rest a couple of decades do not make much impression on oak and stone, and the puffy angels along the bed planks of the roof still play their musical instruments with the accustomed vigour.

But as one sits and listens to the well-remembered service everything comes back. How vividly one recalls the hopes and fears, the joys and sorrows, the doubts and the fervid piety of boyhood! How keenly one felt in those days, much more keenly than now! Between then and now stretches a long period of twenty years—twenty years of struggling, active life, of strenuous endeavour, crowned now with failure and now with triumph, of rough adventure, of voyaging by sea and land. Twenty years of experience also of that inner life of a kind which keeps pace with and

even outruns the physical life. Look back upon them and think—none can do so without sorrow. Think of the crowd of faces of men and women that one has learnt to know between this day and those days that were. Some of them are already dead, some are estranged, some are ageing at our side. And then reflect that before all of this you were even as you are. The same thoughts animated your mind, though perhaps in a somewhat cruder form, you were shaken by the same hopes and fears that shake you now. The same dark mystery hung over you; alas! it only grows the darker with the growing years. Think of it through the sound of the familiar prayers, and marvel at the wonder of identity, and realise the utter loneliness of man. All these things that have been ‘felt, inflicted, past, and proved,’ have no more touched that identity or lessened that loneliness, than acids can touch or lessen the substance of pure gold. They may paint a pattern on its surface, but the brush of time can efface what it has drawn. Be a boy again and look forward to the days of manhood, or be a man and look on to the hour of old age, and then from old age back again to childhood, and still you shall be the same, like no other thing created, apart from every other thing created, and as incapable of losing that lonely identity as you are of losing your own shadow before the appointed coming of the night.

Well, we left the church with the little congregation and drove away whence we came. Probably one will not see the place again. ‘Going back’ is not without its pleasures, but on the whole it does not tend to promote cheerfulness of mind.

H. RIDER HAGGARD.

Bemerton.

IN this perverse world it is not often that we find the manifestly round man in the round hole; it is pretty well to find, say, the octagonal, not the square, man therein. It is therefore a somewhat remarkable fact that twice during the seventeenth century the sweet little church and parsonage of Bemerton had for its parson—in such a case we must use George Herbert's own word—the obviously right man in the right place. Bemerton parsonage, with its smooth lawn sloping down to the little winding river formed by a junction of two streams, the Adder and the Wyley, and its calm little country church, or rather chapel, separated from it only by a narrow road, is the ideal home of the poet, the divine, the scholar—the man, in short, who can retire within himself and find food for thought, and, if it may be, give his thoughts to the world in a way which will both interest it and do it good. The near neighbourhood of Salisbury does not at all disturb the peaceful and picturesque calm of Bemerton, for Salisbury is not one of those cathedral cities in which the manufacturing interest sets up a rivalry with the ecclesiastical. Perhaps it would be better for the material interests of the place if it did. But, looking at the matter from a sentimental point of view, one may be devoutly thankful that tall chimneys do not divert the eye from the cathedral spire, that you have not to admire that glorious structure through a distorting medium of murky smoke, and that the rich and solemn music of the cathedral bells is not disturbed by the discordant roar of the steam-engine. As it is, the proximity of Salisbury only adds to the distinctive charms of Bemerton, for almost all that can be seen of Salisbury from the historical garden is its unequalled spire, and almost all that can be heard is the sound of its bells as they peal, mellowed through the distance, across the intervening meadows. The approach, indeed, to Bemerton from Salisbury is not promising. One had thought of the road as a sort of 'via sacra,' for it is the road on which George

Herbert walked twice every week 'to enjoy his heaven upon earth in prayer and cathedral music,' the road on which 'he overtook a gentleman, and in their walk together took a fair occasion to talk with him, and humbly begged to be excused, if he asked him some account of his faith;' and 'having received his answer, gave him such rules for the trial of his sincerity, and for a practical piety, and in so loving and meek a manner, that the gentleman did so fall in love with him and his discourse that he would often contrive to meet him in his walk to Salisbury, or to attend him back to Bemerton;' the road on which he gave his excellent advice to a 'neighbour minister' he met with; the road on which 'he saw a poor man with a poorer horse that was fallen under his load,' and 'put off his canonical coat and helped the poor man to unload, and after to load his horse,' and 'the poor man blessed him for it, and he blessed the poor man.' One would have liked such a road to be a sweet country lane, suggestive of violets and eglantine and wild roses; but, as a matter of fact, there is hardly any country at all between Salisbury and Bemerton; it is simply an ordinary suburban road, dotted with villas where it is not actual street, so that it is quite a pleasing surprise when you suddenly turn to the left into a narrow lane, which speedily leads you to the home of the two good parsons of whom we are now to speak in connection with Bemerton.

The first of the two, George Herbert (1593-1633), is by far the most famous. His own writings and the touching account of his life by Izaak Walton are familiar to every cultured Englishman. It is, therefore, only necessary to observe that the whole of his priestly life was spent at Bemerton; that it was for his own guidance as parish priest of Bemerton that he wrote his immortal 'Priest to the Temple; or, The Country Parson, his Character and Rule of Life;' that in the quaint little study, looking upon the quaint little church just across the road, he wrote 'The Temple; or, Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations,' which have been perhaps more read and more quoted than any devotional verses in the English language; that Bemerton still retains traces of his incumbency, for 'he hastened to get the parish church repaired, then to beautify the chapel (which stands near his house), and that at his own great charge. He then proceeded to rebuild the greatest part of the parsonage, which he did also very completely, and at his own charge.' And there they all stand, little altered since his day.

The church or chapel has been repaired in the present

rector's time with admirable taste. The old features of the building have been religiously preserved. There is still the old Saxon window, and the old lepers' window on the south side, where the poor tainted creatures might behold the altar from the outside; there is still the old Norman door of excommunication on the north side; all the old windows, except the east window, remain untouched; so does the south door, so does the old bell; the new bell-turret is an exact reproduction of the old one; the old churchyard still remains in its odd triangular shape necessitated by the junction of the three roads about the church. In fact, if George Herbert were again to visit Bemerton in the flesh, he would feel himself quite at home in that sacred place where he was wont 'to appear constantly with his wife and three nieces (the daughters of a deceased sister), and his whole family, twice every day at the Church prayers, in the chapel which does almost join to his parsonage-house;' and, what would gladden his heart most of all, he would find that the daily service is still kept up, and that there is, what we may gather from a hint in his 'Priest to the Temple'¹ there would not be in his time, a weekly celebration of the Holy Communion. Turning from the church to the house, he would find but little change: the new piece added harmonises wonderfully well with the old; in the garden he would find the medlar tree which he is said to have planted, preserved in its old age with religious care; and the fig-tree which was also possibly planted by him. And it would rejoice his pious and practical spirit to find that, in order to meet the growing spiritual wants of the place, a large new church had been built in memory of himself, of which the 'foundation stone was laid by Elizabeth, wife of Sidney, first Lord Herbert of Lee, a devoted promoter of the work.' Nor would it less delight him to read the inscription written by a very distinguished member of his own university (the late Lord Lyttelton):—'*Deo sanctissimo maximo. In memoriam cultoris ejus, Georgii Herbert, A.M., e stirpe antiqua comitum Pembroch: Poetæ inclyti, Sacerdotis casti, civis boni, olim Oratoris Univ. Cantab. publici et hujus Parochiæ rectoris, Hæc ecclesia, tanti viri monumentum, ex ære conlato posita, A.D. MDCCCLXI.*' Perhaps if we may imagine the good man venturing upon any criticism of this inscription, it would be that the '*Sacerdotis casti*' should have preceded the '*Poetæ inclyti*,'

¹ Ch. xxii. On Sacraments.—'Touching the frequency of the Communion, the Parson celebrates it, if not duly once a month, yet at least five or six times in the year, as at Easter, Christmas, Whitsuntide, afore and after Harvest, and the beginning of Lent.'

for he aimed at being the good priest first, the poet afterward. As George Herbert was 'inducted into the good and more pleasant than healthful parsonage of Bemerton on April 26, 1630,' and was buried 'the 3rd day of March, 1632,' the unlearned reader might conclude that he was at Bemerton a little less than two years, but as a matter of fact he was there for nearly three. According to the old style 'March 3, 1632,' would be March 3, 1633, according to our reckoning. Of his saintly life at Bemerton nothing need be said. The story is told by Izaak Walton in words which it is unnecessary to repeat, and would be sacrilege to alter. He was buried 'in his own church under the altar, and covered with a gravestone without an inscription.' Some years ago, when the stone was taken up which was supposed to contain his hallowed remains, no remains could be found. But the following entry may still be read in the parish register: 'Mr. George Herbert Esq^r., Parson of Fuggleston and Bemerton, was buried 3rd day of March, 1632.' A few comments on this entry may conclude our remarks on George Herbert. Fuggleston is placed first because Bemerton is properly a chapelry belonging to Fuggleston, or Foulston, or Fulston, where the mother church of St. Peter stands. There is also another hamlet, Quidhampton, in the parish; and hence, by the way, the new church of Bemerton is built half-way between Bemerton and Quidhampton, in order to be as convenient as possible for both places. This arrangement, which was made for practical purposes, is a happy one in another way. If the new church had overshadowed the old one, it would have obtruded too much the necessities of the present upon the associations of the past; but, as it is, the old church stands as it stood two and a half centuries ago, without any incongruous surroundings; that is, so far as ecclesiastical matters go; the new houses in the neighbourhood the sentimentalist would like to see away, but as Bemerton is virtually a suburb of Salisbury, that is, of course, a vain wish. 'Mr. George Herbert, Esq^r.' seems, according to modern notions, a strangely grotesque description of a clergyman, but it may be a question whether the grotesqueness does not lie in our modern notions. 'Mr.' was a very proper title for a clergyman; 'the Rev. Mr.', which is now thought to argue ignorance and vulgarity (though for no adequate reason), was a very common designation in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. 'Esq^r.' in those days represented a distinct social standing; George Herbert, as a scion of the noble stock of the Earls of Pembroke, was unquestionably entitled to be so designated; and the fact that he was a

clerk in holy orders did not at all disqualify him, either by custom or in the nature of things, for the title. It is curious to observe, some years later, an instance of the transition period when the application of the term 'Esq.' to a clergyman was beginning to be unusual. The son of Sir George Wheler (canon of Durham) was a clergyman, and is described as 'the Rev. T. Wheler, Esq.'; but the writer adds apologetically: 'he always insisted upon his right to be called "esquire" as the son of a baronet.' And why should he not? The absurdity lies in the modern usage. It would now be a gross insult not to address as 'Esq.' a man who might really just as well feel himself aggrieved at not being styled 'the eldest son of the Moon,' or 'the Emperor of All the Russias.' 'Parson of Bemerton' is a much more happy designation than 'Rector,' and that not only because George Herbert was emphatically 'the good parson,' not only because the term 'parson' is hallowed by his own use of it in his immortal 'Priest to the Temple, or Country Parson,' but also because he was literally the parson, person, great personage of Bemerton. There is, after all, something to be said in favour of having a high-born clergy; and though George Herbert's aristocratic birth and connections are almost lost sight of in his double character of exemplary parish priest and sacred poet, still we may depend upon it that it did not lessen his influence among his parishioners that he was closely connected with the noble owner of the magnificent domain of Wilton, which forms a striking feature in the landscape about Bemerton.

At the first glance it seems sad that George Herbert's blameless and useful career was cut short before he had reached the prime of life; but after all, perhaps, he was 'felix opportunitate mortis.' A very short time after his death the storm began to gather which was soon to sweep away both altar and throne; but George Herbert was taken away from that evil to come. Moreover, it would have grieved his pious soul, if he had been spared, to see his eldest brother, the first Lord Herbert of Cherbury, identified with those who were assailing the Faith which was dearer to George Herbert than his life.

Passing over an interval of nearly sixty years, we come to another parson of Bemerton, whose name deserves to be bracketed with that of George Herbert. A tablet on the north wall of the chancel of Bemerton old church contains the following inscription:—

BEMERTON.

H. S. E.

Johannes Norris,
 Parochiæ hujus rector,
 Ubi annos XX benè latuit,
 Curæ pastoralis et literis vacans,
 Quo in recessu sibi posuit
 Lati jam per orbem sparsa
 Ingenii ac pietatis monumenta.
 Obiit anno { Domini, 1711.
 { Ætatis, 51.

To begin with a man's epitaph seems like beginning at the wrong end, but the above sums up so neatly what John Norris was and what he did that we could not find a better text for the remarks which will now be made about him.

John Norris (1660-1711) was one of the last of that interesting little band of Christian Platonists which arose at Cambridge in the seventeenth century; in fact, he was the only prominent one who belonged to the sister university. He was the son of a Wiltshire clergyman of the same name, and was educated at Winchester, whence he proceeded to Exeter College, Oxford. In 1680 he was elected Fellow of All Souls', and there he resided for five years, and wrote many of his works. In 1689 he was appointed to the living of St. Loe, Somerset, and in 1691 to that of Fuggleston and Bemerton, where he resided until his death. All his writings, which were of a most varied character—poetical, philosophical, controversial, and devotional—show that delicacy of touch and refinement of thought and expression which belonged to the Platonic school. He must have been a very striking preacher if he delivered his sermons as well as he wrote them, and there is a vein of ardent and practical piety running through all his works, which argues him to have been no unworthy successor of George Herbert as a parish priest. His poems were written before the Bemerton period; but it is interesting to gather from them how Bemerton realised the very ideal life for which he yearned. Let us take two specimens out of many.

THE CHOICE.

Let me in some sweet shade serenely lye,
 Happy in leisure and obscurity;
 Whilst others place their joys
 In popularity and noise,
 Let my soft minutes glide obscurely on,
 Like subterraneous streams, unheard, unknown.

Thus, when my days are all in silence past,
 A good plain countryman I'll die at last.
 Death cannot chuse but be
 To him a mighty mystery
 Who to the world was popularly known,
 And dies a stranger to himself alone.

THE REFUSAL.

Think not to court me from my dear retreat;
 No, I protest, 'tis all in vain!
 My stars did never mean I should be great,
 And I the very thought disdain;
 Or, if they did, their will I'll disobey,
 And in my little orb remain as fixed as they.

This class of his poems, which is numerous, has a biographical interest, especially in connection with Bemerton; but it is fair to add that Norris could rise to much higher flights. To see him at his best we must turn to his strictly religious poems. 'The Passion of Our Blessed Saviour in a Pindarique Ode' is really worthy of its sublime subject. Two lines occur in it which remind one very much of George Herbert:—

For who the wonders done by Love can tell,
 By Love which is itself all miracle.

Equally fine is 'An Hymn upon the Transfiguration,' of which the following stanza gives a fair specimen:—

Let now the Eastern Princes come and bring
 Their Tributary offering;
 There needs no star to guide their flight,
 They'll find Thee now, Great King, by Thine own Light.
 And thou, my soul, adore, love, and admire,
 And follow this bright guide of fire.
 Do thou thy Hymns and Praises bring,
 Whilst Angels, with veil'd faces, anthems sing.

But finest of all, perhaps, is 'The Meditation,' which sustains throughout the fire and energy so conspicuous in the following stanza:—

It must be done (my soul), but 'tis a strange,
 A dismal and mysterious change:
 When thou shalt leave this Tenement of clay,
 And to an unknown somewhere wing away;
 When Time shall be Eternity, and thou
 Shalt be thou know'st not what, and live thou know'st not how!

All these and many other poems were written 'from my Study in All Souls' Colledge.'¹ Why he ceased to write poetry and confined himself to prose we cannot say for a certainty; but it is not unreasonable to suppose that the exigencies of the times seemed to him to require that, instead of sacrificing to the muses, he should devote his pen to strictly practical work. For the change commences just at the time when a new phase of theology, as well as of ecclesiastical and practical life, began to come to the front. In principles, tastes, and habits Norris was all in sympathy with the old, and out of sympathy with the new. He felt it his duty to combat (a bold thing to do) the philosophy of John Locke, who had just published his 'Essay on the Human Understanding.' He was shocked at the views of John Toland, one of the earliest of the Deists, on the mysteries of Religion, and felt bound to write against him. What he called 'the grossness of the Quakers' also troubled him, and he felt bound to write against them also. This word 'grossness' sums up, better than any other single word could do, John Norris's complaint against his age. His refined and delicate mind shrank instinctively from the bandying about of religious shibboleths when politics and religion were inextricably mixed up, and when every coffee-house was resounding with hot discussions about matters which, in his opinion, should not indeed be ignored—quite the reverse—but treated with reverent awe and reserve. Traces of this feeling run through all his later writings and all his later life. It led him to retire still more within himself and to appreciate all the more the peaceful retreat of Bemerton. 'Happy,' he writes, 'the contemplative man. The world envies him not, but rather pitties him as a melancholy forlorn creature, because he partakes not in their joys nor relishes their pleasures, but he has Meat to eat that they know not of, even that Meat upon which angels feed, the solid and substantial Bread of Truth. . . . When we are in the engagements of company we have not the full command or use of our reason, and are in some measure out of the right state of our minds, we breath a thick air, and seek Truth in a mist, and even when we happen to meet her do hardly know her. But when we are alone, then we "come to ourselves," and then, if we seek for Truth with due care and attention, we find it because it is in ourselves. Noise disturbs, company amuses, and business distracts; but in a state of solitude and retreat all impediments

¹ Norris's Poems, with a very interesting sketch of his life, have been published by Dr. A. B. Grosart in vol. iii. of *Miscellanies* in 'Fuller's Worthies' Library.'

are removed from the soul, except that inseparable one of the body, and so she may put forth her faculties to the utmost stretch and imploy them within the whole sphere of their present activity. She may consult the oracle of Truth with freedom, and distinctly hear the answers which she returns, till the improvements of wisdom and goodness steal on like the dawning light.’¹ In his earnest and racy treatise recommending ‘Religious Discourse in Common Conversation’ (also written at Bemerton, 1702), he is careful to add: ‘Not that the articles, points, questions, and controversies of religion are pass’d over in silence. No. There was always noise and clamour enough about these, and never more than now, tho’ there be but little truth gain’d and a great deal of charity lost in the contention. But ’tis not the notional, but the practical, part of religion whose disuse in conversation I complain of.’ After having admirably argued out the whole question, he concludes: ‘Would you talk of it [religion] securely with true freedom and assurance without any secret checks or faint-hearted misgivings? The rule is both short and infallible. *Fac quod dicis*. Do what you say. Practise as much of religion as you talk and then you have a full licence to talk of it as you please.’ He filled a whole thick volume with ‘Practical Discourses on the Beatitudes,’—just the subject on which a retired yet practical man would linger with special fondness. In this work, as he tells us in his preface, he was taking up the task which another man of kindred spirit had meditated performing. ‘Bishop Jeremy Taylor was thinking of publishing sermons on the Beatitudes, but while he was meditating on the Beatitudes he was taken into the enjoyment of them. I feel,’ he adds modestly, ‘the reader will suffer from the change of author, but can only say that I have done my best.’ ‘His best,’ though of course not equal to what we might have expected from the Coryphæus of preachers, Jeremy Taylor, is yet very good. His ‘Magnus Apollo’ was the French Oratorian, Father Malebranche, whose hermit, yet most beneficent, life attracted him perhaps as much as his wonderfully eloquent writings. He expressed an extravagant admiration for that good lady, Mary Astell, whose favourite project for the institution of a sort of ‘Protestant Nunnery’ was nipped in the bud by Bishop Burnet. In short, all that we know of the life, tastes, and writings of John Norris makes us feel that in the calm retreat of Bemerton he was the

¹ *The Theory of the Ideal World*, pt. i. ch. viii. This work was written at Bemerton, 1701–1704.

right man in the right place. His love of study and retirement did not at all interfere with the most diligent performance of his parochial work. As many another student can testify, the sort of intercourse which a pastor holds with his flock is a help rather than a hindrance to study and thought,—quite different from the racket of the busy world outside. But one is sorry to learn that he was not altogether comfortable at Bemerton. In the first place, he was in straitened circumstances. He writes to his Oxford friend, Dr. Charlett, that ‘the clear income of his parsonage was not much above threescore and ten pounds a year, all things discharged.’ The name of Dr. Charlett (Master of University College) will be familiar to readers of Thomas Hearne’s delightful ‘Collections’; and, by the way, John Norris was one of the very few, not Jacobites, who were honoured with Hearne’s approbation. ‘John Norris,’ he says, ‘first of Exon. Coll., afterwards Fellow of All Souls,’ had always the character of an ingenious, sober and industrious man. Having an inclination to a married life, in a little time he quitted his Fellowship for a very small living in y^e Diocese of Sarum.¹ He has writ a great number of books, &c.’

Another cause of Norris’s troubles, as we find from the same letter to Dr. Charlett, was that ‘Bp. Burnet was not friendly.’ It would have been strange if he had been; for it is difficult to conceive two less kindred spirits than Gilbert Burnet and John Norris—the one the very incarnation of the new order of things, the other a survival of the old. One can fancy the consternation which the bishop, with his burly form, loud voice, and bustling habits, would produce in the quiet parsonage of Bemerton and the quiet master thereof. Burnet had not the slightest sympathy with any side of Norris’s character, except indeed his parochial activity, in which both bishop and priest would agree. But in other respects what a contrast between the two men! Norris, who could not write the simplest prose without betraying his poetical mind; Burnet without a spark of poetry in his composition: Norris, rapt in his theory of the ideal world; Burnet with his feet very firmly fixed indeed on this material earth: Norris, who loved to retire within himself, and shrank with an instinctive horror from contact with all politics, whether ecclesiastical or civil; Burnet, who never rested until he had a hand in everything that was going on. Two such

¹ Hearne is not quite accurate here. Norris quitted Oxford for the living of St. Loe, which is in the diocese of Bath and Wells; unless, indeed, he retained his fellowship with St. Loe.

men could not possibly be intimate. In Burnet's view, Norris would be a vain dreamer; in Norris's view, Burnet would be a sad disturber of the peace. Norris's Platonism would be to Burnet unintelligible nonsense, Burnet's Whig theology would be to Norris a grievously mundane thing. Burnet's school was on the rise, Norris's on the wane. The relative proportions of the two would be fairly represented by the relative proportions of the two fabrics connected with the names of the two men. What Salisbury Cathedral was to Bemerton old church, that the party of Burnet was to the party of Norris in the eighteenth century. Norris loved to call himself 'a priest of the Church of England,' and appears to have worked very much on the lines of George Herbert, which certainly would not be the lines of Bishop Burnet. He could hardly have failed to contrast his new diocesan with his old one at St. Loe. He had been a friend of Bishop Ken, and had preached the sermon at the last visitation of that good man, in the Abbey Church, Bath, 1689. Besides their kindred tastes, there was a repose about the author of the *Morning, Evening, and Midnight Hymns* which would harmonise well with the gentle spirit of Norris.

John Norris's writings were so alien to the general tone of the eighteenth century that the wonder is, not that they passed in time into comparative oblivion, but that they retained their popularity as long as they did. That they were very popular is obvious from their rapid sale. His sermons on the Beatitudes, published in 1690, had passed through fifteen editions by 1728; his 'Account of Reason and Faith' went through at least fourteen editions; his little treatise 'Of Religious Discourse in Common Conversation,' published in 1703, had reached its tenth edition in 1735, and others of his works passed through several editions. His 'Magnum Opus,' the 'Theory of the Ideal World' does not appear to have sold so rapidly, and this is not surprising; it was too much opposed to the popular philosophy of the day, which all took its tone from Locke, to be extensively popular.¹ One point about it, however, must be noticed: it harmonised very closely with the sentiments of one whose name is associated with Bemerton in another connection. John Keble has been termed the George Herbert of the nineteenth century, and the points of resemblance between 'The Temple' and 'The Christian Year' are of course

¹ Principal Tulloch calls Norris 'the solitary Platonist of the Revolution Era, who handed on the torch of Idealism to the hands of Berkeley.'—*Rational Theology and Christian Philosophy in England in the Seventeenth Century*, by John Tulloch, D.D., vol. ii. p. 453.

sufficiently obvious. But John Keble in no place comes so close to George Herbert in his verse, as he comes to John Norris in his prose. It is only necessary to place two passages from the two writers side by side to prove this:

NORRIS.

By the Ideal World I understand that World which is *intelligibly* what this is *sensibly*, the eternal model and exemplar of all created essence, distinctly exhibitiv of all that is or can ever be, and so the measure and standard not only of what actually is; but of the whole possibility of Being. This is the *κόσμος νοητός*, the world of original and essential Beauty, where order itself, and very reason and proportion dwell, that never had a chaos, and knows no black intervals of night, but where 'tis ever Light and Day, where Truth shines pure and without a cloud. . . . A world simple in its variety, and various in its simplicity, . . . where those solid realities and substantial entities perpetually flourish and shine, whereof we have here only the faint reflections, and in comparison of which the Material World is but a phantom or a shadow. ('Theory of the Ideal World,' Part I. chap. iii.)

KEBLE.

What if the whole scheme of sensible things be figurative? What if all *αίσθητά* answer to *νοητά* in the same kind of way as those which are expressly set down? What if these are but a slight specimen of one great use which Almighty God would have us make of the eternal world, and of its relation to the world spiritual? The form of speaking ('That was the *True* (*ἀληθινόν*) Light, &c.'), would imply some such general rule, taking for granted that there was somewhere in the nature of things a true counterpart of these ordinary objects, a substance of which they were but unreal shadows; and only informing us, in each case with authority, what that counterpart and substance was. (Tract 89 in 'Tracts for the Times.' On the Mysticism attributed to the Early Fathers.)

If Keble touches Herbert with one hand, surely he also touches Norris with the other. Of course both Norris and Keble had sat at the feet of the same great master, S. Augustine.

Foreign as Norris's works were to the general taste of the eighteenth century, some of the ablest men of that century sealed them with their approbation. Waterland, who had little of the idealist about him, yet expressly declares, 'Norris is a fine writer, both for style and thought.' John Wesley issued a 'Treatise concerning Christian Prudence extracted from John Norris' (1742). Jones, of Nayland, published Norris's 'Account of Reason and Faith' in 'The Scholar Armed' (1795).

Strangely contrasting with his exalted idealism, Platonism, mysticism—call it what we will—and yet in reality not in the least degree inconsistent with it, is his tender address to his own children, entitled, 'Spiritual Counsel, or the Father's Advice to his Children,' which begins: 'My dear children—If ever you live to maturity of age, and I happen to die before you do so, remember and consider the words of a careful and affectionate father, touch'd with a most lively concern both for your present and future welfare,'

and then follows some plain, practical advice, expressed with Norris's usual elegance. As we began with the epitaph, let us conclude with Mr. Wilmott's comment on its '*Bene latuit*':— 'Here he lay, concealed from the pomp and vanity of life; here he sent up daily to the gate of Heaven the music of a gentle and contented heart. That old and tranquil parsonage was to him a happy hiding-place' ('Pictures of Christian Life').

George Herbert and John Norris are not the only two celebrities who have occupied Bemerton Parsonage. William Coxe (1747-1828) was rector during the last forty years of his life, and wrote some of the best known of his historical and biographical works there. But it is no part of our subject to dwell on the lives or writings of this eminent man. Neither does the above pretend to be at all a complete sketch of George Herbert or John Norris; at most it professes to deal with them only so far as they were connected with Bemerton.

J. H. OVERTON.

P.S.—I have to acknowledge my obligation to the present rector of Bemerton, the Rev. Wellesley Pole Pigott (who, by the way, might with the strictest accuracy be styled, as his predecessor, George Herbert, was, 'Esq^r.'), for his great kindness and courtesy to me when I visited Bemerton, for his imparting to me much of the information incorporated in these pages; and for his trouble in correcting the proof-sheets. His sympathy with all the surroundings and hallowed associations of Bemerton shows that in the nineteenth as well as in the seventeenth century there is sometimes 'the round man in the round hole.'

One Traveller Returns.

BY DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY AND HENRY HERMAN.

The undiscover'd country from whose bourn
No traveller returns.

XI.

AFTER this there was a silence which seemed long to Barzelhold. Then she heard words she could not distinguish, and sounds which had no meaning for her. There was a sick whirl and torrent in her blood, with strange pauses and reverses in it, and all objects upon which she looked grew dimly grey, and wore a palpitating outline of bright light. All things became indifferent, but none the less there was a great horror upon her, until with a shock this and everything sped out of existence, and she lay in a swoon.

She awoke chilled and troubled, not knowing at first what had befallen her. Osweng's groaning breathing first recalled her to the place and time, and she turned to look at him, leaning on both hands, with her damp hair veiling her face and bosom. He lay where he had fallen, with no change in so much as the posture of a finger. His face was white, and the red braids of his hair were in part blackened and caked with blood. There was no voice or movement in the antechamber, or even in the great hall without, and the silence threatened her. She could not tell how long she had lain in that darkness of the mind, but it was now broad day.

The first conscious impulse which assailed her was to fly from Feltor's anger to the shelter her father could afford her, but as she arose to put this purpose into action she became aware of her own nudity, and shrank even from the presence of the swooning Osweng with the first touch of modesty she had ever known. Stealing hither and thither with frightened, noiseless feet, she

found her scattered raiment and attired herself, fascinated meanwhile by Osweng's closed and swollen eyelids.

When she had dressed she dared to raise the curtains of her chamber, and peeped fearfully into the hall without. Its loneliness lent her something of courage, and she stole through its silent space noiselessly, like a shadow. The vast hall beyond lay open to the sunlight wide and still. She slipped back to the antechamber and listened at the curtains of Feltor's apartment, hearing no sound. Was she utterly deserted?—left alone with her paramour who should have been? She longed to beat her hands and shriek aloud, but she had not courage to utter a sound, and her breath was secret and confined.

The curtains had swayed aside at the centre behind the figure of the person who had last passed between them, and there was a gap through which a cautious eye might look unseen. She approached it on tiptoe as stealthily as a midnight thief, and, gazing about the chamber, beheld Feltor, who lay asleep with half-bared chest and limbs. At the moment at which her glance discovered him he was silent, and his face was tranquil; but a moment later his features were distorted, his breath came hard, and, raising his massive right arm in the air, he struck downwards with a gesture of intense rage. His clenched fist smote the ground, and he awoke staring and grappling with an imagined enemy. Barxelhold fled in a voiceless extremity of terror, for his eyes had seemed to light on hers, and with swift feet and outstretched hands she ran into the great waste hall to find herself confronted by her father, who, with his white robe swirling to and fro about his feet, strode wrathfully towards her. Her pent fear escaped her in a cry, and she rushed to meet him, casting both arms about his neck in hysteric welcome.

'What is this that comes to mine ears?' he asked, disdaining to soothe her. 'Feltor hath dared to raise a hand against thee?' She had no share in his wrath, but since she was not merely a savage, but more than half a woman, the question recalled Feltor to her mind, as he had clutched Osweng, and swung him high in his prodigious grasp, and the husband shone superb and glorious, terrible, loveable, worshipful—a thing of masterhood and awe—her lord and king—a man!—and in the space of that heart-beat for the first time she loved him.

'Nay,' she cried, with a burst of weeping; 'he raised no hand against me. He is no smiter of women.'

''Twas thy tiring woman brought me word of it,' said Wenegog.

'She sayeth he sought his knife to slay thee, and would have slain thee but for the strange woman.'

With her new image of Feltor in her mind the mention of the strange woman roused Barxelhold to wrath. If Feltor chose to slay her, what right had any woman to such influence over him as would baulk him of his will? Osweng—Osweng was contemptible now. Ever so little piteous perhaps, but assuredly contemptible. Feltor was her king, and fit to be king of all, and knew how to have vengeance like a man, and how, like a man, to refrain from vengeance on that which was not worthy of his scorn. She would not have it that the strange woman had saved her life, and yet with feminine logic, which lives unchanged through the ages, she hated her for having saved it. She poured all this on Wenegog, incoherently, and mingled with tears and interjections.

'Go, pretty fool!' said her father impatiently. 'Hath Feltor threatened thee?'

'Threatened me? Nay, he hath not love enough to threaten me.'

'And thou canst find the face to moan for that?' asked Wenegog. 'Tell me, wast to ride away with Osweng to-day, wast not?'

'He hearkened to her,' moaned Barxelhold. 'He would not have hearkened unto me.'

'Seven holy toads of Aiea!' cried Wenegog, 'I am past patience. Here cometh one idiot magpie, chattering that Feltor would have slain another, and here is that other chattering and shrieking because she is not slain. And Feltor hath given that brat of Vreda's in charge of Roedweg, and hath called back Heurtan to be his dry nurse—a male fool's fit business.'

His anger choked him, and he went striding up and down.

'The child is Feltor's flesh and blood,' stormed Barxelhold; 'he hath a right to care for him.'

Wenegog stared at her in a frozen amazement, and stalked from the hall. She, dreading to be left alone, followed him into the open, and there came upon a surprising spectacle. A great semicircle of men, women, and children, stood about the palace front, looking with one consent, and in a deep and respectful silence, towards a group beneath the wall. This group consisted of Vreda, David, Roedweg, Heurtan, and Wankard. They were all seated except the child, who ran from one to the other with a bright infantine glee, and there was nothing in the act or aspect of any one of them to account for the rapt silence of the crowd.

'What is the meaning of this?' Barxelhold demanded.

'They are agaze to see the Blasphemer under thine own walls,' answered Wenegog, 'and for once they have a reason for their wonder.'

Between the half-ring of onlookers and the group on which all eyes were fixed, stood a band of a score or thereabouts, chieftains of the court and officers of the priesthood. Towards this group moved Wenegog, and to him the attention of the crowd was at once diverted.

'Woerex,' said Wenegog, addressing one of the chiefs; 'bind me yonder hoary rascal, and bear him to the Cave of Sacrifice.'

'The king hath bidden Roedweg to see that no harm befall him,' answered the chieftain.

'This is no matter of the king's,' said Wenegog coldly. 'He blasphemes the gods, and they are weary of forbearing. Have a care lest thou side with him.'

The chief paled, but he made no movement in answer to the slow and imperial gesture with which the arch-druid commanded him towards David. At this open yet tacit rebellion, Wenegog raged inwardly, but by an effort he maintained an appearance of calm. He gazed from one face to another, and saw everywhere a lowering pretence of uninterested indifference, which he knew to be set up as a barrier between himself and them. Not an eye met his, and for the first time he saw his great office confronted by irreverence.

'The king holds his shield between the gods and the thing that angers them?' he asked in a voice of menacing quiet. 'And how long think you that the shield will stay there? Or the king?'

He would hardly have spoken thus if he had not seen clearly at what a desperate pass his own authority had arrived. He knew this better than any man alive, for though he had been fluent in excuses, and had even blinded his own adherents and the crowd, he read in the events of Bel's day the prophetic record of his doom. He had hailed gladly the popular belief that Ashtali had wrought the intervention between Bel and his intended victims, for this at least left his own faiths untouched. If the gods warred within their own lofty circle, and he awhile were indeterminate as to the result of their conflict, it was none the less the gods who struggled, and he was none the less their minister. But now the woman whom the populace in their rude faith had identified with their own best-loved deity, sat side by side with Wenegog's declared and open enemy. The king protected Heurtan—Heurtan, and David, and this strange new arrival whom the people worshipped, had charge of Wankard—the future king would be bred in the

new faith—everywhere, look where he would, the clouds of dreadful night seemed rolling up. No power of man could bid them back, but the gods did all things according to their will. He would speak for them, and for his own ambitions, and the loves and hatreds that became him and were a part of him.

‘Thee, Woerex,’ he said, raising his gaunt hand high in the air, and holding it there waving and hovering like a bird of prey above some meaner, timid creature of the fields—‘thee, Woerex, do I smite with a curse. Thou hast heard the voice of authority and thou hast not obeyed. Therefore thy sword shall break in battle, thy right arm shall shrink, and thou shalt go headless to the Nethergloom.’

The man went ashen, and his comrades fell away from him. Wenegog’s voice reached all ears, and the crowd stood palpitating.

‘Aefor,’ continued Wenegog, falling back into his own stern self-command, and ringing man by man by name and gesture, ‘Daelchru, Isombar, Baeg, Zoelmendak, Tolhani, seize yonder man and bind him.’

‘Elangor, lad,’ sang out old Roedweg, ‘come hither to thy dad’s side. And thou, old Sermat, out iron, and see who lays a hand on him the king hath given me to guard.’

The two on whom he called—the one ruddy-bearded and blue-eyed, the other grizzled and somewhat bent, but stalwart still—ran towards him and set themselves on either side of him. Seeing them standing there, the chieftains who had stepped forward to obey Wenegog’s orders paused. It was not that they feared the little force before them, though few would have thought it a pleasant pastime to provoke Roedweg to fight, but the old war-dog’s appeal to the authority of the king set a restraining hand upon them.

‘Let no blood be shed for me,’ said David, rising and passing between his guard and the reluctant advance of his assailants. ‘Art welcome,’ he cried to Wenegog—‘art welcome to this poor body, thou man of evil deeds. Ninety years and odd have I worn this burthen of the flesh, and I will lay it down right gladly.’

Roedweg set a mighty hand upon his shoulder and drew him away. The dawn of battle laughed already in his eyes.

‘Stand back, old Valour,’ he said, with a half-admiring scorn. ‘There is no word of thee in this. The king hath bidden me guard thee, and I follow the king while my joints hold together.’

Barxelhold had scarce eyes for anything but Vreda, who had arisen, and now stood in perfect calm, with one hand caressing

Wankard's clustering curls. Barxelhold's soul offered but a poor native soil for the growth of any faith, but she had been bred to unquestioning belief, and though they touched her but lightly and rarely, the spirits of air and earth and flood and fire were thick about her to her apprehension. Of what element the woman before her was born she could not guess, but all things marked her—her calm and her power alike—as a being of another sphere.

Wenegog's voice roused Barxelhold from her preoccupation. The men he had chosen came slowly on, as if instead of counting six to three they had been outnumbered fiftyfold, checked by the invocation of the king's name.

'Do my bidding,' cried Wenegog, releasing the rage which seethed within him. 'Him that lags shall the gods deal with.'

The six advanced sword in hand; and the three, sword in hand, awaited them. The assailants by instinct widened out and approached two and two against their opposers. Barely six paces apart they paused, quick foot, keen eye, staunch hand, all ready, and every man strung from head to foot. And whilst each man watched warily for his chance, and each brace parted slowly in preparation for a simultaneous rush, Vreda walked between, and the swords drooped.

'Laggards and cowards!' shrieked Wenegog. 'Shall I do the work I set ye to?'

He stormed through the open line and stood before Vreda like a figure of stone. Her mild eyes dwelt on his with the overmastering force of knowledge and pity he had felt before. There was neither fear nor anger in her look—nothing but that awful inscrutable calm of knowledge and of pity. There seemed nothing secret from it. It pierced him to the soul.

Frozen as he was, he knew that to recoil again before her was to lose all power. He saw the Blasphemer's triumph, and the headlong fall of the gods, and his own old age dishonoured, and his blood went venomous.

'Cut her down,' he groaned, in a voice scarce audible to those about him. 'Slay her.'

Not a man moved. But Barxelhold, drawn by some irresistible fascination, fluttered to Wenegog's side and clung to him. Thoughts tumultuous and incongruous thronged and surged upon her, and she saw her enemy and her saviour, a rival and a goddess, in the selfsame flash of time.

'My curses on every one of ye!' cried Wenegog. 'Bel's fire

on every faithless heart in the coward crowd. Slay her! Cut her down!’

‘Wouldst slay me, Wenegog?’ asked Vreda in that untroubled voice which fell like a healing dew upon the hearts of all that heard it save the two who stood before her. ‘Remember!’

She looked from one to the other, and as if her glance had power to draw their eyes together they turned, each caught and entangled in the other’s gaze. And by some dreadful instinct each saw the face of the dying Vreda as she lay upon her couch, and their eyes took and gave a light of horror as they read each the other’s memory.

To the rest who heard the word it brought some remembrance, sweet or sad, if it were no more than the face of the mother who laughed with them in infancy, or the sound and odour of the clods that fell upon a comrade slain in battle.

Wenegog had no power to struggle further, and resigned himself to an impotent rage. Then for one wild instant the thought touched him, what if the popular dream were true, and this woman were really Ashtali? He had threatened her with death, and his faith in his own creed was profound enough to make this an unspeakable fear to him. The thought passed almost as quickly as it came, but his fear remained behind.

The six and the three stood confronting each other with drawn swords, and Vreda faced Barxelhold, and Wenegog between, when Feltor emerged from the great hall and, looking haggardly about him, saw the signs of fray beginning or ended. He moved swiftly forward.

‘What is this? Swords drawn? At whose order?’

‘At his and mine,’ said Roedweg, pointing his blade at Wenegog. ‘Twas thy command to safeguard this old tonguester, and ’twas his to have him bound.’

‘Wenegog,’ said Feltor, turning upon him sternly, ‘we will speak of this hereafter. Go thy way.’ He looked about him with a surly majesty, and at a sign the swords went back to the girdles of their wearers. ‘Listen all!’ he cried, raising his right hand. ‘Whoso layeth a finger upon this man to his hurt shall die.’

The chieftains saluted and withdrew, leaving the king and queen, the arch-druid and Vreda, standing there alone. Wenegog masked his fear and wrath by a supreme effort.

‘Wilt lose thy seat in Eanhola for this heretic outcast, Feltor? Be it so. Let the gods judge betwixt thee and me.’

Then Vreda spoke, turning her calm face upon the king.

'Thou hast done well, Feltor, and hast done more than as yet thou knowest.' She turned towards Wenegog. 'For thee, I know not what may await, for the mercy of God is infinite; but for thee, poor queen, the light shineth even now.'

Then with an infinite gentleness she took Barxelhold by the hand, and she, yielding to the touch, advanced a step towards Feltor.

'Forgive her,' said the tender voice. 'Thou hast need of much forgiveness.'

What influence, that pierced and soothed at once, ran through her own wanton heart Barxelhold could not tell, but she looked at Feltor with appealing eyes, and tears dripped down her face.

'Feltor, forgive me.'

The king stood with averted eyes, and there was a visible throbbing in his throat. The re-clothed soul, calm, full of pity and forgiveness, spoke again.

'Forgive her.'

Feltor's bared breast heaved tumultuously, and he turned towards Barxelhold. His own ruth was free of passion. He was not bred to pity or forgiveness, and his manhood fought against the softer influences which persuaded him, but at the sight of those repentant tears and at the thrill of that angelic voice he melted. His hand stretched out uncertainly, and lingered, half withdrawn. Barxelhold bowed her head in fear and shame, and then the hand fell softly upon her yellow hair, and she knew herself pardoned.

The forgiving hand was withdrawn so swiftly that she knew not what to understand. Feltor, turning away, had rushed to Wankard, and now, seizing him and lifting him high in his strong hands, bore him towards Barxelhold and set him at her feet. The queen stooped and kissed him in a rain of tears.

'He is thine, Feltor,' she said, 'and he shall be to me as if he were mine own.'

Feltor took the lad again, and lifting him to his shoulder cried aloud, with a wild break in his voice:—

'Coerleans! Behold him that shall be king after me!

At this the people pressed forward with glad cries again and again repeated, and Barxelhold stealing furtively to Vreda's side knelt and kissed her hand.

'Teach me,' she half sobbed, half whispered, 'teach me the secret of thy peace.'

Wenegog turned away, deaf and blind, and the crowd fell back to make a passage for him. He strode straight homewards, and had reached the sacred grove before he was aware of a rapid halting step and a heavy breathing behind him. When the sounds touched him consciously he stopped and turned. His pursuer paused—one of the hermit priests of Bel, a ghastly half-nude creature, cicatrised everywhere with old wounds, filthy, with matted hair and beard, and eyes half insane.

‘Wouldst have thy will, master?’

‘Who will not have his will when he may?’ said Wenegog.

The weird thing drew a knife from its sheath, and holding it cautiously in his shaking hands, set a thumb quivering near its point, and waited with bared teeth, staring at the high priest through his red-rimmed eyes.

‘A touch is enough,’ he said—‘a scratch. Break but the skin—’tis all over.’

‘Thou knowest the man?’ asked Wenegog, smiling grimly.

‘Ay!’ said the other; ‘David the Blasphemer. Speak the word.’

‘The word is spoken,’ Wenegog answered.

On the evening of that day Vreda and David sat together on the hillside near the Saint’s cave. Peace was in the air, and deep peace was at her heart, when out of the silence and warmth of the tranquil solitude the shadow of an undefined fear grew slowly. Her aged companion spoke, and his voice found words and meaning for her dread.

‘Daughter, ere long thou wilt be lonely. The day of my release is near.’

Then, as it were, the bonds of the flesh fell from her, and her spirit beheld the things that were to come. And she answered only, with a renewal of her peace,

‘Father, I know it.’

XII.

A GROUP of Osweng’s Lennian followers stood disconsolately about the house of Hanun. Their master had ordered them to meet him at early morning, and here already was broad forenoon, and as yet no sign of him. Hanun, who should have assisted in the enterprise upon which they were employed, whatever it might prove to be, had been found near death, and a druid of his own

craft having been hastily summoned, had dressed his wound and still sat with him.

Whilst the Lennians wondered at their master's absence the druid emerged from the hut and besought their help for the removal of Hanun to the open air.

'He is dying then?' said one of them.

'I know not as yet,' the druid answered; 'but his time is not long.'

The Lennians assisted in the preparation of a couch of branches and skins beneath the spreading boughs of a solitary oak which stood near at hand, and this being done, followed the druid into the hut. They passed a length of unbleached felt under the body of the wounded man, and bore him to the shadow of the tree and laid him down. He was conscious, and as they moved with him he groaned feebly. When they had set him on the couch he lay staring with wide and sunken eyes at the depth of shadow overhead. There had been a great effusion of blood—his robe was heavily clotted with it, and his face and hands were of a dull and chalky white.

When he had lain awhile he began to signal with those sunken eyes of his, and his pale lips moved ever so little. The attendant druid kneeled beside him and set his ear to Hanun's lips.

'Thinkest,' the wounded man panted, a word at each laboured breathing, 'thinkest—there is—aught—beyond—this—life?'

The druid started and looked at him with a stricken countenance. Then he waved the Lennians away, and moistened Hanun's pallid lips with water before he answered.

'Hast doubt of it?' he asked, wonderingly.

The suffering eyes signalled—'Yes.'

'Strange,' said the other, 'and at this hour most strange.' The eyes asked why. 'Is not Ashtali returned to earth again? Ay, and without that, hast felt, wrestling with Bel or with Odan for curse or blessing, the god strike through thy bosom?' The weak head rolled slightly from side to side with a despairing 'Never!'—plain as a spoken word. 'With these eyes have I seen the Nethergloom and these ears have heard the roarings of the prisoners. Yea, and I have seen Eanhola and kings at feast there, and have heard their goodly singing.'

The pale lips moved again, and Hanun breathed a single word:—

'Dreams.'

So Hanun lay and stared at Death as one looks at a wall,

seeing nothing beyond it. The live beast wounded lay in some such pain as his; died as he was dying, rotted, dissolved, flew abroad in vile odours, made the grass grow rank, and vanished in that wise, drawn into earth and air. Man went the same progress to a foul decay, and the earth drew a like nourishment and sweetness from him. He had known these things from childhood. Why should he strive to make certainty uncertain, and change the whole current of things because he lay dying? He philosophised in his own fashion. The blood was the life, and in them in whom it ran lustily dwelt courage. It was the ebbing of the vital tide which laid this chill and fear upon his heart.

Whilst he lay thinking thus, and seeming moment by moment to grow feebler, those who were near him beheld a serf, great of limb, who with bent head and shoulders strode nearer with a heavy burthen on his back. The fellow came nearer, iron-collared, kilted to the knee in ox-skin, and otherwise naked from head to foot. The burthen he bore became visible as the figure of a man, and in a while the Lennians recognised their chieftain Osweng. The serf striding with huge ungainly steps bore his load to the door of Hanun's hut, and would there have shot it to earth like a faggot of wood, but that two of Osweng's men ran forward in time and caught their master as his feet touched the turf.

'How comes this?' demanded Osweng's chief man.

'Ask the king,' the serf answered sulkily. 'Twas he commanded me hither.'

The brute stared about him brute-like, not cruel, nor pitying, nor curious, wiped the sweat from his brow with his great hairy arm, and slouched away again, his shoulders still bent as if beneath their burthen.

The Lennians stripped off their cloaks to make a couch for Osweng. One ran for water, whilst another severed the thongs which still bound the chieftain's wrists. A third untied the knots of silken stuff which fastened the plaits of his hair, and all his men busied themselves with helpful offices about him. They bared his bruised limbs and body, and wondered how he had come by his injuries. He writhed and groaned at every touch, but was at once too anguished and confused to answer any of the inquiries put to him.

One of Osweng's train turned upon the druid.

'Will he live, Meneg?'

'Like enough,' Meneg answered. 'He hath youth, but he hath been sore misused.'

Hanun meanwhile, to judge by the colour of his lips and the laboured weight of his breath, seemed passing fast away. There were moments when he seemed to swoon from consciousness, and Meneg stooping over him twice or thrice laid a hand upon his heart, and each time shook his head with more convincing emphasis of despondency. At the last, watched attentively by the others, he drew a knife from his girdle, and walking deliberately to an oak sapling near at hand, he cut from its slender trunk—which was no thicker than two of a man's fingers—immediately below the first forking of a branch, a piece of not more than three inches in length. He peeled off the bark with much delicacy, and then returning to Hanun, laid the piece of oak upon the blood-stained bandage of his wound.

The sceptic opened his eyes and looked at him with a wry and sickly smile.

'Useless,' he breathed faintly. 'Another fable!'

Meneg lifted his hands in pious grief, and walked towards the river, which was distant but a hundred paces. There he divested himself of his robe, and holding the piece of oak in both hands, waded into the stream. Except for the motions caused by the passage of his body the surface of the river seemed to sleep. It lay in glassy reaches, marked here and there by a curving line which had scarce a semblance of movement in it. It was the very full of the tide, and the stream was at a level pause.

Meneg chose its precise centre as nearly as he could judge, and with murmured prayers and incantations laid the morsel of wood gently on the surface of the water. It swayed awhile to and fro before his breast, with a movement as slight and regular as if his breath had acted on it, and then slowly and steadily sailed down stream. He watched it with a look more and more desponding and downcast, when it stopped, hovered, and in obedience to a new impulse, sailed back again in a wide sweeping line, and was borne after many trembling vicissitudes to the shore, at a point higher than that at which it had been committed to the wave. The druid with smiles and thanksgivings waded to the bank, reassumed his robe, and hastened back towards Hanun, carrying the bit of oak in his hand.

'Wilt live, Hanun!' he cried gladly. 'The augury is good!'

Hanun returned no sign of answer, and Meneg looking upon him became doubtful of the authority of the augury. He was even whiter than before, and a broad dark band beneath either eye gave ghastly force to his pallor.

The day passed on with intervals of hope and despair. Passers by brought news of the events of the morning, garbled and distorted, but showing clearly in the main that the two injured men were victims of the king's vengeance. Night stole on slowly and wearily, and slowly and wearily passed by, till in the grey of dawn, when Meneg and the chief man of Osweng's guard sat dozingly at watch together, the druid heard the rustle of a moving garment, and, awaking with a start, looked up and saw that strange woman whom the people called Ashtali, and behind her, grave and grey, the foreign heretic and blasphemer. Vreda had stretched out a hand towards Meneg's shoulder, but he arose and escaped from her.

'Word hath been brought us of these wounded,' she said. 'This aged man hath great skill in simples.'

David without a word raised a wallet from his shoulders, and opening it drew out a little phial of clouded glass. Hanun lay gasping with baked lips wide open, and the Saint kneeling beside him poured a few drops of the contents of the phial upon his tongue. The wounded man's eyes opened and he looked up with a glance of no recognition. Next David turned to Osweng, and, having examined him, produced from his wallet another phial with a wide mouth covered with a thong-bound skin. He gave this to Vreda, who, kneeling on the grass, withdrew the skin covering and applied an unguent to Osweng's bruises. At first the ointment stung him, and he awoke with imprecations, but in a while its soothing influences became apparent, and his oaths softened into murmurs of recovered ease. David insinuated a hand gently beneath his head, and poured between his lips a few drops of the cordial he had already administered to Hanun. Osweng's eye brightened, and a tinge of colour fluttered to his cheek.

'A brave liquor,' he said feebly. 'Give me more of it.'

'In good time,' David answered, 'but not yet.'

The Saint watched Hanun carefully, and from time to time administered his cordial.

'Thou hast taken them in hand,' said Meneg jealously, 'and thou shalt abide the issue.'

'The issue,' said Vreda, 'is in the hands of Him who guideth all things, and not with thee or with us.'

The druid wondered within himself that these words did not anger him. After his one protest he sat somewhat sulkily aside, and allowed Vreda and her companion to do as they would. He watched the Saint wonderingly whilst he prepared the expressed

juices of beaten meats, mixed with hot water, and flavoured with coarse salt and herbs, and saw him administer the strengthening broth thus made to each of his patients. It touched him dimly now and then to think that David and Hanun were at bitter enmity, and as hour after hour went by and no cessation came in the tender care which Vreda and the Saint bestowed, he was more and more amazed. But six months ago Hanun had put to death ten of David's most trusted adherents under horrible tortures, and three months later had slain twenty and odd others. Whenever Wenegog's will had called for a refined and ingenious cruelty against the professors of the new faith, Hanun had been his inventor, and Hanun's pitiless heart had put his own inventions into use. And now here was the man, in defiance of all nature, nursing his relentless persecutor, and willingly restoring to him the power to be his enemy still.

This astounding spectacle lived before Meneg's eyes through many days and nights, and not before his alone. When at last David's oriental simples and Vreda's patient nursing had drawn Hanun fairly back to life, he himself was smitten with a profound astonishment. He said no word of this, but his heart writhed like a poisonous snake within him. Men of his own caste brought him word of Feltor's declaration, and though he cared no more for his own faith than for David's, he cared much for the credit of his craft, and the temporal and spiritual powers that credit brought him; and he laughed within himself to think that the man of all others who should most wish to see him die, should spend such pains to restore him to life and power. He was thinking thus upon an afternoon, propped comfortably upon a sloping couch of skins in the oak tree's shade, when he heard the joyous cry of an infant voice, and in a swift sidelong glance recognised Wankard, who was speeding with outstretched hands towards Vreda. Behind the child came Heurtan, stripped of the old devices of his office, but smiling and well-fed and well-content. The child's laugh jarred on Hanun, but he was weak and a little wearied with the heat of the day, and so with such philosophy as he could command, he curled up his snakelike hate within, and bestowed himself for sleep.

He was parched, and feverish fits assailed him often still. The cool sound of water rippling from one vessel to another reminded him of an afternoon draught which it was Vreda's wont to bring him at that hour. He disdained to ask for it, and would, despite his thirst, have preferred to go without it. A soft voice spoke

behind him, and though it whispered, his fox-ears caught every syllable.

'See first if he sleepeth,' said the soft voice. 'If he doth, wake him not.'

'It is Hanun,' the child answered fearfully.

'Be not afraid,' said Vreda; 'he will not harm thee. Nay, nay, dear little one, there is no room for fear. And I would have thee the kinder to him because he hath harmed thee, for in a while seeing that thou mightest harm him and wilt not, he will grow tender to thee, and take shame of his own cruelty. And if all did thus, cruelty would cease out of the earth, and all men would love each other.'

The child advanced timidly, and Hanun heard even his light footsteps on the turf. Vreda bent above Wankard with her hands upon his shoulders, urging him forward, and Hanun blinking sideways, with eyelids almost closed, saw the pair—the boy carrying a cup in his left hand, and Vreda looking down upon him with tranquil pleased affection.

'Hanun,' Wankard whispered, and Hanun feigning to awake from a doze looked round upon him. The child, with a half-frightened uncertainty in his dark eyes, came nearer and set the draught to the old man's lips.

'Take it away,' said Hanun; 'I will none of it.'

'Hast need of it,' said Vreda. There was a dry quick beat in Hanun's cheek and throat, as if inward fingers were tapping there.

'I will none of it,' he answered, in a feeble rage, and they withdrew. So the old scoffer and cynic lay triumphing for a time, and the words Vreda had spoken repeated themselves in his mind. He would grow tender and take shame of his own cruelty? He doubted this mightily, and took pride in his own stoutness, and the dry, quick beat in his cheek and throat continued, and were accompanied by a strange uncertainty of the breath, and a sense of burning tightness of the heart. There was no guess in his mind as to what these things might mean, but they pained greatly, and the dry old eyes began to tingle and prick as though thorn points touched them, and he saw the open lands before him, and the knolls of woodland, and the river, and the cloud-flecked afternoon sky distorted through a thin veil of moisture, and he was less stoutly set within, and would fain, if it had not been for the shame of the thing, have asked for the draught which had been proffered to him.

By David's orders a wattled screen had been made to shelter the sick men from the heat when it should be too fierce for them; and since at this hour the sun fell so low that the overhanging boughs were no longer a shade for Hanun, Vreda set the screen before him. The old man closed his eyes, and his lashes glistened as she looked at him.

'Bring the draught hither, Wankard,' she said, and the child obeyed her. The patient took it at his hand with a surly countenance, and anew disposed himself for sleep. But when the two had withdrawn again, he lay for a long time staring at the wattle with the sunshine dazzling in little knots here and there where the work was most open.

He would grow tender and take shame for his own cruelty? He knew not. He was weary, and not over strong as yet; and truly, when he thought of it, a child had but small hope against a man who chose to maim him, and these folk were strangely kind. And so he fell asleep, not knowing the beginning of the change that had fallen upon him, nor as yet disposed to marvel at it.

XIII.

THE town of Deva lay basking in the noonday summer sun. Scarcely a creature was abroad, and even in the Valerian Way there was nobody immediately visible but a water-seller who led his horse lazily over the baked stone slabs of the road, and bawled his trade-cry at measured intervals. The armourer, the manufacturer of gods, the papyrus roller, the fighter of beasts and men, the goldsmith, the keeper of dancing girls, the slavedealer, and the other tradesmen and purveyors who, until within an hour of noon, had noisily announced their wares and invited the attention of the passers-by, had retired each to his stall, and lay snoring peacefully on its tessellated pavement. The white-painted houses, the drawn gilded lattices, the bright-coloured striped awnings, all dazzled together on the eye. The narrow deep sunk roadway lay in a panting airless heat, and the pictures of combat, revel, and trade which decorated the lower walls palpitated and shimmered. At measured intervals broad white steps rose from the street leading to the houses above the shops, and here and there upon them lay some haggard Briton of the Lennians, baking his dirt and his ragged skin raiment in the sun. Half a score others, Toernobant merchants and their followers, who

had travelled from London with their wares, had sought shelter from the heat under the portico of the Temple of Jupiter Tanarus at the corner of the forum. The wide doors flung open displayed the quiet shadow of the interior, with one white marble figure showing cool as snow in the transparent gloom. Across the forum tramped a dozen soldiers of the Victorious Legion, driving before them a herd of British serfs who bore upon their shoulders skins of wine just disembarked from a vessel on the Dee, and brought from Rome for the Prefect's private drinking.

When these had passed the noonday silence fell deeper. The water-vendor's harsh voice and the sound of his horse's hoofs died away in the distance, and the town was as still as a desert. Then came a distant fierce rumble, which growing nearer and nearer, took a thunderous noise and importance, and dashing round the corner of the temple into the narrow Valerian Way came a chariot drawn by three horses, and preceded by running footmen, Scythians, who could keep pace with a horse at a gallop. These came rushing down the street flourishing and cracking their whips with as great a show of ardour to clear the way as if they had been confronted by a multitude. The driver dragged the horses to their haunches, and the trimmed boulders rang beneath their hoofs as they struggled for a foothold. The runners scourged a beggar from the steps before which the chariot had drawn up, and from the vehicle itself emerged a dainty and polished gentleman, wrapped in softest white wool from head to foot, exquisitely clean shaven, most elegantly curled, and delicately buskined, and carrying a fan of scarlet flamingo feathers. This was the great Julius Varonius himself, Prefect of the Legion of the Victorious, and commander-in-chief of the Roman forces in all West Britain. A gilded lattice opened, a face appeared and withdrew, a faint noise of hurrying feet was heard within the house, the doors were thrown obsequiously open, and Varonius entered between rows of bowing servants. An intendant, with many genuflexions, preceded him to a courtyard, where, stretched helplessly upon a couch beneath an awning, lay Osweng, who strove to raise himself to do homage to the new comer.

'Pardon, Illustrious,' said Osweng, in halting Latin. 'I would have waited upon thee.'

'Lie quiet,' said the Prefect, sinking to a seat and disposing himself at his ease. 'How camest thou by these hurts? Was the purpose of thy mission discovered or suspected?'

'Not so, most Respectable,' returned Osweng. 'Twas at a

hunt of the wild bull, *Illustrious*, where I was thrown, but happily not gored.'

A servant entered with a square silver vessel half filled with perfumed water, and kneeling before *Varonius* stripped off his jewelled buskins and placed his feet in the vessel.

'At a hunt of the wild bull?' said the Prefect with eyebrows languidly raised.

'At a hunt of the wild bull, *Illustrious*,' returned *Osweng*.

'This is little gallant, even for a barbarian,' said *Varonius*. 'Thy servants, whom I have questioned, told me that the dame was fair to look on. Ah! a misapprehension! The wild bull was *Feltor*—is that the name? Lie no more to me, *Osweng*.' The *Lennian* returned no answer, but lay silent in his confusion. 'And so,' pursued the Roman, daintily fanning himself, 'thy concupiscence hath drawn matters into this unpleasant knot. Had I known there was a handsome woman there, I had taken heed of that red poll of thine, and chosen a messenger of another colour. Tell me now what thou hast seen, and lie no more. Give me the number of their fighting men.'

'Nigh upon ten thousand, *Illustrious*,' answered *Osweng*.

'Work for half a legion,' said *Varonius*. 'And how armed?'

'Mainly with spears, swords, and axes. Slingers they have and archers, most *Respectable*, but of little account either for skill or numbers.'

Varonius began to question closely of roads, of the disposition of forces, of the number of inhabitants of this and that village and township, and *Osweng*, thrown upon invention, stammered and halted through his answers, and so involved himself in contradictions, that the Prefect who, in spite of his affected graces, was a born general as well as a warrior of proved hardiness and courage, grew wroth at him and cut him short.

'Thou hast wasted time and chance,' he said, not deigning to show anger in his voice or manner, but delicately fanning himself, sniffing at a box of perfumed ointment meanwhile, and now and again rubbing a little of the unguent into his palms. 'I had looked to thee to be of use, but naught pays for naught, and naught will pay thee for thy services.'

'One thing there is, most *Respectable*,' said *Osweng* submissively. 'The land is so divided by the new faith that the people will scarce grow together even to cast out a common enemy.'

'The new faith? Folly! There are a score or two perchance who have turned.'

'Nay, great sir, 'twas so while David the Nazarene was alone. But there is with him now a woman most wondrous for beauty and for power. They were burning three score and fifteen to Bel upon Bel's day when she came between, and with her mere word stayed it. And me she cured miraculously of my hurts, and one Hanun that was stabbed by the king she snatched from death by a potion whereof no man had heard. And the people are now with her, and the king giveth her protection, and Wenegog the druid is against her, and the whole people is divided. And Roedweg, a chief of the Coerleans, greatly beloved and followed by the people, hath sworn on the woman's side.'

'Roedweg?' said Varonius. 'A great giant of a man, fawn-coloured and grey in the beard?'

'The same, great patron,' answered Osweng.

'He was a hostage here in Deva for awhile. I remember him. They grow good thew and bone by Surflod, if he be a sample. And the woman? What like is she?'

'I know not, most Potent,' said Osweng, 'how I should speak of her if I spoke in mine own tongue. And in a tongue whereto I am strange it is harder. She is like milk of her complexion, and for her eyes, they are grey and look strangely within a man. And for her stature there is nothing strange; but for her movement most goodly and fine, and her voice very gracious and delicate; and because of her voice and eyes, as I do think, hath her will even of her enemies.'

'Shalt be curled and barbered,' said Varonius, 'and set as a girl ministrant to Venus. The rogue but speaketh of a woman and straightway forgetteth the bruises his hunt of the wild bull hath cost him. I will send for this miracle, and have speech of her.'

'I know not, Illustrious, if it will be safe to send less than a legion,' said Osweng. 'The Coerleans are fierce.'

'The woman and the Nazarene are here in Deva,' returned Varonius condescendingly.

'In Deva,' cried Osweng in astonishment.

'Calm thine ardours, good Lennian,' said Varonius. 'Even if she had taken that red head of thine for a beacon, she will not reach her guiding fire if she be half what thou hast painted her.'

'Permit, most Respectable, that I ask what she doth in Deva?'

'One Eumenius, a scribe, lieth here dying,' answered Varonius carelessly. 'He is of the new faith, and a pervert of David's.'

Whereby thou mayst see,' he added with a touch of vanity, 'that little passeth without my knowledge, whether a faithless fool be tossed by a bull at Surfled, or a pretty fanatic visiteth an old dotard in Deva.'

As the noonday heat passed by, Deva awoke little by little, and in the evening the whole place was roaring and bustling with life. From the gardens of the Prefectorium, by the Augustinian Gate, along the Augustinian Way, across the forum to the Valerian Way, past the baths to the Devanian Gate, through that to the Dee, and back again, flowed two diverse and opposing tides of people, whilst the intersecting Antonine Road was as thronged as the others. Idleness and pleasure reigned everywhere, and two out of every three who thronged the streets were Roman soldiers. The rough-shirted unarmoured recruit was here, and the bearded veteran in full splendour of uniform, who would not doff his cuirass and helmet even on a summer evening and when off duty.

On the granite steps leading to the baths two Lennian bards were singing to the heedless crowd of the glories of Caerltheon in the days of Arvireg, and in an opposite space, to the huge amusement of a mob of spectators, a Briton and a Dacian belaboured each other with spiked staves. In front of the Theatre of the Comedians of Flavius a gambler had set up his table, and, challenging all comers to try their fortune with the little golden balls, did a roaring trade. Above all other noises could be heard the tingling sound of the triangles, played by the dancing girls—now performing in the outer stalls, and inviting passing soldiers to the cosier inner courts.

In the midst of the singing, laughing, quarrelling crowd Varonius walked unknown, accompanied by his trusted henchman, Marcus Helba. They were closely shrouded in hoods and mantles of a dark woollen stuff, and, strolling slowly about the streets, observed everything without let or hindrance. Daylight was fading fast but was not yet extinct, and the lamps about the shops and stalls twinkled with an uncertain brightness. The two observers reached the gate which led to the Dee, and avoiding the conflicting pressure of the crowd, which the purposed disguise of their own identity made troublesome and occasionally more than a little tyrannous, they slipped into the narrow by-street which lay within the fortified wall of the town. Here the quiet and the dusk fell with a refreshing coolness, and only the

sound of their own footsteps and the tramp and interchange of challenge of the sentinels upon the wall broke the dull murmur into which the varying voices of the crowd had fallen.

The two walking in silence followed the shadowy by-street until they reached the watch-tower, and were challenged by the guard. Varonius for sole answer raised his hood, and passed on. The guard fell back with deep salutations.

Just beyond the watch-tower the street widened, and by the side of a small shrine erected by the votaries of Mercury, the two came to a halt.

'It is here, great Prefect,' said Helba, pointing to the opposite house.

In this more open space the light fell clearer. There was a faint sound of movement from the courtyard of the house Helba had signalled, and as the two stood in silence the doors were thrown open, and a procession emerged upon the street—men and women marching slowly and with bent heads, by twos and threes. Varonius and his companion retired into the shadow of the shrine.

'How was it I knew not of these numbers?' whispered the Prefect. 'I was told of a mere handful, and three score have passed already.'

'I knew not of it, Illustrious,' replied Helba. 'It was not so a week ago.'

The procession filing out of the courtyard was broken for an instant, and those at the rearward paused and turned. Then with muffled footsteps came six men bearing a dark-draped figure on a bier. Some thirty or forty men and women followed, and at the last came a man and a woman at a little distance from the rest. Varonius clipped Helba by the arm.

'Is that the woman?'

'Yes,' whispered Helba.

Vreda's eyes seemed to Varonius to search the shadow and to fall on his. She and the Saint passed on, side by side, the procession wound through a postern gate at no great distance, and when once it was clear of the city the silence of its mournful march was broken by a low chant.

'This new faith makes headway fast,' said Varonius, 'though it hath but a shabby allowance of deities. Didst thou note the woman, Helba? That hot fool was right for once. She is a wonder. What a figure would she make in a triumph! I warrant that face hath won more converts than all the exhortations of the grizzled old anatomy who went beside her. For thirty years these

savage Coerleans have held us at bay, and now methinks the time is come. What said the Master Nazarene himself? "A house divided against itself cannot stand." Let but these dissensions work awhile, and we shall have them. Hark thee, Helba. There is rare hunting out yonder. I will see for myself. Pick me half a score of trusty men.'

'Ten men, Illustrious?' demanded Helba. 'It will be desperate with so small an escort.'

'As thou wilt,' said Varonius with a smile. 'Choose me twelve.'

XIV.

VREDA had but newly returned afoot from Deva, and was travel-worn. The burden of the flesh lay cruelly upon her, and her soul was heavy because of the pain and weariness of her body. It was yet in the heat of the afternoon, and the low clouds which hung but just above the tree-tops prisoned the air, and made the mere act of breathing a weariness. There was a leaden yearning at her heart, and her sufferings tempted her as if they would turn her inward hunger into a regret. But she would not have it so, and of set purpose she rejoiced in the pains she bore, since they were a part of the work she had chosen and not to be separated from it. But however she stoutened her heart—whether with prayers, or with the thought of the spreading of peace and light among her own people, or with the knowledge of the rest which lay before her—it still ached in fleshly weakness. The unclothed soul would have gone in pure gladness because of the blessings which had been granted it, but clad in the sorrows of the body grew subject to their tyrannies.

She bethought her of the estate from which she was translated, and how with the mere thinking of it, and desiring it, her soul had blended with the soul of Kalyris, and she longed again for the refreshment of that dear companionship, and the earthly years which lay between her and its renewing stretched into a desert of days which seemed impassable to the heart.

And slowly, as she sat with closed eyes and burning feet, she became aware of a certain gentle inward radiance which so filled her that there was no more room for pain or sorrow. Then, as it had been with her whilst she had been free of the body, she saw, not as with earthly eyes, but with the perception of the spirit, the soul of Kalyris, grown amazing for beauty and for the love which

dwelt within it. And as the soul of Kalyris flashed upon the soul of Vreda, she knew of an estate of peace most infinite, and of a glory beyond imagining. She knew moreover that Kalyris dwelt in that estate, and had full assurance that herself and many whom she had already persuaded, would be raised into it at such times as the travails of their life should be accomplished.

She was never again aware of the presence of Kalyris in the days of her second pilgrimage, but the influences of this vision rested with her, and the bare memory of it overcame all pains. It had seemed to endure but for a moment, yet when she became again aware of the world the clouds had already broken in rain, and the sinking sun shone on freshened verdure from a clear expanse of sky.

It was the voice of David that recalled her.

‘If thou art refreshed, daughter, we will go down and have speech with Hanun.’

Vreda arose and they set out together.

‘I am not willing to be moved too easily,’ said the Saint, ‘for I have known some who gave themselves up to delusions, and went astray after folly of their own devising. Yet I await a sign, and I have a persuasion that to-night it will be given me. And I know of a certainty that the end of my pilgrimage is near.’

They found Hanun reclining by the wall of his own house, half dozing in the level rays of the sun. He awoke at their approach, and answered the Saint’s salutation of ‘Peace be with thee’ with a smile.

‘Folk will scarce have it so,’ he said. ‘There is like to be little peace in Surflod for a while.’

‘Hath aught happened newly?’ the Saint inquired.

‘Wenegog hath sent at great cost and trouble to the holy wells of Caer-Pallador,’ said Hanun with a quaint smile, out of which all the cruelty had faded. ‘He hath sent word that I am to await him at close of day, and to be sprinkled therewith for my better recovery. It is brotherly meant, but strife will come of it.’

‘Strife must be,’ answered David, ‘but woe unto him by whom it cometh.’

‘I say not so,’ returned Hanun, ‘since to my poor thinking it cometh mainly by thee. I wish thee well, friend Sanctity, and have no grudge against thee, as how should I have? I tell thee that I am well satisfied to be back a-looking on green trees and sunlight, and had never a mind for a shelf in a rock with maggots for companions.’

'Wilt refuse his heathen rites?' asked David eagerly.

'Yea,' said Hanun with contrasting tranquillity. 'I will lend my face no more to Bel and his burnings. As for faiths, I care but little. I have questioned of many. But whether it be that I am old and have gone cold-blooded I say not, but I have no desire to harm anything.'

'Art blind?' asked David. His voice could thunder when he would, but he spoke now with the tender appeal of a father to a child, and his tones were gentle and caressing. 'Seest not that the Spirit of God is working within thee?'

'I know what I know,' said Hanun, still smiling, 'and am content. Hast changed me betwixt ye. I had as lief have been burned as have the king's son touch me in kindness after the things I had done to him, and now the child's prattle soundeth sweet in mine ears, and nought grieveth me save that I cannot have my days again.'

'The hour I have awaited!' cried the Saint in a loud voice, suddenly. A strange fire burned in his eyes, and he fixed his glance upon Hanun, and reached out a hand above him. 'Thou knowest it not as yet, but thou art he that shall carry the burthen I have borne.' His gaze seemed to turn inward, and he stood like a man in a trance. '"Twixt thee and me, daughter, there shall be no farewells, for the time of our parting is no more than as a drop to yonder river to the time of companionship that awaiteth us. I shall not see to-morrow's sun.'

'Man!' cried Hanun, struggling feebly to his feet. 'How knowst thou that?'

'I know it of a surety,' David answered with a great calm. 'It hath been given to many to know the hour of their release. Paul, my master, who laid hands upon me in Antioch, spoke of the hour of his departure thirty and three days before it; and Peter, of holy memory, spake even of the manner of his death, knowing that he should be crucified head downwards.'

Hanun sank back upon his couch, and Vreda, with a gesture altogether womanly, laid both hands upon the Saint's shoulders, and looked up into his face with an angelic sweetness of affection. The old man's softened and exalted countenance glowed in the rays of the sinking sun.

'Years seventy and three have passed,' he said, 'since these old ears heard the noise of hosannahs in Jerusalem. I shall hear them again, but with no earthly ears.' He stooped and laid both hands upon Hanun's head. 'Thou art called and chosen. The change is not yet, but God hath His own time.'

He turned away with no further word, wrapping his robe about him, and Vreda walked with him. Even as they turned, Wenegog, with a great priestly following, rounded a wooded knoll, and strode towards them, dark against the illuminated pallor of the western sky. The Saint turned a solemn glance upon him, and spoke in passing.

‘Peace be with thee.’

‘I had rather the pest than thy blessing,’ the arch-druid answered. His followers drew their robes aside with looks of hate and scorn, and the combatants parted to meet no more.

David led the way towards his own abiding place, and had reached deep into the wood before he spoke again.

‘Daughter, here we part.’

He stood still, and Vreda clung to him with tears, seeing her own loneliness before her.

‘Nay,’ he said, ‘rather rejoice with me that the hours of my tribulation are at an end.’

And with that they also parted.

Wenegog striding home alone with black rage at his heart, cursing Hanun for his apostasy, heard behind him in the sacred grove the hurried halting step and quickened breathing which had arrested him at the same spot a month before. The ghastly creature was here again, knife in hand.

‘What now?’ asked Wenegog.

‘It is done,’ the other panted.

‘With this?’ said Wenegog, pointing at the knife.

‘None escape from it, and I struck deep.’

‘Give it to me.’

The man offered it, holding it gingerly by the haft as if he dreaded it. Wenegog accepted it, and moved a pace nearer.

‘None escape from it?’ he said, scrutinising the blade in the dim light.

‘None, master, none.’

The arch-druid struck swift and deep, and the man fell without a groan.

‘Wilt tell no tales,’ said Wenegog, looking darkly down. He threw the knife into the underbrush and walked away.

(To be continued.)

At the Sign of the Ship.

PIRACY is not a failing peculiar to America. In the New Princeton Review (Sept. 1887) Mr. Brander Matthews alleges that certain English publishers can also run up the 'Jolly Roger' on occasion, and sail under the Black Flag. I am delighted to see Mr. Matthews (*vir lepidissimus et amicus meus*) with his eye on persons who steal from American authors. But neither Mr. Matthews nor any other writer on his side explains why the books of Mr. Henry James, Mr. Howells, Mark Twain, Mr. Frank Stockton, and others, are quite safe here, while Mr. Stevenson and Mr. Besant are invariably pirated over there. Mr. Matthews asserts that some English booksellers pirate some American authors. This may be so, but what I want to know is how Mark Twain can protect such a popular book as *Huckleberry Finn* from being stolen in England. He *does* protect it, stolen it is not; and if popular English authors could only be as safe in America as Mark Twain is in England, they would be fairly contented.

* * *

We have stolen freely in England: Poe, Cooper, Hawthorne, Longfellow, and in early days Mark Twain and Bret Harte, all suffered things intolerable. But Mr. Matthews declares that we now steal worse than of yore. He talks of 'great and increasing piracy by British publishers.' But how, Mr. Matthews, can the piracy be increasing if your country's sons and daughters are protected here? Protected they manifestly are, either by law or by custom, or by the 'courtesy of England.' Nobody will steal a novel which Mr. Matthews publishes here, but even a novel by *this* weak and unpractised hand is not safe in America.

* * *

The books which Mr. Matthews says are pirated may be glanced at. I don't name any English names, as one of the accused

denies Mr. Matthews's assertions, and the reply has yet to be heard. He speaks of thirty-six American captures, all in one series. Among them are six tales of the celebrated Mr. E. P. Roe; also *The Wide Wide World*, *Ben Hur*, and so forth; also plenty of Longfellow and Hawthorne. I should have fancied that copyright in Cooper had lapsed; but Mr. Bret Harte, Miss Alcott, Mark Twain, the author of *Helen's Babies*, and Miss Phelps, Mr. C. D. Warner, and Mrs. Green, author of the *Leavenworth Case*, are among other hands impressed. In England we find *Yankee Ticklers*, by Dr. Holmes, and *Tid Bits*, by Mr. Bret Harte, works not so christened perhaps by their authors. Certain employers of literary labour, according to Mr. Matthews, pay Mr. Brooks for writing introductions to his books, but not for the books themselves. Mr. Habberton is obliged to 'sell advanced sheets' to his English publisher. Do these get stolen? That has occurred in the case of English advanced sheets sent to American publishers.

* * *

Mr. Matthews has other charges unpleasant to English ears. He speaks of a change in the title of a popular Sunday novel, and a new preface signed with the author's name. This may be paralleled by the New York publisher who issues a book purporting to be by a popular English author, though that author never wrote a line of it. Mr. Matthews thinks that American pirates 'do not mangle their victims.' They do, however, when it suits them. Mr. Matthews admits that 'it would be impossible to find a stolen book on the lists of' certain English publishers, 'a majority, it may be, of English publishers.' A very large majority probably. But Mr. Matthews never, never tells us why or how Mr. Howells and Mark Twain *now* escape piracy in England, while no English author of a tithe of their celebrity could hope to escape in America.

* * *

Here I must confess that I once was a pirate *sans le savoir*. I edited Mr. Poe's Poems, not, to be sure, from greed of gold, but because 'I wished to see him look respectable,' as Leech's Derby cad says to the nobleman whose coat he is brushing. I was not then aware that copyright in Poe's Poems still lived, and his heirs or assigns are very welcome to my share in the gains of an unconscious piracy. They have only to apply at the *Sign of the Ship*.

The following letter from a correspondent I am persuaded to print, believing that it describes a condition of things very common, lamentable, and prejudicial to happiness.

* * *

ἄδωρα δῶρα κοῦκ ὀνήσιμα.

Giftless gifts, and unprofitable.

SIR,—I am a young Woman conveniently handsome, and about to marry the Man of my Heart. In this posture of affairs there is one circumstance that vexes me. I mean the unreasonable opinion of me entertained by my friends. As is common in our day, they have shown their generosity (for which I thank them) by making me various gifts, but I cannot think that they have displayed their wit. What manner of woman must I appear if I do really deserve the offerings of my acquaintances? I am not more than ordinary partial to the cakes called muffins, yet here am I burdened, already, with thirteen pairs of silver ‘muffineers’! ’Tis an unlucky number, yet I am under no superstitious uneasiness, for I conceive that to-morrow’s post will bring me an addition to the sum. Like the man in the child’s song, I may say—

What’s here?

A muffineer!

You will acknowledge, sir, that the most unconquered appetite for muffins does not require so many of these little appliances. But my friends not only think me insatiate of muffins, they also have determined that I hear no music so welcome as the summons to a meal. The poet writes of ‘thou tocsin of the soul, the dinner bell,’ but my familiars seem to consider the gong even more stirring and desirable. By way of marriage present I have already received eleven gongs, and I am embarrassed by the multitude. I will not occupy your attention with my other gifts. Among them are sixteen travelling clocks, and no fewer than one hundred and forty-four apostles. You will understand me to intend those large spoons headed with the effigies of the Disciples. Do you not think, sir, that charity, now so active, might ordain a central hall and clearing house for wedding presents, whereby a distressed virgin might exchange her superfluity of muffineers and apostles and candlesticks for useful kitchen gear, such as pots and pans?

I am, sir,

Your obedient servant,

CLEARISTA.

This infantile meditation is from the muse of Miss May Kendall.

IN THE TOY SHOP.

The Child had longings all unspoken—
 She was a naughty child.
 She had 'a will that must be broken';
 Her brothers drove her wild.
 She read the tale, but skipped the moral.
She thought: 'One *might* be good,
 If one could never scream and quarrel,
 If one were only wood!'

Meanwhile the Doll: 'Ah, fatal chasm!
 Although I 've real curls,
 I am not made of protoplasm,
 Like other little girls.
 You see on every wooden feature
 My animation's nil.
 How nice to be a human creature,
 Get cross, and have a will!'

And what may be the real issue
 There 's none hath understood;
 But some of us are nervous tissue,
 And some of us are wood.
 And some to suffering, striving wildly,
 Are never quite resigned;
 While we of wood yet murmur mildly
 At being left behind.

M. K.

* * *

We often ask what novels people read. The answer is found in Mr. Mudie's statistics, wherein one author shows his thousands, and another his hundreds, while tens serve the turn of most. But what novels do people *buy*? In England they only buy six shilling novels and cheap editions, such as those with pictorial covers at railway stations. The design on the cover is too often like the picture of the mermaid outside the show, but the whole gallery of decorative covers might be exhibited, with profit, in Bond Street. The gallery would show a fine balance between domestic and 'amatorious' interest on one hand, and romance on

the other. The drawings on the covers either display a man talking to a girl (this is Incident, as understood by the mild novelist), or, on the other hand, the most appalling adventures with Bulls, Burglars, Detectives, Houses on Fire, Poisoners, Somnambulists, are drawn with plenty of colour. These represent Romance, and, to judge by covers alone, public taste is divided pretty equally.

* * *

This is a digression, a very wide digression. To return to the statistics of book-buying, the New York *Critic* publishes some, derived from the accounts of 'a wholesale book store in the Upper Mississippi Valley.' The number of 1,000 copies is chosen as 'scratch,' so to speak, and then the figures of author's sales are reduced in proportion. But the popularity of English novelists in America cannot be estimated, as the cheap piratical editions are not counted. Now, when there are thirteen cheap piratical editions of one English novel, not to count them is to leave much out of the reckoning.

* * *

Heading the list—starting from scratch—with 1,000 to his name, is Mr. E. P. Roe. Does any reader of LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE know Mr. Roe's novels? They are not at all like those of Dumas, or Tolstoi, or Scott, or Ouida, or Dickens, or Balzac, or Thackeray: they are more like stories in the *Sunday at Home*. To prefer E. P. Roe to all other novelists is a choice that speaks trumpet-tongued in favour of the hearts, rather than the heads, of the students of the Upper Mississippi valley. Next comes Dickens, thank Heaven, 800 up; then a lady I never heard of, Mrs. Mary J. H. Holmes (342), then Miss Louisa M. Alcott (282), with whose works I am not fortunate enough to be acquainted. But next, not bad considering, is Sir Walter, with 232. Next a bevy of American nymphs, whose name and fame have not reached this inattentive ear. Thackeray scores 74, Mr. Stevenson 40, Mr. Stockton only 14 (a prophet has no honour in the Upper Mississippi valley), and Mr. W. D. Howells attains the same inconsiderable triumph. Two Fieldings only were bought in the Upper Mississippi valley, which prefers Mr. E. P. Roe to *Tom Jones*. These are the benign results of progress and education. Apparently the book-buyers of the Upper Mississippi like books (setting Dickens and Scott aside) almost in inverse proportion to their true value. In poetry the statistics are odd. Mr. Poe has only 5 to Mr. Longfellow's 335,

and our Laureate's 272. And who is the most popular British lyricist after Lord Tennyson and Shakespeare? Well, of all English poets, dead or living, except Shakespeare and Lord Tennyson, the favourite of the Upper Mississippi valley is—Owen Meredith—by a very large majority.

* * *

Has any man of letters lately received a flattering communication from The Trinity Historical Society, Dallas, Texas? Has he been unanimously elected a non-resident member of the Society? Has he been asked to add his autograph to a small but valuable collection in the library of the Society? Has his photograph also been demanded—for the library? If so, before he complies with these agreeable requests, let him note that the name of the secretary is Charles Stewart Swindells. 'Have you ever heard of a sporting character called Swindells?' Mr. Tom Hood once asked the sporting prophet of his journal.¹

For the following Ballade of 'A Man and a Brother' I am indebted to Miss Werner:—

BALLADE OF THE BLAMELESS ETHIOP.

(TO J. R. W. ON THE UPPER CONGO.)

His skin is of the sleekest brown,
 This fellow-man who makes me sad,
 He hath the antics of a clown,
 And loafeth like an Undergrad;—
 More wiles than e'er Odysseus had
 He hides beneath his woolly crop,—
 He is but very lightly clad—
 The Blameless Ethiop!

One morning from Mataddi town
 I took my way, a pilgrim glad,—
 Behind me, bearing on his crown
 My goods, the hoof did Sambo pad;
 He started sore, as one y-drad—
 He fell to earth with mighty flop—
 He moaned, 'Him legs am bery bad,'—
 The Blameless Ethiop!

¹ *Nicholas!*

Before that evening's sun went down
 There was a white man raving mad,—
 In vain the white might chide or frown,
 The black smiled on, like sweet St. Chad;
 Then did I raise my staff, and add
 New arguments to make him hop,—
 Good lack! how nimbly did he gad—
 The Blameless Ethiop!

ENVOY.

Though Neptune, in the Iliad,
 Supped in the land of Kloof and Kop,—
 Yet you and I will shun, my lad,
 The Blameless Ethiop!

* *

Information about Mother Goose is still not to be had. In February of this year I ventured to ask any reader of the *Athenæum* who possessed any knowledge of Mother Goose, or of 'Songs of the Nursery, or Mother Goose's Melodies' (1719), to impart his lore. There was no news of Mother Goose, but an American bookseller's journal mentioned a Boston edition of 'Mother Goose's Melodies,' of 1719. I wrote to the editor imploring him to have a copy of the Melodies made for me, but he answered not. Now Col. W. F. Prideaux, in *Notes and Queries* (Aug. 26), writes that Professor F. J. Child, the most learned of ballad-loving men, told him of an imperfect copy of 'Mother Goose's Melodies' which 'mysteriously disappeared' when it was going to be reprinted. I cannot think the title of Mother Goose (1719) was borrowed from Perrault's *Contes de Ma Mère L'Oye* (1696), because Perrault's *Contes* are not known to have been Englished before 1746. The title *Contes de Ma Mère L'Oye* is older than Regnier, and is, probably, analogous to *Contes de Loups* and *Contes de la Cigogne*, as Colonel Prideaux remarks. But I do not think we took it from Perrault.

* *

That is a pretty part of the Greek Anthology which is dedicated to the Manes of pets, to the sepulchres of the *Ménagerie Intime*. Cicalas, partridges, linnets have their epitaphs, like Mr. Matthew Arnold's 'Geist' and 'Atossa.' Here is a version of Tymnes' lines on his dead sea-mew (*Epitumbia* 199):—

AT THE SIGN OF THE SHIP.

Bird of the Graces, dear sea-mew, whose note
 Was like the halcyon's song,
 In death thy wings and thy sweet spirit float
 Still paths of the Night along!

One seems to see the white bird drifting on wings unstirred down the dark ways of death, 'past the White Rock and the Land of Dreams,' to join the sea-fowl happy on the shores of Persephone.

What with Tymnes, and what with Mr. Swinburne's noble triolets of a new kind, in the October number of the *English Illustrated*, sea-mews have been happy in their poets. And, *à propos*, here we salute the author of *Et Caetera*, in that magazine, and wish Mr. Traill much joy—and few correspondents.

The 'Donna.'

The Editor begs to acknowledge the receipt of 1*l.* from Dr. Dummere, 1*l.* from 'Edith,' and 10*s.* from 'L. C.'

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Editor requests that his correspondents will be good enough to write to him informing him of the subject of any article they wish to offer, before sending the MS. A stamped and addressed envelope should accompany the MS. if the writer wishes it to be returned in case of non-acceptance. The Editor can in no case hold himself responsible for accidental loss. All communications should be addressed to

The Editor of LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE,
 39, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

rn
of
le
sh
d,
at
s.

1.

to
to
d
-
i-



FOR COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS. DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE

ONLY GENUINE



ORIGINAL AND

THE
GREAT SPECIFIC
FOR CHOLERA.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.—Dr. J. C. BROWNE (late Army Medical Staff) DISCOVERED a REMEDY to denote which he coined the word CHLORODYNE. Dr. Browne is the SOLE INVENTOR, and, as the composition of Chlorodyne cannot possibly be discovered by Analysis (organic substances defying elimination), and since the formula has never been published, it is evident that any statement to the effect that a compound is identical with Dr. Browne's Chlorodyne must be false.

This Caution is necessary, as many persons deceive purchasers by false representations.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.—Vice Chancellor Sir W. PAGE WOOD stated publicly in Court that Dr. J. COLLIS BROWNE was UNDOUBTEDLY the INVENTOR of CHLORODYNE, that the whole story of the defendant Freeman was deliberately untrue, and he regretted to say it had been sworn to.—See Times, July 13th, 1864.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE is the TRUE PALLIATIVE in NEURALGIA, GOUT, CANCER, TOOTHACHE, RHEUMATISM

DIARRHŒA, DYSENTERY.

GENERAL BOARD OF HEALTH, London, REPORT that it ACTS as a CHARM, one dose generally sufficient. Dr. GIBBON, Army Medical Staff, Calcutta, states: "2 DOSES COMPLETELY CURED ME OF DIARRHŒA."

To J. T. DAVENPORT, London.

DEAR SIR,—We congratulate you upon the widespread reputation this justly-esteemed medicine has earned for itself all over the East. As a remedy of general utility, we much question whether a better is imported, and we shall be glad to hear of its finding a place in every Anglo-Indian home. The other brands, we are happy to say, are now relegated to the native bazars, and, judging from their sale, we fancy their sojourn there will be but evanescent. We could multiply instances ad infinitum of the extraordinary efficacy of DR. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE in Diarrhœa and Dysentery, Spasms, Cramps, Neuralgia, the Vomiting of Pregnancy, and as a general sedative, that have occurred under our personal observation during many years. In Choleraic Diarrhœa, and even in the more terrible forms

of Cholera itself, we have witnessed its surprisingly controlling power. We have never used any other form of this medicine than Collis Browne's, from a firm conviction that it is decidedly the best, and also from a sense of duty we owe to the profession and the public, as we are of opinion that the substitution of any other than Collis Browne's is a deliberate breach of faith on the part of the chemist to prescribe and patient alike.—We are, Sir, faithfully yours, SYMES & CO., Members of the Pharm. Society of Great Britain, Chemists of His Excellency the Viceroy of India.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE is a liquid medicine which assuages PAIN of EVERY KIND, affords a calm, refreshing sleep WITHOUT HEADACHE, and INVIGORATES the nervous system when exhausted.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE rapidly cuts short all attacks of EPILEPSY, SPASMS, COLIC, EPALPITATION, HYSTERIA. **IMPORTANT CAUTION.**—The IMMENSE SALE of this REMEDY has given rise to many UN-SCRUPULOUS IMITATIONS. Be careful to observe Trade Mark. Of all Chemists, Is. 1d., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d.

SOLE MANUFACTURER, J. T. DAVENPORT, 55, Gt. Russell St. W.C.

PARTRIDGE & COOPER, Wholesale and Retail Manufacturing Stationers, 191 & 192 FLEET ST., AND 1 & 2 CHANCERY LANE, LONDON.

SOLE MANUFACTURERS OF
The Vellum Wove Club House Paper. | The Royal Courts Paper
ENVELOPES TO MATCH IN THE VARIOUS SIZES. AND ENVELOPES TO MATCH.
SAMPLE BOX POST-FREE FOR 24 STAMPS. SAMPLE BOX POST-FREE FOR 18 STAMPS.

Samples and Prices, with Illustrated Catalogue of Library and Office Requisites, forwarded post-free.

DO NOT LET YOUR CHILD DIE!
Fennings' Children's Powders Prevent Convulsions.
ARE COOLING AND SOOTHING.
FENNINGS' CHILDREN'S POWDERS.

For Children Cutting their Teeth, to prevent Convulsions. Do not contain Calomel, Opium, Morphine, or anything injurious to a tender babe. Sold in stamped boxes, at 1s. 1d. and 2s. 6d. (great saving), with full directions. Sent post-free for 15 stamps. Direct to ALFRED FENNINGS, West Cowes, I.W. Read FENNINGS' EVERY MOTHER'S BOOK, which contains valuable Hints on Feeding, Teething, Weaning, Sleeping, &c. Ask your Chemist for a FREE copy.

FENNINGS' EVERY MOTHER'S BOOK sent post-free on application by letter or post card. Direct to Alfred Fennings, West Cowes, I.W.

Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis.
FENNINGS' LUNG HEALERS,

THE BEST REMEDY TO CURE ALL
COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMAS, &c.
Sold in Boxes at 1s. 1d. and 2s. 6d., with directions, sent post-free for 15 stamps. Direct to ALFRED FENNINGS, West Cowes, I.W. The largest size boxes, 2s. 6d., (35 stamps, post-free), contain three times the quantity of the small boxes. Read FENNINGS' EVERYBODY'S DOCTOR. Sent post-free, 15 stamps. Direct to A. FENNINGS, West Cowes, I.W.

EASY TEETHING

SAFE TEETHING

Fry's Cocoa

•Pure•

•Concentrated•

•Cocoa•

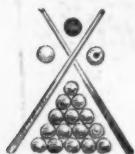
33 PRIZE MEDALS

awarded to the Firm



ASK YOUR GROCER FOR A SAMPLE & TESTING SAMPLES

J. S. FRY & SONS, Bristol, London, and Sydney, N.S.W.



BILLIARD TABLES

ON HIRE OR
HIRE-PURCHASE.

COTTAGE BILLIARD AND DINING TABLES.

THE 'COLD RESISTING' BILLIARD CUSHION

Never gets hard in Coldest Climates.

No Country House should be without them. Old Tables can be fitted with these Patent Cushions.

SIGHTING ANGLES,

By the use of which a player may improve his game 20 in 100. Price 1/3 per post.

THE PATENT BRIDGE OR FINGER-REST,

To support the hand when playing. Price 1s. and 1s. 6d. Invaluable for the spot stroke.

BURROUGHS & WATTS, Soho Square, W.

Crosse & Blackwell's

SUPERIOR CALVES'-FEET JELLIES,

ORANGE, LEMON, MADEIRA, and VANILLA FLAVOURS,

ARE SOLD BY ALL GROCERS AND CONFECTIONERS

In Bottles bearing CROSSE & BLACKWELL'S names on the labels.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S

EXTRACT OF MEAT

For Liebig

Cookery Books post free on applica-
tion to the Company,
9 Fenchurch Avenue, London, E.C.

** Ask for the COMPANY'S Extract, and see that it bears Baron Liebig's
Signature in Blue Ink across the Label.

SPOTTISWOODE & CO. PRINTERS, NEW-STREET SQUARE, LONDON.